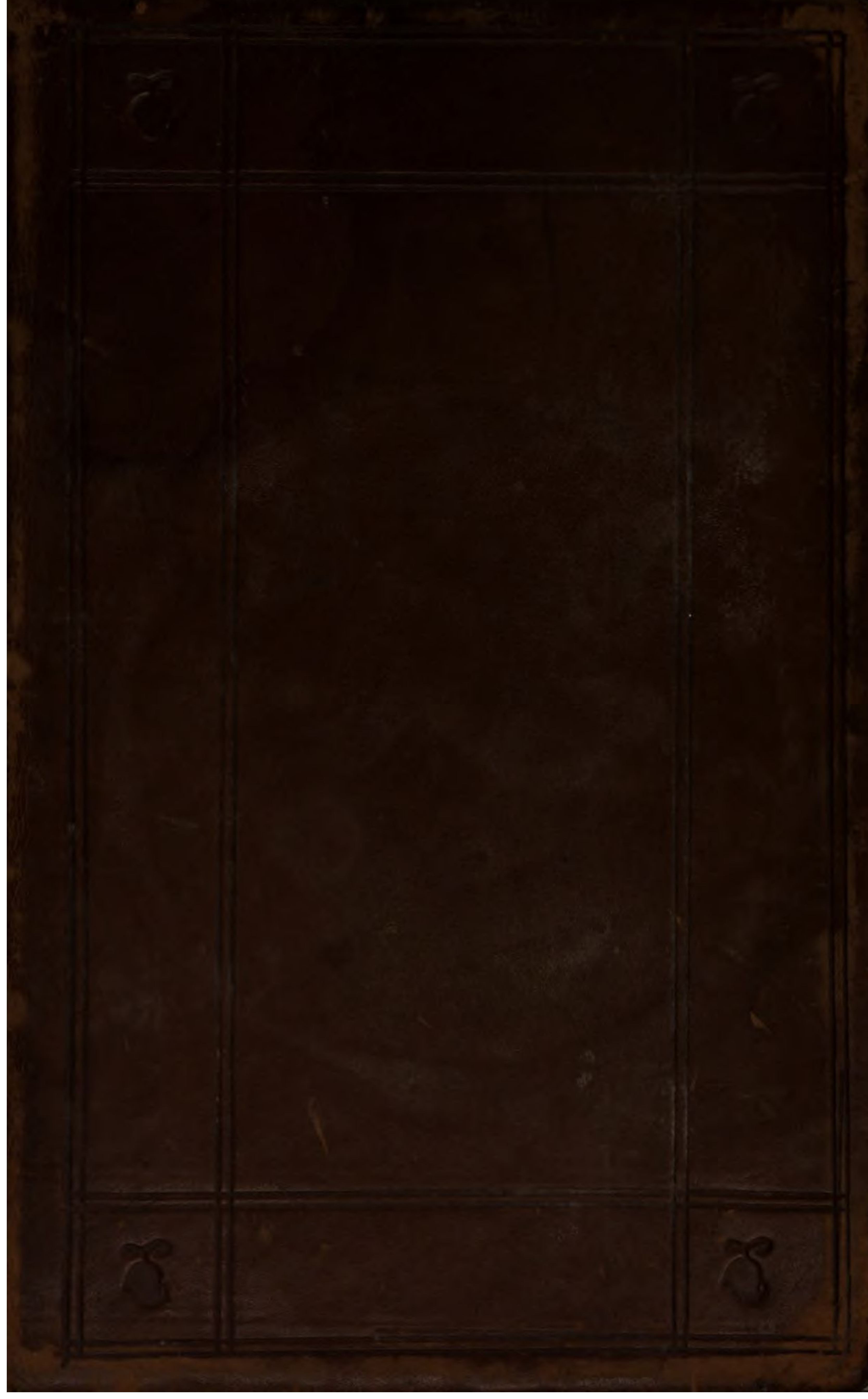
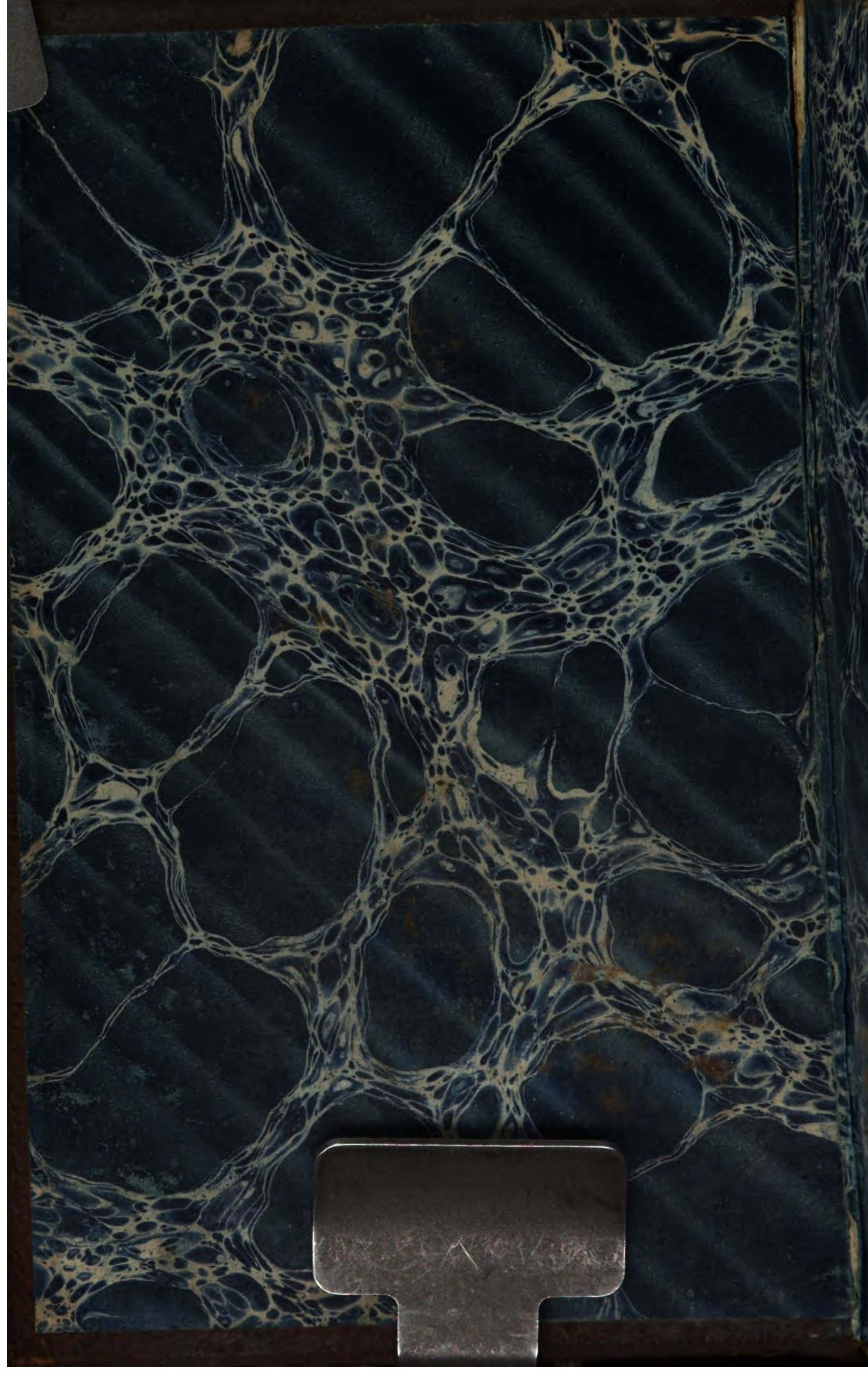
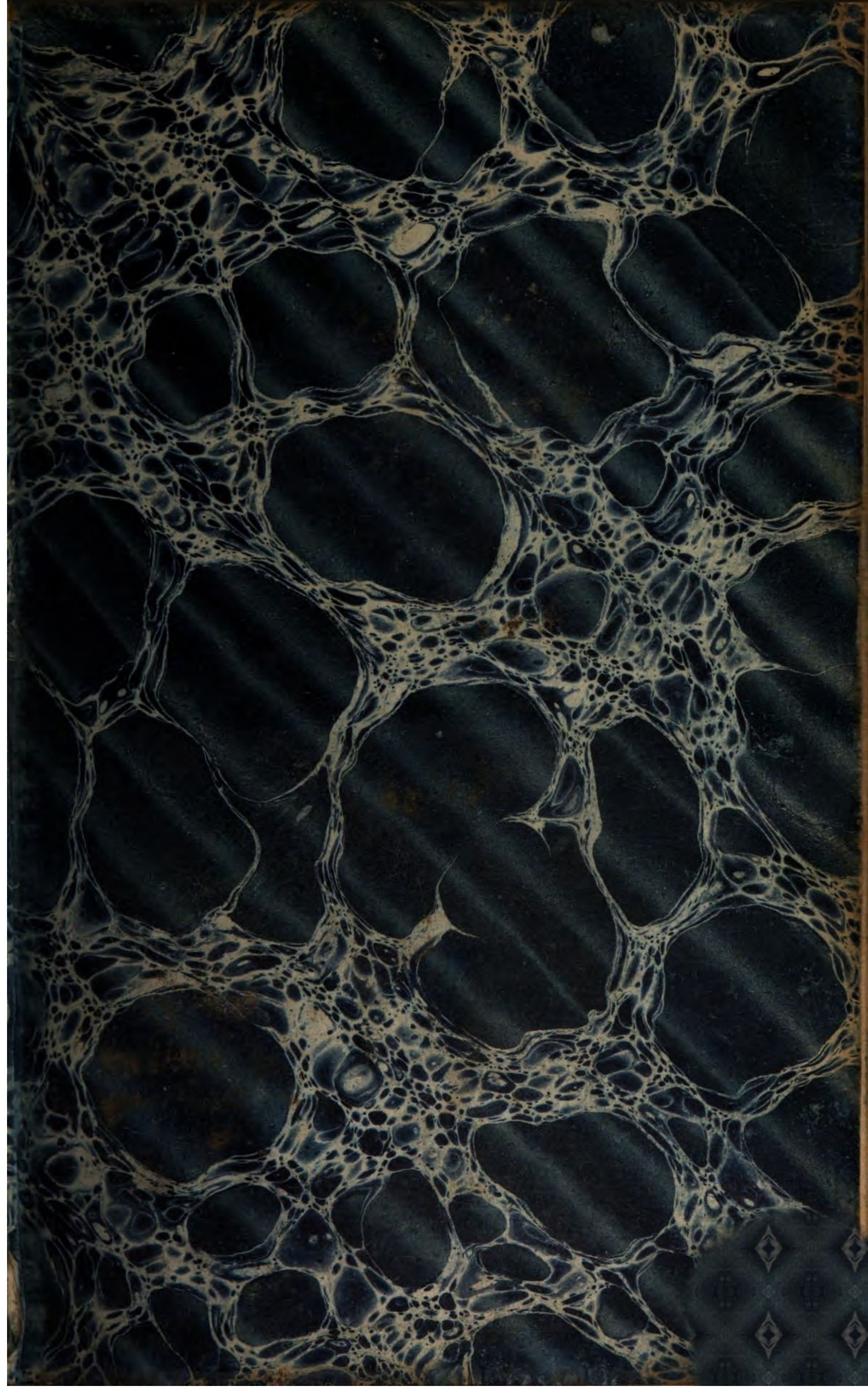








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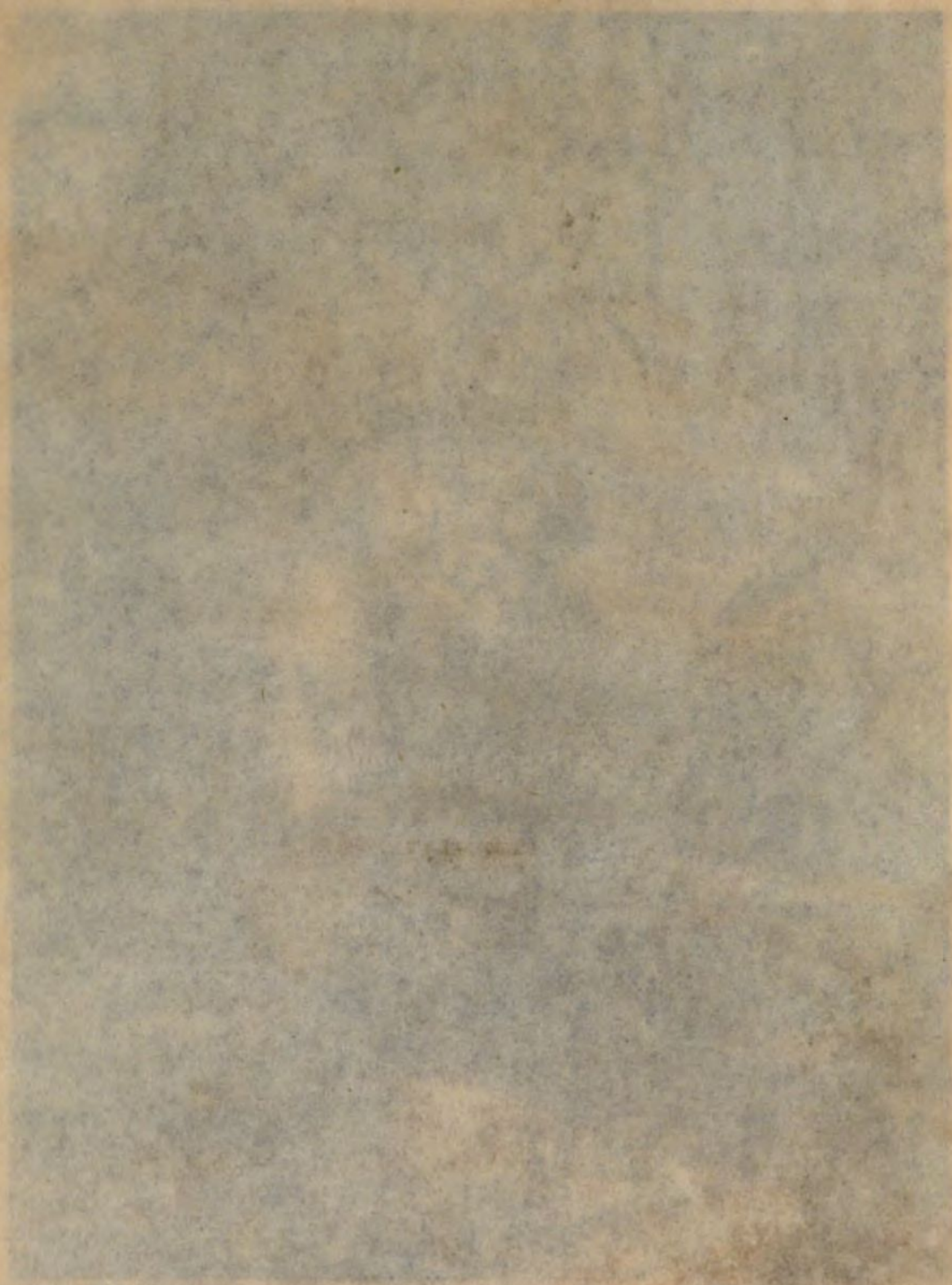


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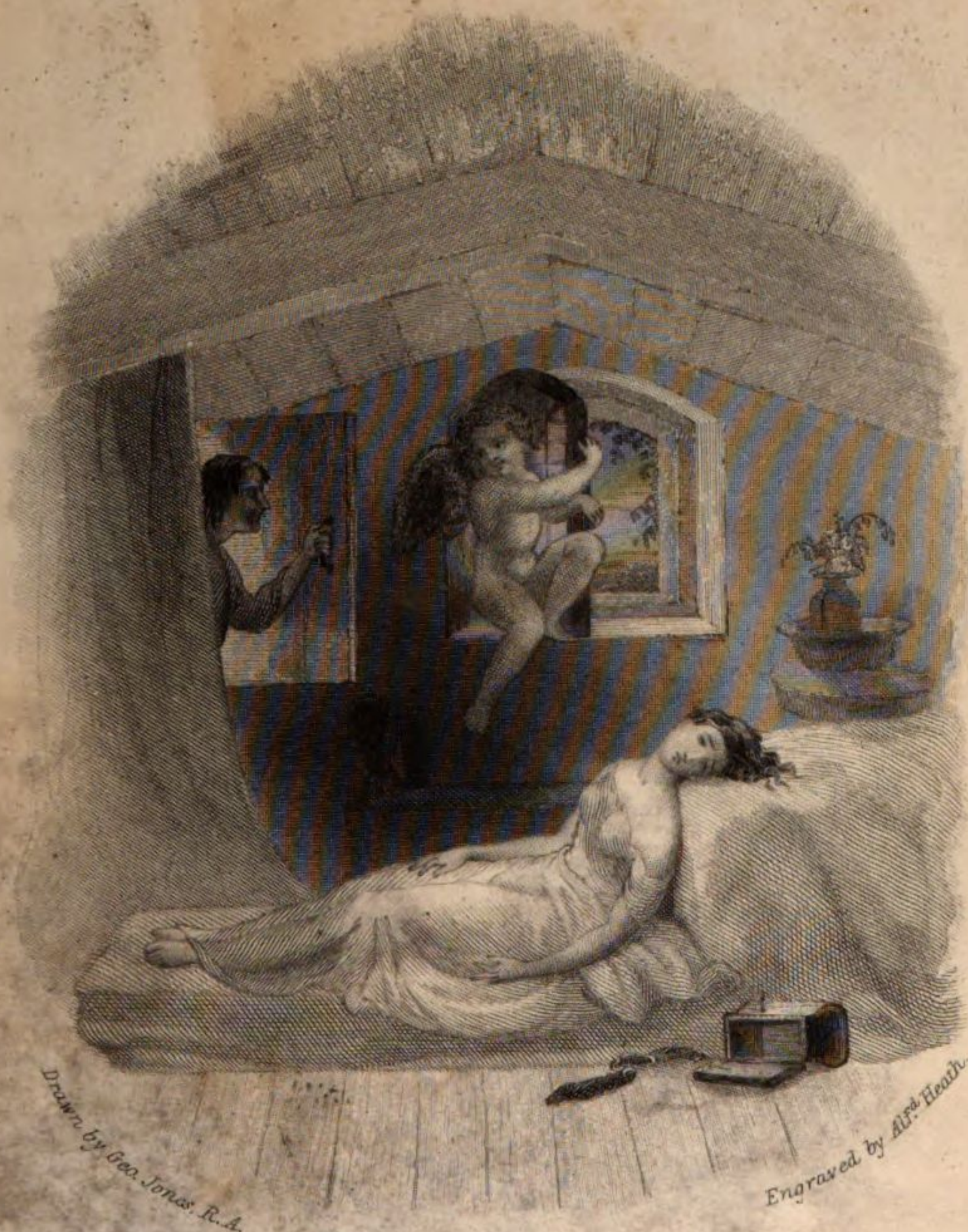
Engraved by Alf^d Heath.

*And then, at night, how sweet to say
'Tis late, my love, and chide delay !*

London, Longman & C^o.



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
THOMAS MOORE
VOL. IX.



*Alas! that Poverty's evil eye
Should e'er come hither,
Such sweets to wither!
Song in M. P.*

London, Longman & Co.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
THOMAS MOORE,

COLLECTED BY HIMSELF.

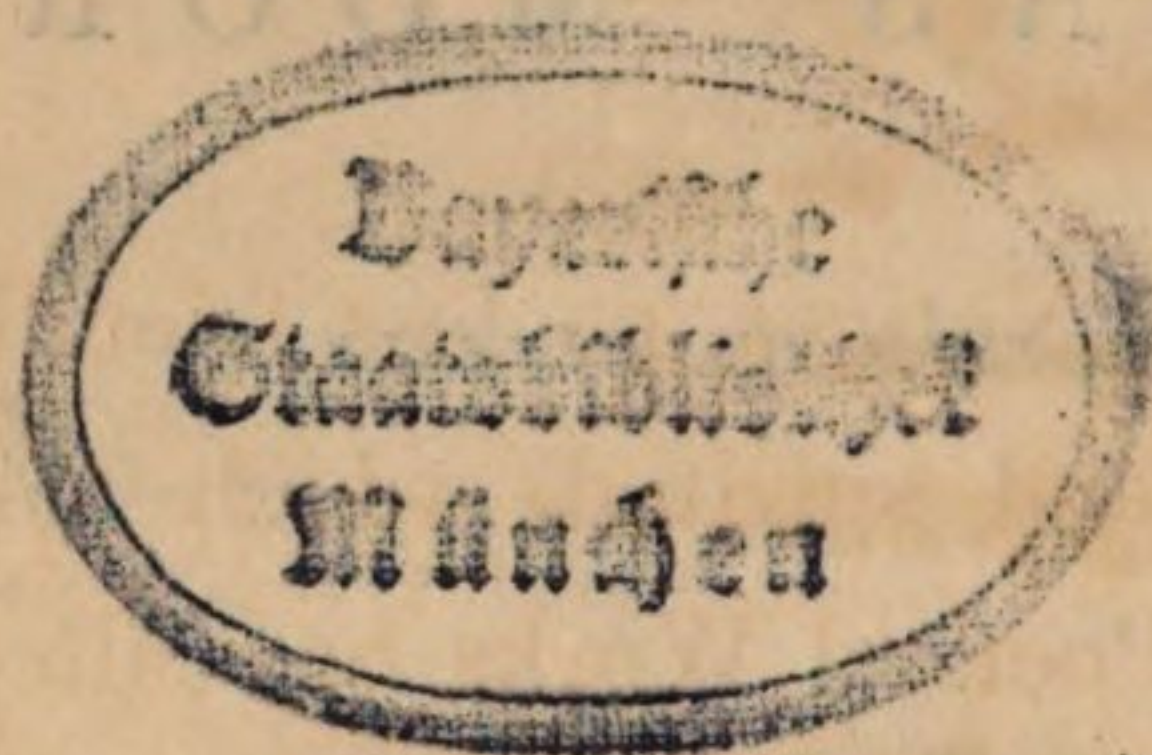
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VOL. IX.

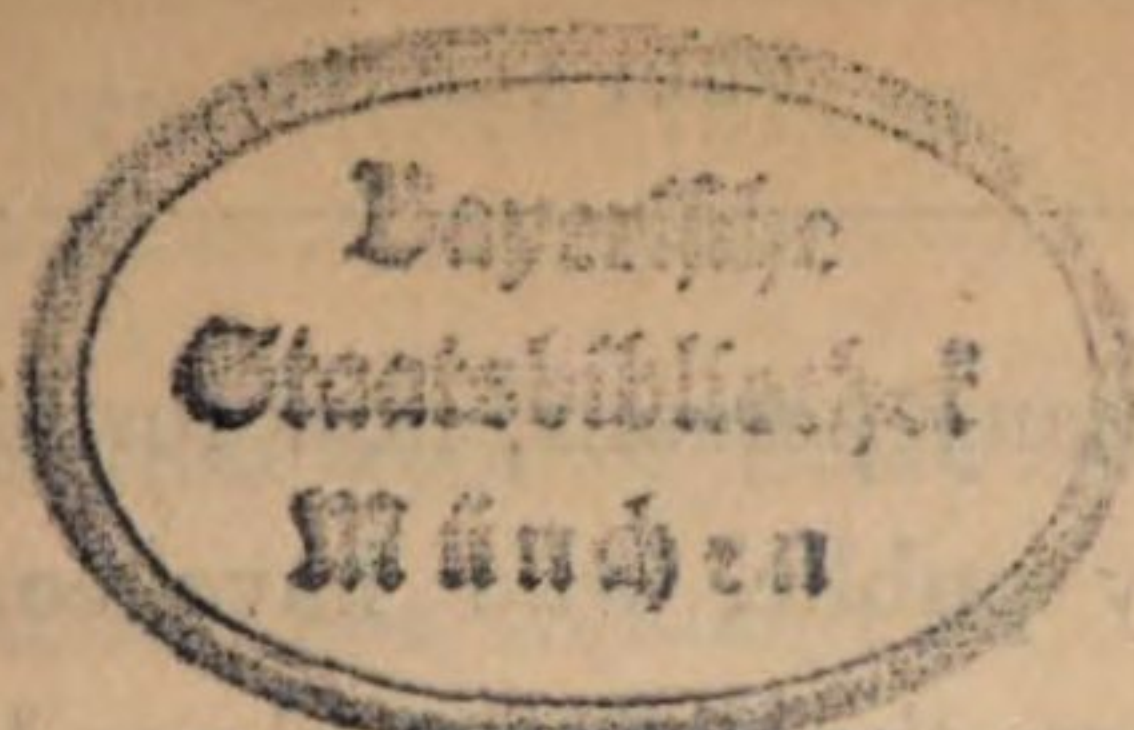
SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS POEMS.
THE FUDGES IN ENGLAND.
MISCELLANEOUS.

NEW YORK:
D. APPLETON AND CO., 200. BROADWAY.
1853.

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LONDON :
SPOTTISWOODES and SHAW,
New-street-Square.



PREFACE

TO THE NINTH VOLUME.

IN one of those Notices, no less friendly than they are able and spirited, which this new Edition of my Poetical Works has called forth from a leading political journal, I find, in reference to the numerous satirical pieces contained in these volumes, the following suggestion *: — “It is now more than a quarter of a century since this bundle of political pasquinades set the British public in a roar; and, though the events to which they allude may be well known to every reader,

“Cujus octavum trepidavit ætas
Claudere lustrum,”

* *The Times*, Jan. 9. 1841.

there are many persons, now forming a part of the literary public, who have come into existence since they happened, and who cannot be expected, even if they had the leisure and opportunity to rummage the files of our old newspapers for a history of the perishable facts, on which Mr. Moore has so often rested the flying artillery of his wit. Many of those facts will be considered beneath the notice of the grave historian; and it is, therefore, incumbent on Mr. Moore — if he wishes his political squibs, imbued as they are with a wit and humour quite Aristophanic, to be relished, as they deserve to be relished, by our great grandchildren — to preface them with a rapid summary of the events which gave them birth.”

Without pausing here to say how gratifying it is to me to find my long course of Anti-Tory warfare thus tolerantly, and even generously spoken of, and by so distinguished an organ of public opinion, I shall as briefly as I can, advert to the writer's friendly suggestion,

and then mention some of those reasons which have induced me not to adopt it. That I was disposed, at first, to annex some such commentary to this series of squibs, may have been collected from the concluding sentences of my last Preface; but a little further consideration has led me to abandon this intention.

To that kind of satire which deals only with the lighter follies of social life, with the passing modes, whims, and scandal of the day, such illustrative comments become, after a short time, necessary. But the true preserving salt of political satire is its applicability to future times and generations, as well as to those which had first called it forth; its power of transmitting the scourge of ridicule through succeeding periods, with a lash still fresh for the back of the bigot and the oppressor, under whatever new shapes they may present themselves. I can hardly flatter myself with the persuasion that any one of the satirical pieces contained in this Volume is likely to possess this

principle of vitality ; but I feel quite certain that, *without* it, not all the notes and illustrations in which even the industry of Dutch commentatorship could embalm them would insure to these trifles a life much beyond the present hour.

Already, to many of them, that sort of relish — by far the least worthy source of their success — which the names of *living* victims lend to such sallies, has become, in the course of time, wanting. But, as far as their appositeness to the passing political events of the day has yet been tried — and the dates of these satires range over a period of nearly thirty years — their ridicule, thanks to the undying nature of human absurdity, appears to have lost, as yet, but little of the original freshness of its first application. Nor is this owing to any peculiar felicity of aim, in the satire itself, but to the sameness, throughout that period, of all its original objects ; — the unchangeable nature of that spirit of Monopoly

by which, under all its various impersonations, commercial, religious, and political, these satires had been first provoked. To refer but to one instance, the Corn Question, — assuredly, the entire appositiveness, at this very moment, of such versicles as the following, redounds far less to the credit of poesy than to the disgrace of legislation : —

How *can* you, my Lord, thus delight to torment all
The Peers of the realm about cheap'ning their corn,
When you know if one hasn't a very high rental,
'Tis hardly worth while to be very high-born.

That, being by nature so little prone to spleen or bitterness, I should yet have frequented so much the thorny paths of satire, has always, to myself and those best acquainted with me, been a matter of some surprise. By supposing the imagination, however, to be, in such cases, the sole or chief prompter of the satire — which, in my own instance, I must say, it has generally been — an easy solution is found for the difficulty. The same readiness of fancy

which, with but little help from reality, can deck out “the Cynthia of the minute” with all possible attractions, will likewise be able, when in the vein, to shower ridicule on a political adversary, without allowing a single feeling of real bitterness to mix itself with the operation. Even that sternest of all satirists, Dante, who, not content with the penal fire of the pen, kept an Inferno ever ready to receive the victims of his wrath, — even Dante, on becoming acquainted with some of the persons whom he had thus doomed, not only revoked their awful sentence, but even honoured them with warm praise*; and probably, on a little further acquaintance, would have admitted them into his Paradiso. When thus loosely and shallowly even the sublime satire of Dante could strike its roots in his own heart and memory, it is easy to conceive how light and passing may be the feeling of hostility

* In his *Convito* he praises very warmly some persons whom he had before abused. — See Foscolo, *Discorso sul Testo di Dante*.

with which a partisan in the field of satire plies his laughing warfare ; and how often it may happen that even the pride of hitting his mark hardly outlives the flight of the shaft.

I cannot dismiss from my hands these political trifles,—

“ This swarm of themes that settled on my pen,
Which I, like summer-flies, shake off again,”—

without venturing to add that I have now to connect with them one mournful recollection — one loss from among the circle of those I have longest looked up to with affection and admiration — which I little thought, when I began this series of prefatory sketches, I should have to mourn before their close. I need hardly add, that, in thus alluding to a great light of the social and political world recently gone out, I mean the late Lord Holland.

It may be recollected, perhaps, that, in mentioning some particulars respecting an early squib of mine,—the Parody on the Prince Regent's Letter,—I spoke of a dinner at which

I was present, on the very day of the first publication of that Parody, when it was the subject of much conversation at table, and none of the party, except our host, had any suspicion that I was the author of it. This host was Lord Holland; and as such a name could not but lend value to any anecdote connected with literature, I only forbore the pleasure of adding such an ornament to my page, from knowing that Lord Holland had long viewed with disapprobation and regret much of that conduct of the Whig party towards the Regent, in 1812-13*, of the history of which this squib, and the welcome reception it met with, forms an humble episode.

Lord Holland himself, in addition to his higher intellectual accomplishments, possessed in no ordinary degree the talent of writing easy and playful *vers de société*; and, among

* This will be seen whenever those valuable papers come to be published, which Lord Holland left behind him, containing Memoirs of his own times and of those immediately preceding them.

the instances I could give of the lightness of his hand at such trifles, there is one no less characteristic of his good-nature than his wit, as it accompanied a copy of the octavo edition of Bayle*, which, on hearing me rejoice one day that so agreeable an author had been at last made portable, he kindly ordered for me from Paris.

So late, indeed, as only a month or two before his lordship's death, he was employing himself, with all his usual cheerful eagerness, in translating some verses of Metastasio; and occasionally consulted both Mr. Rogers and myself as to different readings of some of the lines. In one of the letters which I received from him while thus occupied, I find the following postscript: —

“ 'Tis thus I turn th' Italian's song,
Nor deem I read his meaning wrong.

* In sixteen volumes, published at Paris, by Desoer.

But with rough English to combine
The sweetness that's in every line,
Asks for your Muse, and not for mine.
Sense only will not quit the score ;
We must have that, and—little *More*.

He then adds, “ I send you, too, a melancholy Epigram of mine, of which I have seen many, alas, witness the truth :—

“ A minister's answer is always so kind !
I starve, and he tells me he'll keep me in mind.
Half his promise, God knows, would my spirits restore :
Let him *keep* me—and, faith, I will ask for no more.”

The only portion of the mass of trifles contained in this volume, that first found its way to the public eye through any more responsible channel than a newspaper, was the Letters of the Fudge Family in England,—a work which was sure, from its very nature, to encounter the double risk of being thought dull as a mere sequel, and light and unsafe as touching on follies connected with the name of Religion. Into the question of the comparative dulness of any of my productions, it is not for me, of course, to enter ; but to the charge of treating

religious subjects irreverently, I shall content myself with replying in the words of Pascal, — “Il y a bien de la différence entre rire de la religion et rire de ceux qui la profanent par leurs opinions extravagantes.”

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**SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS
POEMS.**

SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS
POEMS.

ODE TO THE WOODS AND FORESTS.

BY ONE OF THE BOARD.

1828.

LET other bards to groves repair,
Where linnets strain their tuneful throats,
Mine be the Woods and Forests, where
The Treasury pours its sweeter *notes*.

No whispering winds have charms for me,
Nor zephyr's balmy sighs I ask;
To raise the wind for Royalty
Be all our Sylvan zephyr's task!

And, 'stead of crystal brooks and floods,
And all such vulgar irrigation,

Let Gallic rhino through our Woods
Divert its "course of liquid-ation."

Ah, surely, Virgil knew full well
What Woods and Forests *ought* to be,
When, sly, he introduc'd in hell
His guinea-plant, his bullion-tree* :—

Nor see I why, some future day,
When short of cash, we should not send
Our H—rr—s down—he knows the way—
To see if Woods in hell will *lend*.

Long may ye flourish, sylvan haunts,
Beneath whose "*branches* of expense"
Our gracious K——g gets all he wants,—
Except a little taste and sense.

Long, in your golden shade reclin'd,
Like him of fair Armida's bowers,
May W—ll—n some *wood*-nymph find,
To cheer his dozenth lustrum's hours;

* Called by Virgil, botanically, "*species auri frondentis*."

To rest from toil the Great Untaught,
And soothe the pangs his warlike brain
Must suffer, when, unus'd to thought,
It tries to think, and—tries in vain.

Oh long may Woods and Forests be
Preserv'd, in all their teeming graces,
To shelter Tory bards, like me,
Who take delight in Sylvan *places* ! *

* Tu facis, ut *silvas*, ut amem *loca* —

OVID.

STANZAS FROM THE BANKS OF
THE SHANNON.*

1828.

“Take back the virgin page.”

MOORE'S *Irish Melodies*.

No longer, dear V—sey, feel hurt and uneasy
At hearing it said by thy Treasury brother,
That thou art a sheet of blank paper, my V—sey,
And he, the dear, innocent placeman, another. †

For, lo, what a service we, Irish, have done thee;—
Thou now art a sheet of blank paper no more;
By St. Patrick, we've scrawl'd such a lesson upon
thee

As never was scrawl'd upon foolscap before.

* These verses were suggested by the result of the Clare election, in the year 1828, when the Right Honourable W. Vesey Fitzgerald was rejected, and Mr. O'Connell returned.

† Some expressions to this purport, in a published letter of one of these gentlemen, had then produced a good deal of amusement.

Come—on with your spectacles, noble Lord Duke,
(Or O'Connell has *green* ones he haply would
lend you,)

Read V—sey all o'er (as you *can't* read a book)
And improve by the lesson we, bog-trotters, send
you ;

A lesson, in large *Roman* characters trac'd,
Whose awful impressions from you and your
kin

Of blank-sheeted statesmen will ne'er be effac'd—
Unless, 'stead of *paper*, you're mere *asses' skin*.

Shall I help you to construe it? ay, by the Gods,
Could I risk a translation, you *should* have a rare
one ;

But pen against sabre is desperate odds,
And you, my Lord Duke (as you *hinted* once),
wear one.

Again and again I say, read V—sey o'er ;—
You will find him worth all the old scrolls of
papyrus,

That Egypt e'er fill'd with nonsensical lore,
Or the learned Champollion e'er wrote of, to
tire us.

All blank as he was, we've return'd him on hand,
Scribbled o'er with a warning to Princes and
Dukes,
Whose plain, simple drift if they *wo'n't* understand,
Though caress'd at St. James's, they're fit for St.
Luke's.

Talk of leaves of the Sibyls!—more meaning convey'd is

In one single leaf such as now we have spell'd on,
Than e'er hath been utter'd by all the old ladies
That ever yet spoke, from the Sibyls to Eld—n.

THE ANNUAL PILL.

Supposed to be sung by OLD PROSY, the Jew, in the
character of Major C—RTW—GHT.

VILL nobodies try my nice *Annual Pill*,
Dat's to purify every ting nashty away ?
Pless ma heart, pless ma heart, let ma say vat I vill,
Not a Chrishtian or Shentleman minds vat I say !
'Tis so pretty a bolus !—just down let it go,
And, at vonce, such a *radical* shange you vill see,
Dat I'd not be surprish'd, like de horse in de show,
If your heads all vere found, vere your tailsh ought
to be !

Vill nobodies try my nice *Annual Pill*, &c.

'Twill cure all Electors, and purge away clear
Dat mighty bad itching dey've got in deir hands—
'Twill cure, too, all Statesmen, of dulness, ma tear,
Though the case vas as desperate as poor Mister
VAN's.

Dere is noting at all vat dis Pill vill not reach—

Give the Sinecure Ghentleman von little grain,
Pless ma heart, it vill act, like de salt on de leech,
And he'll throw de pounds, shillings, and pence,
up again !

Vill nobodies try my nice *Annual Pill*, &c.

'Twould be tedious, ma tear, all its peauties to paint—

But, among oder tings *fundamentally* wrong,
It vill cure de *Proad Pottom**—a common complaint
Among M. P.'s and weavers—from *sitting* too
long.

Should symptoms of *speeching* preak out on a dunce
(Vat is often de case), it vill stop de disease,
And pring away all de long speeches at vonce,
Dat else vould, like tape-worms, come by degrees !

Vill nobodies try my nice *Annual Pill*,

Dat's to purify every ting nashty away ?

Pless ma heart, pless ma heart, let me say vat I vill,
Not a Chrishtian or Shentleman minds vat I say !

* Meaning, I presume, *Coalition Administrations*.

“IF” AND “PERHAPS.”*

OH tidings of freedom ! oh accents of hope !

Waft, waft them, ye zephyrs, to Erin's blue sea,
And refresh with their sounds every son of the Pope,
From Dingle-a-cooch to far Donaghadee.

“ *If* mutely the slave will endure and obey,
“ Nor clanking his fetters, nor breathing his pains,
“ His masters, *perhaps*, at some far distant day,
“ May *think* (tender tyrants !) of loosening his
chains.”

Wise “if” and “perhaps!”—precious salve for our
wounds,

If he, who would rule thus o'er manacled mutes,

* Written after hearing a celebrated speech in the House of Lords, June 10. 1828, when the motion in favour of Catholic Emancipation, brought forward by the Marquis of Lansdowne, was rejected by the House of Lords.

Could check the free spring-tide of Mind, that re-
sounds,

Even now, at his feet, like the sea at Canute's.

But, no, 'tis in vain—the grand impulse is given—

Man knows his high Charter, and knowing will
claim ;

And if ruin *must* follow where fetters are riven,

Be theirs, who have forg'd them, the guilt and
the shame,

“ *If* the slave will be silent ! ”—vain Soldier, be-
ware —

There is a dead silence the wrong'd may assume,
When the feeling, sent back from the lips in despair,
But clings round the heart with a deadlier
gloom ;—

When the blush, that long burn'd on the suppliant's
cheek,

Gives place to the' avenger's pale, resolute hue ;
And the tongue, that once threaten'd, disdaining to
speak,

Consigns to the arm the high office—to *do*.

If men, in that silence, should think of the hour,
When proudly their fathers in panoply stood,
Presenting, alike, a bold front-work of power
To the despot on land and the foe on the
flood:—

That hour, when a Voice had come forth from the
west,
To the slave bringing hopes, to the tyrant
alarms;
And a lesson, long look'd for, was taught the op-
prest,
That kings are as dust before freemen in arms!

If, awfuller still, the mute slave should recall
That dream of his boyhood, when Freedom's
sweet day
At length seem'd to break through a long night of
thrall,
And Union and Hope went abroad in its ray;—

If Fancy should tell him, that Day-spring of Good,
Though swiftly its light died away from his
chain,

Though darkly it set in a nation's best blood,
Now wants but invoking to shine out again ;—

If—if, I say—breathings like these should come
o'er

The chords of remembrance, and thrill, as they
come,

Then, *perhaps*—ay, *perhaps*—but I dare not say
more ;

Thou hast will'd that thy slaves should be mute—
I am dumb.

WRITE ON, WRITE ON.

A BALLAD.

Air.—“*Sleep on, sleep on, my Kathleen dear.*”

Salvete, fratres Asini.

ST. FRANCIS.

WRITE on, write on, ye Barons dear,
Ye Dukes, write hard and fast;
The good we've sought for many a year
Your quills will bring at last.
One letter more, N—wc—stle, pen,
To match Lord K—ny—n's *two*,
And more than Ireland's host of men,
One brace of Peers will do.

Write on, write on, &c.

Sure, never, since the precious use
Of pen and ink began,
Did letters, writ by fools, produce
Such signal good to man.

While intellect, 'mong high and low,
Is marching *on*, they say,
Give *me* the Dukes and Lords, who go,
Like crabs, the *other* way.

Write on, write on, &c.

Ev'n now I feel the coming light—
Ev'n now, could Folly lure
My Lord M—ntc—sh—l, too, to write,
Emancipation's sure.
By geese (we read in history),
Old Rome was sav'd from ill;
And now, to *quills* of geese, we see
Old Rome indebted still.

Write on, write on, &c.

Write, write, ye Peers, nor stoop to style,
Nor beat for sense about—
Things, little worth a Noble's while,
You're better far without.
Oh ne'er, since asses spoke of yore,
Such miracles were done;
For, write but four such letters more,
And Freedom's cause is won!

SONG OF THE DEPARTING SPIRIT OF
TITHE.

“The parting Genius is with sighing sent.” MILTON.

It is o'er, it is o'er, my reign is o'er;
I hear a Voice, from shore to shore,
From Dunfanaghy to Baltimore,
And it saith, in sad, parsonic tone,
“Great Tithe and Small are dead and gone!”

Even now, I behold your vanishing wings,
Ye Tenths of all conceivable things,
Which Adam first, as Doctors deem,
Saw, in a sort of night-mare dream*,
After the feast of fruit abhorr'd—
First indigestion on record!—
Ye decimate ducks, ye chosen chicks,
Ye pigs which, though ye be Catholics,

* A reverend prebendary of Hereford, in an Essay on the Revenues of the Church of England, has assigned the origin of Tithes to “some unrecorded revelation made to Adam.”

Or of Calvin's most select deprav'd,
 In the Church must have your bacon sav'd;—
 Ye fields, where Labour counts his sheaves,
 And, whatsoever *himself* believes,
 Must bow to the' Establish'd *Church* belief,
 That the tenth is always a *Protestant* sheaf;—
 Ye calves, of which the man of Heaven
 Takes *Irish* tithe, one calf in seven*;
 Ye tenths of rape, hemp, barley, flax,
 Eggs†, timber, milk, fish, and bees' wax;
 All things, in short, since earth's creation,
 Doom'd, by the Church's dispensation,
 To suffer eternal decimation—
 Leaving the whole *lay*-world, since then,
 Reduc'd to nine parts out of ten;
 Or—as we calculate thefts and arsons—
 Just *ten per cent.* the worse for Parsons!

* “The tenth calf is due to the parson of common right; and if there are seven he shall have one.”—REES'S *Cyclopædia*, art. “*Tithes*.”

† Chaucer's Plowman complains of the parish rectors, that

“For the tithing of a duck,
 Or an apple, or an aye (egg),
 They make him swear upon a boke;
 Thus they foulen Christ's fay.”

Alas, and is all this wise device
For the saving of souls thus gone in a trice? —
The whole put down, in the simplest way,
By the souls resolving *not* to pay!
And even the Papists, thankless race,
Who have had so much the easiest case —
To *pay for* our sermons doom'd, 'tis true,
But not condemn'd to *hear them*, too —
(Our holy business being, 'tis known,
With the ears of their barley, not their own,)
Even *they* object to let us pillage,
By right divine, their tenth of tillage,
And, horror of horrors, even decline
To find us in sacramental wine!*

It is o'er, it is o'er, my reign is o'er,
Ah, never shall rosy Rector more,
Like the shepherds of Israel, idly eat,
And make of his flock "a prey and meat."†

* Among the specimens laid before Parliament of the sort of Church rates levied upon Catholics in Ireland, was a charge of two pipes of port for sacramental wine.

† Ezekiel, xxxiv. 10. — "Neither shall the shepherds feed themselves any more; for I will deliver my flock from their mouth, that they may not be meat for them."

No more shall be his the pastoral sport
Of suing his flock in the Bishop's Court,
Through various steps, Citation, Libel —
Scriptures all, but *not* the Bible;
Working the Law's whole apparatus,
To get at a few pre-doom'd potatoes,
And summoning all the powers of wig,
To settle the fraction of a pig! —
Till, parson and all committed deep
In the case of "Shepherds *versus* Sheep,"
The Law usurps the Gospel's place,
And, on Sundays, meeting face to face,
While Plaintiff fills the preacher's station,
Defendants form the congregation.

So lives he, Mammon's priest, not Heaven's,
For *tenths* thus all at *sixes* and *sevens*,
Seeking what parsons love no less
Than tragic poets — a good *distress*.
Instead of studying St. Augustin,
Gregory Nyss., or old St. Justin
(Books fit only to hoard dust in),
His reverence stints his evening readings
To learn'd Reports of Tithe Proceedings,

Sipping, the while, that port so ruddy,
Which forms his only *ancient* study ;—
Port so old, you'd swear its tartar
Was of the age of Justin Martyr,
And, had he sipp'd of such, no doubt
His martyrdom would have been—to gout.

Is all then lost? — alas, too true —
Ye Tenths belov'd, adieu, adieu !
My reign is o'er, my reign is o'er —
Like old Thumb's ghost, "I can no more."

THE EUTHANASIA OF VAN.

“ We are told that the bigots are growing old and fast wearing out. If it be so, why not let us die in peace ? ”—LORD BEXLEY'S *Letter to the Freeholders of Kent*.

STOP, Intellect, in mercy stop,
Ye curst improvements, cease ;
And let poor Nick V—ns—tt—t drop
Into his grave in peace.

Hide, Knowledge, hide thy rising sun,
Young Freedom, veil thy head ;
Let nothing good be thought or done,
Till Nick V—ns—tt—t's dead !

Take pity on a dotard's fears,
Who much doth light detest ;
And let his last few drivelling years
Be dark as were the rest.

You, too, ye fleeting one-pound notes,
Speed not so fast away—

Ye rags, on which old Nicky gloats,
A few months longer stay.*

Together soon, or much I err,
You *both* from life may go—
The notes unto the scavenger,
And Nick—to Nick below.

Ye Liberals, whate'er your plan,
Be all reforms suspended;
In compliment to dear old Van,
Let nothing bad be mended.

Ye Papists, whom oppression wrings,
Your cry politely cease,
And fret your hearts to fiddle-strings
That Van may die in peace.

So shall he win a fame sublime
By few old rag-men gain'd;
Since all shall own, in Nicky's time,
Nor sense, nor justice reign'd.

* Perituræ parcere chartæ.

So shall his name through ages past,
And dolts ungotten yet,
Date from "the days of Nicholas,"
With fond and sad regret;—

And sighing, say, "Alas, had he
" Been spar'd from Pluto's bowers,
" The blessed reign of Bigotry
" And Rags might still be ours!"

TO THE REVEREND ———.

ONE OF THE SIXTEEN REQUISITIONISTS OF NOTTINGHAM.

1828.

WHAT, *you*, too, my * * * * *, in hashes so knowing,
Of sauces and soups Aristarchus profest !
Are *you*, too, my savoury Brunswicker, going
To make an old fool of yourself with the rest ?

Far better to stick to your kitchen receipts ;
And — if you want *something* to tease — for
variety,

Go study how Ude, in his “Cookery,” treats
Live eels, when he fits them for polish’d society.

Just snuggling them in, ’twixt the bars of the fire,
He leaves them to wriggle and writhe on the coals*,
In a manner that H—rn—r himself would admire,
And wish, ’stead of *eels*, they were Catholic souls.

* The only way, Mousieur Ude assures us, to get rid of the oil so objectionable in this fish.

Ude tells us, the fish little suffering feels ;

While Papists, of late, have more sensitive grown ;
So, take my advice, try your hand at live eels,
And, for *once*, let the other poor devils alone.

I have ev'n a still better receipt for your cook—

How to make a goose die of confirm'd *hepatitis* * ;
And, if you'll, for once, *fellow*-feelings o'erlook,
A well-tortur'd goose a most capital sight is.

First, catch him, alive—make a good steady fire—

Set your victim before it, both legs being tied,
(As, if left to himself, he *might* wish to retire,)
And place a large bowl of rich cream by his
side.

There roasting by inches, dry, fever'd, and faint,
Having drunk all the cream, you so civilly laid,
off,

He dies of as charming a liver complaint

As ever sleek parson could wish a pie made of.

* A liver complaint. The process by which the livers of geese are enlarged for the famous *Patés de foie d'oie*.

Besides, only think, my dear one of Sixteen,
What an emblem this bird, for the epicure's use
meant,
Presents of the mode in which Ireland has been
Made a tid-bit for yours and your brethren's
amusement :

Tied down to the stake, while her limbs, as they quiver,
A slow fire of tyranny wastes by degrees —
No wonder disease should have swell'd up her liver,
No wonder you, Gourmands, should love her
disease.

IRISH ANTIQUITIES.

ACCORDING to some learn'd opinions
The Irish once were Carthaginians ;
But, trusting to more late descriptions,
I'd rather say they were Egyptians.
My reason's this : — the Priests of Isis,
When forth they march'd in long array,
Employ'd, 'mong other grave devices,
A Sacred Ass to lead the way* ;
And still the antiquarian traces
'Mong Irish Lords this Pagan plan,
For still, in all religious cases,
They put Lord R—d—n in the van.

* To this practice the ancient adage alludes, " Asinus portans mysteria."

A CURIOUS FACT.

THE present Lord K—ny—n (the Peer who writes letters,

For which the waste-paper folks much are his debtors)
Hath one little oddity, well worth reciting,
Which puzzleth observers, ev'n more than his writing.
Whenever Lord K—ny—n doth chance to behold
A cold Apple-pie—mind, the pie *must* be cold—
His Lordship looks solemn (few people know why),
And he makes a low bow to the said apple-pie.
This idolatrous act, in so "vital" a Peer,
Is, by most serious Protestants, thought rather
queer—

Pie-worship, they hold, coming under the head
(Vide *Crustium*, chap. iv.) of the Worship of Bread.
Some think 'tis a tribute, as author, he owes
For the service that pie-crust hath done to his prose;—
The only good things in his pages, they swear,
Being those that the pastry-cook sometimes puts
there.

Others say, 'tis a homage, through pie-crust convey'd,
 To our Glorious Deliverer's much-honour'd shade ;
 As that Protestant Hero (or Saint, if you please)
 Was as fond of cold pie as he was of green peas*,
 And 'tis solely in loyal remembrance of that,
 My Lord K—ny—n to apple-pie takes off his hat.
 While others account for this kind salutation
 By what Tony Lumpkin calls "concatenation ;" —
 A certain good-will that, from sympathy's ties,
 'Twixt old *Apple*-women and *Orange*-men lies.

But 'tis needless to add, these are all vague surmises,
 For thus, we're assur'd, the whole matter arises :
 Lord K—ny—n's respected old father (like many
 Respected old fathers) was fond of a penny ;
 And lov'd so to save†, that—there's not the least
 question—

His death was brought on by a bad indigestion,

* See the anecdote, which the Duchess of Marlborough relates in her Memoirs, of this polite hero appropriating to himself one day, at dinner, a whole dish of green peas—the first of the season—while the poor Princess Anne, who was then in a longing condition, sat by, vainly entreating, with her eyes, for a share.

† The same prudent propensity characterises his descend-

From cold apple-pie-crust his Lordship *would* stuff in,
At breakfast, to save the expense of hot muffin.
Hence it is, and hence only, that cold apple-pies
Are beheld by his Heir with such reverent eyes—
Just as honest King Stephen his beaver might doff
To the fishes that carried his kind uncle off—
And while *filial* piety urges so many on,
'Tis pure *apple-pie-ety* moves my Lord K—ny—n.

ant, who (as is well known) would not even go to the expense of a diphthong on his father's monument, but had the inscription spelled, economically thus; — "*Mors janua vita.*"

NEW-FASHIONED ECHOES.

Sir,

Most of your readers are, no doubt, acquainted with the anecdote told of a certain, not over-wise, judge, who, when in the act of delivering a charge in some country court-house, was interrupted by the braying of an ass at the door. "What noise is that?" asked the angry judge. "Only an extraordinary *echo* there is in court, my Lord," answered one of the counsel.

As there are a number of such "extraordinary echoes" abroad just now, you will not, perhaps, be unwilling, Mr. Editor, to receive the following few lines suggested by them.

Yours, &c.

S.

Huc coeamus *, ait ; nullique libentius unquam
Responsura sono, Coeamus, retulit echo.

OVID.

THERE are echoes, we know, of all sorts,
From the echo, that "dies in the dale,"
To the "airy-tongu'd babbler," that sports
Up the tide of the torrent her "tale."

There are echoes that bore us, like Blues,
With the latest smart *mot* they have heard ;

* "Let us form Clubs."

There are echoes, extremely like shrews,
Letting nobody have the last word.

In the bogs of old Paddy-land, too,
Certain "talented" echoes* there dwell,
Who, on being ask'd, "How do you do?"
Politely reply, "Pretty well."

But why should I talk any more
Of such old-fashion'd echoes as these,
When Britain has new ones in store,
That transcend them by many degrees?

For, of all repercussions of sound,
Concerning which bards make a pother,
There's none like that happy rebound
When one blockhead echoes another;—

When K—ny—n commences the bray,
And the Borough-Duke follows his track;
And loudly from Dublin's sweet bay,
R—thd—ne brays, with interest, back;—

* Commonly called "Paddy Blake's Echoes."

And while, of *most* echoes the sound
On our ear by reflection doth fall,
These Brunswickers * pass the bray round,
Without any reflection at all.

Oh Scott, were I gifted like you,
Who can name all the echoes there are
From Benvoirlich to bold Ben-venue,
From Benledi to wild Uamvar ;

I might track, through each hard Irish name,
The rebounds of this asinine strain,
Till from Neddy to Neddy, it came
To the *chief* Neddy, K—ny—n, again ;

Might tell how it roar'd in R—thd—ne,
How from D—ws—n it died off genteelly—
How hollow it rung from the crown
Of the fat-pated Marquis of E—y ;

How, on hearing my Lord of G——e,
Thistle-eaters, the stoutest, gave way,

* Anti-Catholic associations, under the title of Brunswick Clubs, were at this time becoming numerous both in England and Ireland.

Outdone, in their own special line,
By the forty-ass power of his bray !

But, no—for so humble a bard
'Tis a subject too trying to touch on ;
Such noblemen's names are too hard,
And their noddles too soft to dwell much on.

Oh Echo, sweet nymph of the hill,
Of the dell, and the deep-sounding shelves ;
If, in spite of Narcissus, you still
Take to fools who are charm'd with themselves,

Who knows but, some morning retiring,
To walk by the Trent's wooded side,
You may meet with N—wc—stle, admiring
His own lengthen'd ears in the tide !

Or, on into Cambria straying,
Find K—ny—n, that double tongu'd elf,
In his love of *ass*-cendency, braying
A Brunswick duet with himself !

INCANTATION.

FROM THE NEW TRAGEDY OF "THE BRUNSWICKERS."

1828.

SCENE. — *Penenden Plain. In the middle, a caldron boiling.*
Thunder. — Enter three Brunswickers.

1st Bruns. — THRICE hath scribbling K—ny—n
 scrawl'd,

2d Bruns. — Once hath fool N—wc—stle bawl'd,

3d Bruns. — B—xl—y snores:—'tis time, 'tis time,

1st Bruns. — Round about the caldron go;

In the pois'nous nonsense throw.

Bigot spite, that long hath grown,

Like a toad within a stone,

Sweltering in the heart of Sc—tt,

Boil we in the Brunswick pot.

All. — Dribble, dribble, nonsense dribble,

Eld—n, talk, and K—ny—n, scribble.

2d Bruns. — Slaver from N—wc—stle's quill

In the noisome mess distil,

Brimming high our Brunswick broth
 Both with venom and with froth.
 Mix the brains (though apt to hash ill,
 Being scant) of Lord M—ntc—shel,
 With that malty stuff which Ch—nd—s
 Drivels as no other man does.
 Catch (*i. e.* if catch you can)
 One idea, spick and span,
 From my Lord of S—l—sb—y, —
 One idea, though it be
 Smaller than the “happy flea,”
 Which his sire, in sonnet terse,
 Wedded to immortal verse.*
 Though to rob the son is sin,
 Put his *one* idea in ;

* Alluding to a well-known lyric composition of the late Marquis, which, with a slight alteration, might be addressed either to a flea or a fly. For instance : —

“ Oh, happy, happy, happy fly,
 If I were you, or you were I.”

Or,

“ Oh, happy, happy, happy flea,
 If I were you, or you were *me* ;
 But since, alas ! that cannot be,
 I must remain Lord S——y.”

And, to keep it company,
Let that conjuror W—nch—ls—a
Drop but *half* another there,
If he hath so much to spare.
Dreams of murders and of arsons,
Hatch'd in heads of Irish parsons,
Bring from every hole and corner,
Where ferocious priests, like H—rn—r,
Purely for religious good,
Cry aloud for Papist's blood,
Blood for W—lls, and such old women,
At their ease to wade and swim in.

All.—Dribble, dribble, nonsense dribble,
B—xl—y, talk, and K—ny—n, scribble.

3d Bruns.—Now the charm begin to brew;
Sisters, sisters, add thereto
Scraps of L—thbr—dge's old speeches,
Mix'd with leather from his breeches.
Rinsings of old B—xl—y's brains,
Thicken'd (if you'll take the pains)
With that pulp which rags create,
In their middle, *nympha* state,
Ere, like insects frail and sunny,
Forth they wing abroad as money.

There—the Hell-broth we've enchanted—
Now but *one* thing more is wanted.
Squeeze o'er all that Orange juice,
C—— keeps cork'd for use,
Which, to work the better spell, is
Colour'd deep with blood of ——,
Blood, of powers far more various,
Ev'n than that of Januarius,
Since so great a charm hangs o'er it,
England's parsons bow before it!

All.—Dribble, dribble, nonsense dribble,
B—xl—y, talk, and K—ny—n, scribble.

2d Bruns.—Cool it now with ——'s blood,
So the charm is firm and good. [*Exeunt.*

HOW TO MAKE A GOOD POLITICIAN.

WHENE'ER you're in doubt, said a Sage I once
knew,

'Twixt two lines of conduct *which* course to pursue,
Ask a woman's advice, and, whate'er she advise,
Do the very reverse, and you're sure to be wise.

Of the same use as guides, are the Brunswicker throng;
In their thoughts, words, and deeds, so instinctively
wrong,

That, whatever they counsel, act, talk, or indite,
Take the opposite course, and you're sure to be right.

So golden this rule, that, had nature denied you
The use of that finger-post, Reason, to guide you—
Were you even more doltish than any giv'n man is,
More soft than N—wc—stle, more twaddling than
Van is,

I'd stake my repute, on the following conditions,
To make you the soundest of sound politicians.

Place yourself near the skirts of some high-flying
Tory—

Some Brunswicker parson, of port-drinking glory,—
Watch well how he dines, during any great Question—

What makes him feed gaily, what spoils his digestion—

And always feel sure that *his* joy o'er a stew
Portends a clear case of dyspepsia to *you*.

Read him backwards, like Hebrew—whatever he
wishes,

Or praises, note down as absurd, or pernicious.

Like the folks of a weather-house, shifting about,

When he's *out*, be an *In*—when he's *in*, be an
Out.

Keep him always revers'd in your thoughts, night
and day,

Like an Irish barometer turn'd the wrong way:—

If he's *up*, you may swear that foul weather is
nigh;

If he's *down*, you may look for a bit of blue sky.

Never mind what debaters or journalists say,

Only ask what *he* thinks, and then think t'other
way.

Does he hate the Small-note Bill? then firmly rely
The Small-note Bill's a blessing, though *you* don't
know why.

Is Brougham his aversion? then Harry's your man.
Does he quake at O'Connell? take doubly to Dan.
Is he all for the Turks? then, at once, take the whole
Russian Empire (Czar, Cossacks, and all) to your
soul.

In short, whatsoever he talks, thinks, or is,
Be your thoughts, words, and essence the contrast
of his.

Nay, as Siamese ladies—at least, the polite ones—
All paint their teeth black, 'cause the devil has white
ones—

If ev'n, by the chances of time or of tide,
Your Tory, for once, should have sense on his side,
Even *then* stand aloof—for, be sure that Old Nick,
When a Tory talks sensibly, means you some trick.

Such my recipe is—and, in one single verse,
I shall now, in conclusion, its substance rehearse.
Be all that a Brunswicker *is* not, nor *could* be,
And then—you'll be all that an honest man should be.

EPISTLE OF CONDOLENCE,

FROM A SLAVE-LORD, TO A COTTON-LORD.

ALAS! my dear friend, what a state of affairs!

How unjustly we both are despoil'd of our rights!
Not a pound of black flesh shall I leave to my heirs,
Nor must *you* any more work to death little whites.

Both forc'd to submit to that general controller
Of King, Lords, and cotton mills, Public Opinion,
No more shall *you* beat with a big billy-roller,
Nor *I* with the cart-whip assert my dominion.

Whereas, were we suffer'd to do as we please
With our Blacks and our Whites, as of yore we
were let,

We might range them alternate, like harpsichord keys,
And between us thump out a good piebald duet.

But this fun is all over;—farewell to the zest
Which Slav'ry now lends to each tea-cup we sip;

Which makes still the cruellest coffee the best,
And that sugar the sweetest which smacks of the
whip.

Farewell, too, the Factory's white picaninnies —
Small, living machines, which, if flogg'd to their
tasks,
Mix so well with their namesakes, the "Billies" and
"Jennies,"
That *which* have got souls in 'em nobody asks ;—

Little Maids of the Mill, who, themselves but ill-fed,
Are oblig'd, 'mong their other benevolent cares,
To "keep feeding the scribblers *," —and better, 'tis
said,
Than old Blackwood or Fraser have ever fed theirs.

All this is now o'er, and so dismal *my* loss is,
So hard 'tis to part from the smack of the thong,
That I mean (from pure love for the old whipping
process),
To take to whipt syllabub all my life long.

* One of the operations in cotton mills usually performed by children.

THE GHOST OF MILTIADES.

Ah quoties dubius *Scriptis* exarsit amator ! OVID.

THE Ghost of Miltiades came at night,
And he stood by the bed of the Benthamite,
And he said, in a voice that thrill'd the frame,
“ If ever the sound of Marathon's name
“ Hath fir'd thy blood or flush'd thy brow,
“ Lover of Liberty, rouse thee now ! ”

The Benthamite, yawning, left his bed —
Away to the Stock Exchange he sped,
And he found the Scrip of Greece so high,
That it fir'd his blood, it flush'd his eye,
And oh, 'twas a sight for the Ghost to see,
For never was Greek more Greek than he !
And still as the premium higher went,
His ecstasy rose — so much *per cent.*
(As we see in a glass, that tells the weather,
The heat and the *silver* rise together,)

And Liberty sung from the patriot's lip,
While a voice from his pocket whisper'd "Scrip!"
The Ghost of Miltiades came again;—
He smil'd, as the pale moon smiles through rain,
For his soul was glad at that patriot strain;
(And poor, dear ghost—how little he knew
The jobs and the tricks of the Philhellene crew!)
"Blessings and thanks!" was all he said,
Then, melting away, like a night-dream, fled!

The Benthamite hears—amaz'd that ghosts
Could be such fools—and away he posts,
A patriot still? Ah no, ah no—
Goddess of Freedom, thy Scrip is low,
And, warm and fond as thy lovers are,
Thou triest their passion, when under *par*.
The Benthamite's ardour fast decays,
By turns he weeps, and swears, and prays,
And wishes the d—l had Crescent and Cross,
Ere *he* had been forc'd to sell at a loss.
They quote him the Stock of various nations,
But, spite of his classic associations,
Lord, how he loathes the Greek *quotations*!

“ Who’ll buy my Scrip? Who’ll buy my Scrip?”
Is now the theme of the patriot’s lip,
As he runs to tell how hard his lot is
To Messrs. Orlando and Luriottis,
And says, “ Oh Greece, for Liberty’s sake,
“ Do buy my Scrip, and I vow to break
“ Those dark, unholy *bonds* of thine—
“ If you’ll only consent to buy up *mine*!”
The Ghost of Miltiades came once more;—
His brow, like the night, was lowering o’er,
And he said, with a look that flash’d dismay,
“ Of Liberty’s foes the worst are they,
“ Who turn to a trade her cause divine,
“ And gamble for gold on Freedom’s shrine!”
Thus saying, the Ghost, as he took his flight,
Gave a Parthian kick to the Benthamite,
Which sent him, whimpering, off to Jerry—
And vanish’d away to the Stygian ferry!

ALARMING INTELLIGENCE — REVOLUTION
IN THE DICTIONARY — ONE *GALT* AT THE
HEAD OF IT.

GOD preserve us! — there's nothing now safe from
assault ;—

Thrones toppling around, churches brought to the
hammer ;

And accounts have just reach'd us that one Mr. *Galt*
Has declar'd open war against English and
Grammar !

He had long been suspected of some such design,
And, the better his wicked intents to arrive at,
Had lately 'mong C—lb—n's troops of *the line*
(The penny-a-line men) enlisted as private.

There school'd, with a rabble of words at command,
Scotch, English, and slang, in promiscuous alliance,
He, at length, against Syntax has taken his stand,
And sets all the Nine Parts of Speech at defiance.

Next advices, no doubt, further facts will afford ;
 In the mean time the danger most imminent grows,
 He has taken the Life of one eminent Lord,
 And whom he'll *next* murder the Lord only knows.

Wednesday evening.

Since our last, matters, luckily, look more serene ;
 Tho' the rebel, 'tis stated, to aid his defection,
 Has seized a great Powder — no, Puff Magazine,
 And the' explosions are dreadful in every direction.

What his meaning exactly is, nobody knows,
 As he talks (in a strain of intense botheration)
 Of lyrical “ichor *,” “gelatinous” prose †,
 And a mixture call'd amber immortalization. ‡

Now, he raves of a bard he once happen'd to meet,
 Seated high “among rattlings,” and churning a
 sonnet § ;

* “ That dark diseased ichor which coloured his effusions.”
 — GALT's *Life of Byron*.

† “ That gelatinous character of their effusions.” — *Ibid*.

‡ “ The poetical embalmment, or rather, amber immortalization.” — *Ibid*.

§ “ Sitting amidst the shrouds and rattlings, churning an inarticulate melody.” — *Ibid*.

Now, talks of a mystery, wrapp'd in a sheet,
With a halo (by way of a nightcap) upon it ! *

We shudder in tracing these terrible lines ;
Something bad they must mean, tho' we can't
make it out ;
For, whate'er may be guess'd of Galt's secret designs,
That they're all *Anti-English* no Christian can
doubt.

* " He was a mystery in a winding sheet, crowned with a halo." — GALT'S *Life of Byron*.

RESOLUTIONS

PASSED AT A LATE MEETING OF
REVERENDS AND RIGHT REVERENDS.

1834.

RESOLV'D — to stick to ev'ry particle
Of ev'ry Creed and ev'ry Article
Reforming nought, or great or little
We'll stanchly stand by every tittle *,
And scorn the swallow of that soul
Which cannot boldly bolt the whole.

Resolv'd, that, though St. Athanasius
In damning souls is rather spacious —
Though wide and far his curses fall,
Our Church "hath stomach for them all ;"
And those who're not content with such,
May e'en be d—d ten times as much.

* One of the questions propounded to the Puritans in 1573 was — "Whether the Book of Service was good and godly, every tittle grounded on the Holy Scripture?" On which an honest Dissenter remarks — "Surely they had a wonderful opinion of their Service Book that there was not a *tittle* amiss in it."

Resolv'd — such liberal souls are we —
 Though hating Nonconformity,
 We yet believe the cash no worse is
 That comes from Nonconformist purses.
 Indifferent *whence* the money reaches
 The pockets of our reverend breeches,
 To us the Jumper's jingling penny
 Chinks with a tone as sweet as any;
 And ev'n our old friends Yea and Nay
 May through the nose for ever pray,
 If *also* through the nose they'll pay.

Resolv'd, that Hooper *, Latimer †,
 And Cranmer ‡, all extremely err,

* “ They,” the Bishops, “ know that the primitive Church had no such Bishops. If the fourth part of the bishopric remained unto the Bishop, it were sufficient.” — *On the Commandments*, p. 72.

† “ Since the Prelates were made Lords and Nobles, the plough standeth, there is no work done, the people starve.” — *Lat. Serm.*

‡ “ Of whom have come all these glorious titles, styles, and pomps into the Church. But I would that I, and all my brethren, the Bishops, would leave all our styles, and write the styles of our offices,” &c. — *Life of Cranmer, by Strype, Appendix.*

In taking such a low-bred view
Of what Lords Spiritual ought to do : —
All owing to the fact, poor men,
That Mother Church was modest then,
Nor knew what golden eggs her goose,
The Public, would in time produce.
One Pisgah peep at modern Durham
To far more lordly thoughts would stir 'em.

Resolv'd, that when we, Spiritual Lords,
Whose income just enough affords
To keep our Spiritual Lordships cozy,
Are told, by Antiquarians prosy,
How ancient Bishops cut up theirs,
Giving the poor the largest shares —
Our answer is, in one short word,
We think it pious, but absurd.
Those good men made the world their debtor,
But we, the Church reform'd, know better ;
And, taking all that all can pay,
Balance the' account the other way.

Resolv'd, our thanks profoundly due are
To last month's Quarterly Reviewer,

Who proves (by arguments so clear
One sees how much he holds *per* year)
That England's Church, though out of date,
Must still be left to lie in state,
As dead, as rotten, and as grand as
The mummy of King Osymandyas,
All pickled snug—the brains drawn out*—
With costly cerements swathed about,—
And “Touch me not,” those words terrific,
Scrawl'd o'er her in good hieroglyphic.

* Part of the process of embalmment.

SIR ANDREW'S DREAM.

1834.

"Nec tu sperne piis venientia somnia portis :
Cum pia venerunt somnia, pondus habent."

PROPERT. lib. iv. eleg. 7.

As snug, on a Sunday eve, of late,
In his easy chair Sir Andrew sate,
Being much too pious, as every one knows,
To do aught, of a Sunday eve, but doze,
He dreamt a dream, dear, holy man,
And I'll tell you his dream as well as I can.
He found himself, to his great amaze,
In Charles the First's high Tory days,
And just at the time that gravest of Courts
Had publish'd its Book of Sunday Sports.*—

* *The Book of Sports* drawn up by Bishop Moreton was first put forth in the reign of James I., 1618, and afterwards republished, at the advice of Laud, by Charles I., 1633, with an injunction that it should be "made public by order from the Bishops." We find it therein declared, that "for his good people's recreation, his Majesty's pleasure was, that after the end of divine service they should not be disturbed, letted, or

Sunday Sports ! what a thing for the ear
Of Andrew, even in sleep, to hear ! —
It chanced to be, too, a Sabbath day,
When the people from church were coming away ;
And Andrew with horror heard this song,
As the smiling sinners flock'd along : —
“ Long life to the Bishops, hurrah ! hurrah !
“ For a week of work and a Sunday of play
“ Make the poor man's life run merry away.”

“ The Bishops ! ” quoth Andrew, “ Popish, I guess,”
And he grinned with conscious holiness.
But the song went on, and, to brim the cup
Of poor Andy's grief, the fiddles struck up !

“ Come, take out the lasses — let's have a dance —
“ For the Bishops allow us to skip our fill,
“ Well knowing that no one's the more in advance
“ On the road to heaven, for standing still.

discouraged from any lawful recreations, such as dancing, either of men or women, archery for men, leaping, vaulting, or any such harmless recreations, nor having of May-games, Whitsun-ales, or Morris-dances, or setting up of May-poles, or other sports therewith used,” &c.

“ Oh, it never was meant that grim grimaces
“ Should sour the cream of a creed of love ;
“ Or that fellows with long, disastrous faces,
“ Alone should sit among cherubs above.
“ Then hurrah for the Bishops, &c.
“ For Sunday fun we never can fail,
“ When the Church herself each sport points out;—
“ There’s May-games, archery, Whitsun-ale,
“ And a May-pole high to dance about.
“ Or, should we be for a pole hard driven,
“ Some lengthy saint, of aspect fell,
“ With his pockets on earth, and his nose in heaven,
“ Will do for a May-pole just as well
“ Then hurrah for the Bishops, hurrah ! hurrah !
“ A week of work and a Sabbath of play
“ Make the poor man’s life run merry away.”

To Andy, who doesn’t much deal in history,
This Sunday scene was a downright mystery ;
And God knows where might have ended the joke,
But, in trying to stop the fiddles, he woke.
And the odd thing is (as the rumour goes)
That since that dream—which, one would suppose,

Should have made his godly stomach rise,
Even more than ever, 'gainst Sunday pies —
He has view'd things quite with different eyes;
Is beginning to take, on matters divine,
Like Charles and his Bishops, the *sporting* line —
Is all for Christians jigging in pairs,
As an interlude 'twixt Sunday prayers ; —
Nay, talks of getting Archbishop H—l—y
To bring in a Bill, enacting duly,
That all good Protestants, from this date,
May, freely and lawfully, recreate,
Of a Sunday eve, their spirits moody,
With Jack in the Straw, or Punch and Judy.

A BLUE LOVE-SONG.

TO MISS ———.

Air. — “*Come live with me and be my love.*”

1833.

COME wed with me, and we will write,
My Blue of Blues, from morn till night.
Chased from our classic souls shall be
All thoughts of vulgar progeny ;
And thou shalt walk through smiling rows
Of chubby duodecimos,
While I, to match thy products nearly,
Shall lie-in of a quarto yearly.
'Tis true, ev'n books entail some trouble ;
But *live* productions give one double.
Correcting children is *such* bother, —
While printers' dev'ls correct the other.
Just think, my own Malthusian dear,
How much more decent 'tis to hear
From male or female — as it may be —
“How is your book?” than “How's your baby?”

And, whereas physic and wet nurses
Do much exhaust paternal purses,
Our books, if rickety, may go
And be well dry-nurs'd in *the Row* ;
And, when God wills to take them hence,
Are buried at *the Row's* expense.

Besides, (as 'tis well prov'd by thee,
In thy own Works, vol. 93.)
The march, just now, of population
So much outstrips all moderation,
That ev'n prolific herring-shoals
Keep pace not with our erring souls.*
Oh far more proper and well-bred
To stick to writing books instead ;
And show the world how two Blue lovers
Can coalesce, like two book-covers,
(Sheep-skin, or calf, or such wise leather,)
Letter'd at back, and stitch'd together,
Fondly as first the binder fix'd 'em,
With nought but — literature betwixt 'em.

* See "Ella of Garveloch."—Garveloch being a place where there was a large herring-fishery, but where, as we are told by the author, "the people increased much faster than the produce."

SUNDAY ETHICS.

A SCOTCH ODE.

PUIR, profligate Londoners, having heard tell
That the De'il's got amang ye, and fearing 'tis true,
We ha' sent ye a mon wha's a match for his spell,
A chiel o' our ain, that the De'il himsel
Will be glad to keep clear of, one Andrew Agnew.

So, at least, ye may reckon, for ane day entire
In ilka lang week ye'll be tranquil eneugh,
As Auld Nick, do him justice, abhors a Scotch
squire,
An' would sooner gae roast by his ain kitchen fire
Than pass a hale Sunday wi' Andrew Agnew.

For, bless the gude mon, gin he had his ain way,
He'd na let a cat on the Sabbath say "mew ;"
Nae birdie maun whistle, nae lambie maun play,
An' Phœbus himsel could na travel that day,
As he'd find a new Joshua in Andie Agnew.

Only hear, in your Senate, how awfu' he cries,
 “ Wae, wae to a' sinners who boil an' who stew !
“ Wae, wae to a' eaters o' Sabbath-bak'd pies,
“ For as surely again shall the crust thereof rise
 “ In judgment against ye,” saith Andrew Agnew !

Ye may think, from a' this, that our Andie's the lad
 To ca' o'er the coals your nobeelity, too ;
That their drives, o' a Sunday, wi' flunkies*, a' clad
Like Shawmen, behind 'em, would mak the mon
 mad—

But he's nae sic a noodle, our Andie Agnew.

If Lairds an' fine Ladies, on Sunday, think right
 To gang to the deevil—as maist o' em do—
To stop them our Andie would think na polite ;
And 'tis odds (if the chiel could get ony thing by't)
 But he'd follow 'em, booing†, would Andrew
 Agnew.

* Servants in livery.

† For the “ gude effects and uteelity of booing,” see the *Man of the World*.

AWFUL EVENT.

YES, W—nch—ls—a (I tremble while I pen it),
W—nch—ls—a's Earl hath *cut* the British Senate—
Hath said to England's Peers, in accent gruff,
“ *That* for ye all” [snapping his fingers], and exit,
in a huff!

Disastrous news!—like that, of old, which spread
From shore to shore, “our mighty Pan is dead,”
O'er the cross benches (cross from *being* crost)
Sounds the loud wail, “Our W—nch—ls—a is lost!”

Which of ye, Lords, that heard him, can forget
The deep impression of that awful threat,
“I quit your house!!”—'midst all that histories
tell,

I know but *one* event that's parallel:—

It chanc'd at Drury Lane, one Easter night,
When the gay gods, too blest to be polite,

Gods at their ease, like those of learn'd Lucretius,
Laugh'd, whistled, groan'd, uproariously facetious—
A well-dress'd member of the middle gallery,
Whose "ears polite" disdain'd such low canaillerie,
Rose in his place—so grand, you'd almost swear
Lord W—nch—ls—a himself stood towering there—
And like that Lord of dignity and *nous*,
Said, "Silence, fellows, or—I'll leave the house!!"
How brook'd the gods this speech? Ah well-a-day,
That speech so fine should be so thrown away!
In vain did this mid-gallery grandee
Assert his own two-shilling dignity—
In vain he menac'd to withdraw the ray
Of his own full-price countenance away—
Fun against Dignity is fearful odds,
And as the Lords laugh *now*, so giggled *then* the
gods!

THE NUMBERING OF THE CLERGY.

PARODY ON SIR CHARLES HAN. WILLIAMS'S
FAMOUS ODE,

"COME, CLOE, AND GIVE ME SWEET KISSES."

"We want more Churches and more Clergymen."

Bishop of London's late Charge.

"Rectorum numerum, terris pereuntibus, augent."

Claudian in Eutrop.

COME, give us more Livings and Rectors,
For, richer no realm ever gave ;
But why, ye unchristian objectors,
Do ye ask us how many we crave ? *

Oh, there can't be too many rich Livings
For souls of the Pluralist kind,

* Come, Cloe, and give me sweet kisses,
For sweeter sure never girl gave ;
But why, in the midst of my blisses,
Do you ask me how many I'd have ?

Who, despising old Cocker's misgivings,
To numbers can ne'er be confin'd.*

Count the cormorants hovering about†,
At the time their fish season sets in,
When these models of keen diners-out
Are preparing their beaks to begin.

Count the rooks that, in clerical dresses,
Flock round when the harvest's in play,
And, not minding the farmer's distresses,
Like devils in grain peck away.

Go, number the locusts in heaven‡,
On their way to some titheable shore ;
And when so many Parsons you've given,
We still shall be craving for more.

* For whilst I love thee above measure,
To numbers I'll ne'er be confin'd.

† Count the bees that on Hybla are playing,
Count the flowers that enamel its fields,
Count the flocks, &c.

‡ Go number the stars in the heaven,
Count how many sands on the shore ;
When so many kisses you've given,
I still shall be craving for more.

Then, unless ye the Church would submerge, ye
Must leave us in peace to augment
For the wretch who could number the Clergy,
With few will be ever content.*

* But the wretch who can number his kisses,
With few will be ever content.

A SAD CASE.

1834.

“ If it be the undergraduate season at which this *rabies religiosa* is to be so fearful, what security has Mr. G—lb—n against it at this moment, when his son is actually exposed to the full venom of an association with Dissenters ? ” — *The Times*, March 25.

How sad a case ! — just think of it —
If G—lb—n junior should be bit
By some insane Dissenter, roaming
Through Granta's halls, at large and foaming,
And with that aspect, *ultra* crabbed
Which marks Dissenters when they're rabid !
God only knows what mischiefs might
Result from this one single bite,
Or how the venom, once suck'd in,
Might spread and rage through kith and kin.
Mad folks, of all denominations,
First turn upon their own relations :
So that *one* G—lb—n, fairly bit,
Might end in maddening the whole kit,
Till, ah, ye gods, we'd have to rue
Our G—lb—n senior bitten too ;

The Hychurchphobia in those veins,
Where Tory blood now redly reigns ;—
And that dear man, who now perceives
Salvation only in lawn sleeves,
Might, tainted by such coarse infection,
Run mad in the' opposite direction,
And think, poor man, 'tis only given
To linsey-woolsey to reach Heaven !

Just fancy what a shock 'twould be
Our G—lb—n in his fits to see,
Tearing into a thousand particles
His once-lov'd Nine and Thirty Articles ;
(Those Articles his friend, the Duke*,
For Gospel, t'other night, mistook ;)
Cursing cathedrals, deans, and singers—
Wishing the ropes might hang the ringers—
Pelting the church with blasphemies,
Even worse than Parson B—v—rl—y's ;—
And ripe for severing Church and State,
Like any creedless reprobate,

* The Duke of Wellington, who styled them "the Articles of Christianity."

Or like that class of Methodists
Prince Waterloo styles "Atheists!"

But 'tis too much—the Muse turns pale,
And o'er the picture drops a veil,
Praying, God save the G—lb—rns all
From mad Dissenters, great and small!

A DREAM OF HINDOSTAN.

—— *risum teneatis, amici.*

“THE longer one lives, the more one learns,
Said I, as off to sleep I went,
Bemus’d with thinking of Tithe concerns,
And reading a book, by the Bishop of FERNS*,
On the Irish Church Establishment.
But, lo, in sleep, not long I lay,
When Fancy her usual tricks began,
And I found myself bewitch’d away
To a goodly city in Hindostan—
A city, where he, who dares to dine
On aught but rice, is deem’d a sinner;
Where sheep and kine are held divine,
And, accordingly—never drest for dinner.

“But how is this?” I wondering cried—
As I walk’d that city, fair and wide,

* An indefatigable scribbler of anti-Catholic pamphlets.

And saw, in every marble street,
A row of beautiful butchers' shops—
“What means, for men who don't eat meat,
“This grand display of loins and chops?”
In vain I ask'd—'twas plain to see
That nobody dar'd to answer me.

So, on, from street to street I strode;
And you can't conceive how vastly odd
The butchers look'd—a roseate crew,
Inshrin'd in *stalls*, with nought to do;
While some on a *bench*, half dozing, sat,
And the Sacred Cows were not more fat.

Still pos'd to think, what all this scene
Of sinecure trade was *meant* to mean,
“And, pray,” ask'd I—“by whom is paid
The expense of this strange masquerade?”—
“The' expense!—oh, that's of course defray'd
(Said one of these well-fed Hecatombers)
“By yonder rascally rice-consumers.”
“What! *they*, who mustn't eat meat!”—
“No matter—
(And, while he spoke, his cheeks grew fatter,)

“ The rogues may munch their *Paddy* crop,
“ But the rogues must still support *our* shop.
“ And, depend upon it, the way to treat
“ Heretical stomachs that thus dissent,
“ Is to burden all that wo’n’t eat meat,
“ With a costly MEAT ESTABLISHMENT.”

On hearing these words so gravely said,
With a volley of laughter loud I shook ;
And my slumber fled, and my dream was sped,
And I found I was lying snug in bed,
With my nose in the Bishop of FERNS’ book.

THE BRUNSWICK CLUB.

A letter having been addressed to a very distinguished personage, requesting him to become the Patron of this Orange Club, a polite answer was forthwith returned, of which we have been fortunate enough to obtain a copy.

Brimstone-hall, September 1. 1828.

Private.—LORD BELZEBUB presents
To the Brunswick Club his compliments,
And much regrets to say that he
Cannot, at present, their Patron be.
In stating this, Lord Belzebub
Assures, on his honour, the Brunswick Club,
That 't isn't from any lukewarm lack
Of zeal or fire he thus holds back —
As ev'n Lord *Coal** himself is not
For the Orange party more red-hot :
But the truth is, till their Club affords
A somewhat decenter show of Lords,
And on its list of members gets
A few less rubbishy Baronets,

* Usually written "Cole."

Lord Belzebub must beg to be
Excused from keeping such company.

Who the devil, he humbly begs to know,
Are Lord Gl—nd—ne, and Lord D—nlo?
Or who, with a grain of sense, would go
To sit and be bored by Lord M—yo?
What living creature — *except his nurse* —
For Lord M—ntc—sh—l cares a curse,
Or thinks 'twould matter if Lord M—sk—rry
Were t'other side of the Stygian ferry?
Breathes there a man in Dublin town,
Who'd give but half of half-a-crown
To save from drowning my Lord R—thd—ne,
Or who wouldn't also gladly hustle in
Lords R—d—n, B—nd—n, C—le, and J—c—l—n?
In short, though, from his tenderest years,
Accustom'd to all sorts of Peers,
Lord Belzebub much questions whether
He ever yet saw, mix'd together,
As 'twere in one capacious tub,
Such a mess of noble silly-bub
As the twenty Peers of the Brunswick Club.

'Tis therefore impossible that Lord B.
Could stoop to such society,
Thinking, he owns (though no great prig),
For one in his station 'twere *infra dig.*
But he begs to propose, in the interim
(Till they find some prop'rer Peers for him),
His Highness of C—mb—d, as *Sub*,
To take his place at the Brunswick Club —
Begging, meanwhile, himself to dub
Their obedient servant, BELZEBUB.

It luckily happens, the R—y—l Duke
Resembles so much, in air and look,
The head of the Belzebub family,
That few can any difference see ;
Which makes him, of course, the better suit
To serve as Lord B.'s substitute.

PROPOSALS FOR A GYNÆCOCRACY.

ADDRESSED TO A LATE RADICAL MEETING.

1834.

——— “ Quas ipsa decus sibi dia Camilla
Delegit pacisque bonas bellicque ministras.” VIRGIL.

As Whig Reform has had its range,
And none of us are yet content,
Suppose, my friends, by way of change,
We try a *Female Parliament* ;
And since, of late, with *he* M. P.'s
We've fared so badly, take to she's—
Petticoat patriots, flounc'd John Russells,
Burdetts in *blonde*, and Broughams in *bustles*.
The plan is startling, I confess—
But 'tis but an affair of dress ;
Nor see I much there is to choose
'Twixt Ladies (so they're thorough bred ones)
In ribands of all sorts of hues,
Or Lords in only blue or red ones.

At least, the fiddlers will be winners,
Whatever other trade advances ;

As then, instead of Cabinet dinners,
We'll have, at Almack's, Cabinet dances;
Nor let this world's important questions
Depend on Ministers' digestions.

If Ude's receipts have done things ill,
To Weippert's band they may go better;
There's Lady * *, in one quadrille,
Would settle Europe, if you'd let her:
And who the deuce or asks, or cares,
When Whigs or Tories have undone 'em,
Whether they've *danc'd* through State affairs,
Or simply, dully, *din'd* upon 'em?

Hurrah then for the Petticoats!
To them we pledge our free-born votes;
We'll have all *she*, and only *she*—
Pert blues shall act as "best debaters,"
Old dowagers our Bishops be,
And termagants our Agitators.

If Vestris, to oblige the nation,
Her own Olympus will abandon,

And help to prop the' Administration,
It *can't* have better legs to stand on.
The fam'd Macaulay (Miss) shall show,
Each evening, forth in learn'd oration ;
Shall move (midst general cries of "Oh !")
For full returns of population :
And, finally, to crown the whole,
The Princess Olive *, Royal soul,
Shall from her bower in Banco Regis,
Descend, to bless her faithful lieges,
And, mid our Unions' loyal chorus,
Reign jollily for ever o'er us.

* A personage, so styling herself, who attained considerable notoriety at that period.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE * * *.

Sir,

Having heard some rumours respecting the strange and awful visitation under which Lord H—nl—y has for some time past been suffering, in consequence of his declared hostility to “anthems, solos, duets*,” &c., I took the liberty of making inquiries at his Lordship’s house this morning, and lose no time in transmitting to you such particulars as I could collect. It is said that the screams of his Lordship, under the operation of this nightly concert, (which is, no doubt, some trick of the Radicals,) may be heard all over the neighbourhood. The female who personates St. Cecilia is supposed to be the same that, last year, appeared in the character of Isis, at the Rotunda. How the cherubs are managed, I have not yet ascertained.

Yours, &c.

P. P.

LORD H—NL—Y AND ST. CECILIA.

— in Metii descendat Judicis aures.

HORAT.

1833.

As snug in his bed Lord H—nl—y lay,
 Revolving much his own renown,
 And hoping to add thereto a ray,
 By putting duets and anthems down,

Sudden a strain of choral sounds
 Mellifluous o’er his senses stole;
 Whereat the Reformer mutter’d, “Zounds!”
 For he loath’d sweet music with all his soul.

* In a work, on Church Reform, published by his Lordship in 1832.

Then, starting up, he saw a sight
That well might shock so learn'd a snorer—
Saint Cecilia, rob'd in light,
With a portable organ slung before her.

And round were Cherubs, on rainbow wings,
Who, his Lordship fear'd, might tire of flitting,
So begg'd they'd sit—but ah! poor things,
They'd, none of them, got the means of sitting.*

“Having heard,” said the Saint, “you're fond of
hymns,
“And indeed, that musical snore betray'd you,
“Myself, and my choir of cherubims,
“Are come, for a while, to serenade you.”

In vain did the horrified H—nl—y say
“'Twas all a mistake”—“she was misdirected;”
And point to a concert, over the way,
Where fiddlers and angels were expected.

* “Asseyez-vous, mes enfans.”—“Il n'y a pas de quoi, mon Seigneur.”

In vain — the Saint could see in his looks
 (She civilly said) much tuneful lore ;
So, at once, all open'd their music-books,
 And herself and her Cherubs set off at score.

All night duets, terzets, quartets,
 Nay, long quintets most dire to hear ;
Ay, and old motets, and canzonets,
 And glees, in sets, kept boring his ear.

He tried to sleep — but it wouldn't do ;
 So loud they squall'd, he *must* attend to 'em ;
Though Cherubs' songs, to his cost he knew,
 Were like themselves, and had no end to 'em.

Oh judgment dire on judges bold,
 Who meddle with music's sacred strains !
Judge Midas tried the same of old,
 And was punish'd, like H—nl—y, for his pains.

But worse on the modern judge, alas !
 Is the sentence launch'd from Apollo's throne ;
For Midas was given the ears of an ass,
 While H—nl—y is doom'd to keep his own !

ADVERTISEMENT.*

1830

MISSING or lost, last Sunday night,
A Waterloo coin, whereon was trac'd
The' inscription, "Courage!" in letters bright,
Though a little by rust of years defac'd.

The metal thereof is rough and hard,
And ('tis thought of late) mix'd up with brass;
But it bears the stamp of Fame's award,
And through all Posterity's hands will pass.

How it was lost, God only knows,
But certain *City* thieves, they say,
Broke in on the owner's evening doze,
And filch'd this "gift of gods" away!

* Written at that memorable crisis when a distinguished Duke, then Prime Minister, acting under the inspirations of Sir Cl—d—s H—nt—r and other City worthies, advised his Majesty to give up his announced intention of dining with the Lord Mayor.

One ne'er could, of course, the Cits suspect,
If we hadn't, that evening, chanc'd to see,
At the robb'd man's door, a *Mare* elect,
With an ass to keep her company.

Whosoe'er of this lost treasure knows,
Is begg'd to state all facts about it,
As the owner can't well face his foes,
Nor ev'n his friends, just now, without it.

And if Sir Clod will bring it back,
Like a trusty Baronet, wise and able,
He shall have a ride on the whitest hack *
That's left in old King George's stable.

* Among other remarkable attributes by which Sir Cl—d—s distinguished himself, the dazzling whiteness of his favourite steed was not the least conspicuous.

MISSING.

Carlton Terrace, 1832.

WHEREAS, Lord * * * * * de * * * * *
Left his home last Saturday,
And, though inquir'd for, round and round,
Through certain purlieus, can't be found;
And whereas, none can solve our queries
As to where this virtuous Peer is,
Notice is hereby giv'n, that all
May forthwith to inquiring fall,
As, once the thing's well set about,
No doubt but we shall hunt him out.

His Lordship's mind, of late, they say,
Hath been in an uneasy way.
Himself and colleagues not being let
To climb into the Cabinet,
To settle England's state affairs,
Hath much, it seems, *unsettled* theirs;
And chief to this stray Plenipo
Hath been a most distressing blow.

Already, — certain to receive a
Well-paid mission to the Neva,
And be the bearer of kind words
To tyrant Nick from Tory Lords, —
To fit himself for free discussion,
His Lordship had been learning Russian ;
And all so natural to him were
The accents of the Northern bear,
That, while his tones were in your ear, you
Might swear you were in sweet Siberia.
And still, poor Peer, to old and young,
He goes on raving in that tongue ;
Tells you how much you would enjoy a
Trip to Dalnodoubrowskoya * ;
Talks of such places, by the score, on
As Oulisfffirmchinagoboron †,
And swears (for he at nothing sticks)
That Russia swarms with Raskol-niks ‡,

* In the Government of Perm.

† Territory belonging to the mines of Kolivano-Koskresense.

‡ The name of a religious sect in Russia. “ Il existe en Russie plusieurs sectes ; la plus nombreuse est celle des Raskol-niks, ou vrai-croyants.” — GAMBIA, *Voyage dans la Russie Meridionale*.

Though *one* such Nick, God knows, must be
A more than ample quantity,

Such are the marks by which to know
This stray'd or stolen Plenipo ;
And whosoever brings or sends
The unhappy statesman to his friends,
On Carlton Terrace, shall have thanks,
And — any paper but the Bank's.

P.S. — Some think, the disappearance
Of this our diplomatic Peer hence
Is for the purpose of reviewing,
In person, what dear Mig is doing
So as to 'scape all tell-tale letters
'Bout B — s — d, and such abettors, —
The only “ wretches ” for whose aid *
Letters seem *not* to have been made.

* “ Heav'n first taught letters for some wretch's aid.”

THE DANCE OF BISHOPS;
OR, THE EPISCOPAL QUADRILLE.*

A DREAM.

1833.

“ Solemn dances were, on great festivals and celebrations, admitted among the primitive Christians, in which even the Bishops and dignified Clergy were performers. Scaliger says, that the first Bishops were called *Præsules* † for no other reason than that they led off these dances.” — *Cyclopædia*, art. *Dances*.

I’VE had such a dream — a frightful dream —
Though funny, mayhap, to wags ’twill seem,
By all who regard the Church, like us,
’Twill be thought exceedingly ominous !

As reading in bed I lay last night —
Which (being insured) is my delight —
I happen’d to doze off just as I got to
The singular fact which forms my motto.
Only think, thought I, as I doz’d away,
Of a party of Churchmen dancing the hay !
Clerks, curates, and rectors, capering all,
With a neat-legg’d Bishop to open the ball !

* Written on the passing of the memorable Bill, in the year 1833, for the abolition of ten Irish Bishoprics.

† Literally, First Dancers.

Scarce had my eyelids time to close,
When the scene I had fancied before me rose —
An Episcopal Hop, on a scale so grand
As my dazzled eyes could hardly stand.
For, Britain and Erin clubb'd their Sees
To make it a Dance of Dignities,
And I saw — oh brightest of Church events !
A quadrille of the two Establishments,
Bishop to Bishop *vis-à-vis*,
Footing away prodigiously.

There was Bristol capering up to Derry,
And Cork with London making merry ;
While huge Llandaff, with a See, so so,
Was to dear old Dublin pointing his toe.
There was Chester, hatch'd by woman's smile,
Performing a *chaine des Dames* in style ;
While he who, whene'er the Lords' House dozes,
Can waken them up by citing Moses*,
The portly Tuam, was all in a hurry
To set, *en avant*, to Canterbury.

* “ And what does Moses say ? ” — One of the ejaculations with which this eminent prelate enlivened his famous speech on the Catholic question.

Meantime, while pamphlets stuff'd his pockets,
(All out of date, like spent sky-rockets,) —
Our Exeter stood forth to caper,
As high on the floor as he doth on paper —
Much like a dapper Dancing Dervise,
Who pirouettes his whole church-service —
Performing, 'midst those reverend souls,
Such *entrechats*, such *cabrioles*,
Such *balonnés**, such — rigmaroles,
Now high, now low, now this, now that,
That none could guess what the dev'l he'd be at;
Though, watching his various steps, some thought
That a step in the Church was all he sought.

But alas, alas! while thus so gay,
These rev'rend dancers frisk'd away,
Nor Paul himself (not the saint, but he
Of the Opera-house) could brisker be,
There gather'd a gloom around their glee —

* A description of the method of executing this step may be useful to future performers in the same line: — “Ce pas est composé de deux mouvemens différens, savoir, *plier*, et sauter sur *un pied*, et se rejeter sur *l'autre*.” — *Dictionnaire de Danse*, art. *Contre-temps*.

A shadow, which came and went so fast,
That ere one could say "'Tis there," 'twas past —
And, lo, when the scene again was clear'd,
Ten of the dancers had disappear'd !
Ten able-bodied quadrillers swept
From the hallow'd floor where late they stept,
While twelve was all that footed it still,
On the Irish side of that grand Quadrille !

Nor this the worst : — still danc'd they on,
But the pomp was sadden'd, the smile was gone ;
And again, from time to time, the same
Ill-omened darkness round them came —
While still, as the light broke out anew,
Their ranks look'd less by a dozen or two ;
Till ah ! at last there were only found
Just Bishops enough for a four-hands-round ;
And when I awoke, impatient getting,
I left the last holy pair *poussetting* !

N. B. — As ladies in years, it seems,
Have the happiest knack at solving dreams,
I shall leave to my ancient feminine friends
Of the *Standard* to say what *this* portends.

DICK * * * *

A CHARACTER.

OF various scraps and fragments built,
Borrow'd alike from fools and wits,
Dick's mind was like a patchwork quilt,
Made up of new, old, motley bits—
Where, if the *Co.* call'd in their shares,
If petticoats their quota got,
And gowns were all refunded theirs,
The quilt would look but shy, God wot.

And thus he still, new plagiaries seeking,
Revers'd ventriloquism's trick,
For, 'stead of Dick through others speaking,
'Twas others we heard speak through Dick.
A Tory now, all bounds exceeding,
Now best of Whigs, now worst of rats;
One day, with Malthus, foe to breeding,
The next, with Sadler, all for brats.

Poor Dick !—and how else could it be ?
With notions all at random caught,
A sort of mental fricassee,
Made up of legs and wings of thought—
The leavings of the last Debate, or
A dinner, yesterday, of wits,
Where Dick sate by and, like a waiter,
Had the scraps for perquisites.

A CORRECTED REPORT OF SOME LATE SPEECHES.

“ Then I heard one saint speaking, and another saint said unto
that saint.”

1834.

ST. S—NCL—R rose and declar'd in sooth.
That he wouldn't give sixpence to Maynooth.
He had hated priests the whole of his life,
For a priest was a man who had no wife *,
And, having no wife, the Church was his mother,
The Church was his father, sister, and brother.
This being the case, he was sorry to say,
That a gulf 'twixt Papist and Protestant lay †,

* “ He objected to the maintenance and education of a clergy bound by the particular vows of celibacy, which, as it were, gave them the church as their only family, making it fill the places of father and mother and brother.” — Debate on the Grant to Maynooth College, *The Times*, April 19.

† “ It had always appeared to him that *between the Catholic and Protestant a great gulf* intervened, which rendered it impossible,” &c.

So deep and wide, scarce possible was it
To say even "how d'ye do?" across it:
And though your Liberals, nimble as fleas,
Could clear such gulfs with perfect ease,
'Twas a jump that nought on earth could make
Your proper, heavy-built Christian take.
No, no,—if a Dance of Sects *must* be,
He would set to the Baptist willingly*,
At the Independent deign to smirk,
And rigadoon with old Mother Kirk;
Nay ev'n, for once, if needs must be,
He'd take hands round with all the three;
But, as to a jig with Popery, no,—
To the Harlot ne'er would he point his toe.

St. M—nd—v—le was the next that rose, —
A Saint who round, as pedlar, goes,
With his pack of piety and prose,
Heavy and hot enough, God knows, —

* "The Baptist might acceptably extend the offices of religion to the Presbyterian and the Independent, or the member of the Church of England to any of the other three; but the Catholic," &c.

And he said that Papists were much inclin'd
 To extirpate all of Protestant kind,
 Which he couldn't, in truth, so much condemn,
 Having rather a wish to extirpate *them* ;
 That is, —to guard against mistake, —
 To extirpate them for their doctrine's sake ;
 A distinction Churchmen always make, —
 Insomuch that, when they've prime control,
 Though sometimes roasting heretics whole,
 They but cook the body for sake of the soul.

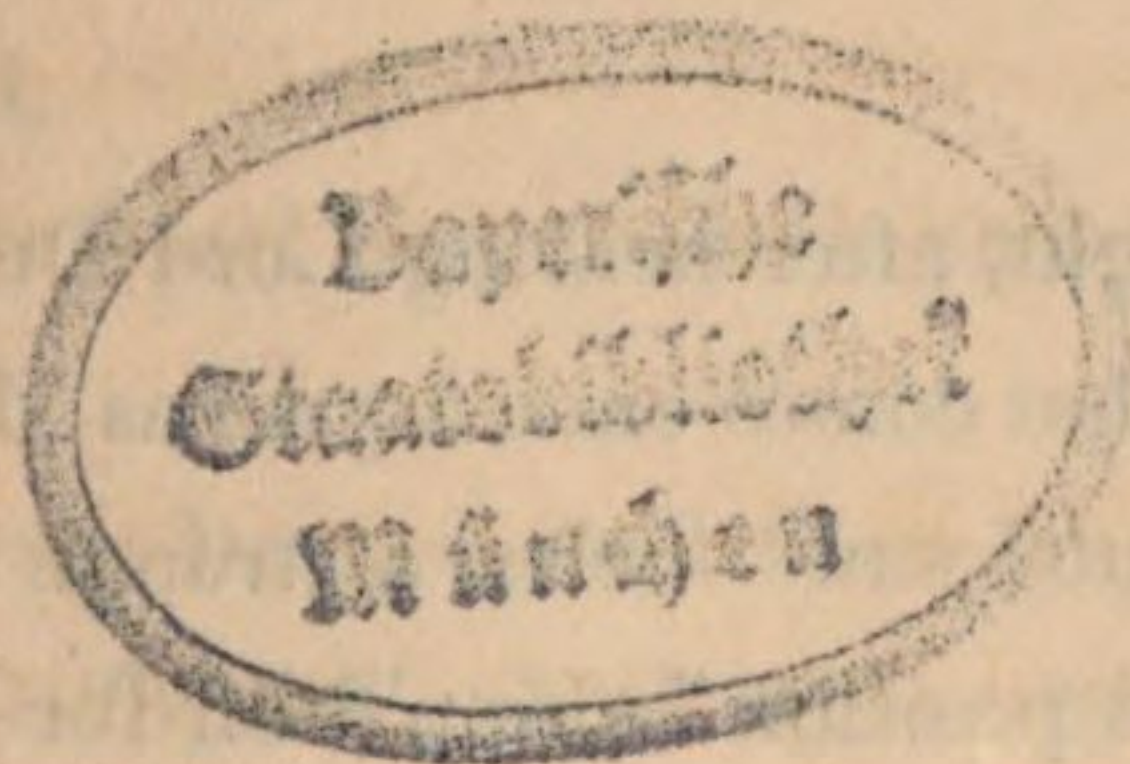
Next jump'd St. J—hnst—n jollily forth,
 The spiritual Dogberry of the North *,
 A right “ wise fellow, and, what's more,
 An officer †,” like his type of yore ;
 And he ask'd, if we grant such toleration,
 Pray, what's the use of our Reformation ? ‡

* “ Could he then, holding as he did a spiritual office in the Church of Scotland, (cries of hear, and laughter,) with any consistency give his consent to a grant of money ? ” &c.

† “ I am a wise fellow, and which is more, an officer.”
Much Ado about Nothing.

‡ “ What, he asked, was the use of the Reformation ?
 What was the use of the Articles of the Church of England,
 or of the Church of Scotland ? ” &c.

What is the use of our Church and State ?
Our Bishops, Articles, Tithe, and Rate ?
And, still as he yell'd out " what's the use ? "
Old Echoes, from their cells recluse
Where they'd for centuries slept, broke loose,
Yelling responsive, "*What's the use ?*"



MORAL POSITIONS,

A DREAM.

“ His Lordship said that it took a long time for a moral position to find its way across the Atlantic. He was very sorry that its voyage had been so long,” &c. — Speech of Lord Dudley and Ward on Colonial Slavery, March 8.

T’OTHER night, after hearing Lord Dudley’s oration
 (A treat that comes once a-year as May-day does),
I dreamt that I saw — what a strange operation !
 A “moral position” shipp’d off for Barbadoes.

The whole Bench of Bishops stood by in grave attitudes,
 Packing the article tidy and neat ; —
As their Rev’rences know, that in southerly latitudes
 “Moral positions” don’t keep very sweet.

There was B—th—st arranging the custom-house
 pass ;
And, to guard the frail package from tousing and
 routing,

There stood my Lord Eld—n, endorsing it “Glass,”
Though as to which side should lie uppermost,
doubting.

The freight was, however, stow’d safe in the hold ;
The winds were polite, and the moon look’d ro-
mantic,

While off in the good ship “The Truth” we were
roll’d,

With our ethical cargo, across the Atlantic.

Long, dolefully long, seem’d the voyage we made ;
For “The Truth,” at all times but a very slow
sailer,

By friends, near as much as by foes, is delay’d,
And few come aboard her, though so many hail
her.

At length, safe arrived, I went through “tare and
tret,”

Deliver’d my goods in the prime condition,
And next morning read, in the *Bridgetown Gazette*,
“Just arrived by ‘The Truth,’ a new moral po-
sition.

“The Captain” — here, startled to find myself nam’d
As “the Captain” — (a thing which, I own it
with pain,
I through life have avoided,) I woke — look’d
asham’d,
Found I *wasn’t* a captain, and doz’d off again.

THE MAD TORY AND THE COMET.

FOUNDED ON A LATE DISTRESSING INCIDENT.

1832-3.

“ Mutantem regna cometem.”

LUCAN.*

“ THOUGH all the pet mischiefs we count upon, fail,

“ Though Cholera, hurricanes, Wellington leave us,

“ We’ve still in reserve, mighty Comet, thy tail ; —

“ Last hope of the Tories, wilt thou too deceive us?

“ No — ’tis coming, ’tis coming, th’ avenger is nigh ;

“ Heed, heed not, ye placemen, how Herapath
flatters ;

“ One whisk from that tail, as it passes us by,

“ Will settle, at once, all political matters ; —

* Eclipses and comets have been always looked to as great
changers of administrations. Thus Milton, speaking of the
former : —

“ With fear of change
Perplexing monarchs.”

And in Statius we find,

“ Mutant quæ sceptrâ cometæ.”

“ The East-India Question, the Bank, the Five
Powers,

“ (Now turn'd into two) with their rigmarole Pro-
tocols * ;—

“ Ha ! ha ! ye gods, how this new friend of ours

“ Will knock, right and left, all diplomacy's what-
d'ye-calls !

“ Yes, rather than Whigs at our downfall should
mock,

“ Meet planets, and suns, in one general hustle !

“ While, happy in vengeance, we welcome the shock

“ That shall jerk from their places, Grey, Althorp,
and Russell.”

Thus spoke a mad Lord, as, with telescope rais'd,

His wild Tory eye on the heavens he set ;

And, though nothing destructive appear'd as he
gaz'd,

Much hop'd that there *would*, before Parliament
met.

* See, for some of these Protocols, the Annual Register, for
the year 1832.

And still, as odd shapes seem'd to flit through his glass,

“Ha ! there it is now,” the poor maniac cries ;
While his fancy with forms but too monstrous, alas !
From his own Tory zodiac, peoples the skies :—

“Now I spy a big body, good heavens, how big !

“Whether Bucky* or Taurus I cannot well say :—

“And, yonder, there's Eld—n's old Chancery-wig,

“In its dusty aphelion fast fading away.

“I see, 'mong those fatuous meteors behind,

“L—nd—nd—ry, *in vacuo*, flaring about ;—

“While that dim double star, of the nebulous kind,

“Is the Gemini, R—den and L—rt—n, no doubt.

“Ah, El—b'r—h ! 'faith, I first thought 'twas the
Comet ;

“So like that in Milton, it made me quite pale ;

“The head with the same ‘horrid hair’† coming
from it,

“And plenty of vapour, but—where is the tail ?”

* The D—e of B—ck—m.

† “And from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war.”

Just then, up aloft jump'd the gazer elated —

For, lo, his bright glass a phenomenon show'd,
Which he took to be C—mb—rl—d, *upwards*
translated,

Instead of his natural course, *t'other* road !

But too awful that sight for a spirit so shaken, —

Down dropp'd the poor Tory in fits and grimaces,
Then off to the Bedlam in Charles Street was taken,
And is now one of Halford's most favourite cases.

FROM THE HON. HENRY —,
TO LADY EMMA —.

Paris, March 30. 1832.

You bid me explain, my dear angry Ma'amselle,
How I came thus to bolt without saying farewell;
And the truth is,—as truth you *will* have, my sweet
railer,—

There are two worthy persons I always feel loth
To take leave of at starting,—my mistress and
tailor,—

As somehow one always has *scenes* with them both;
The Snip in ill-humour, the Syren in tears,
She calling on Heaven, and he on the' attorney,—
Till sometimes, in short, 'twixt his duns and his dears,
A young gentleman risks being stopp'd in his
journey.

But, to come to the point,—though you think, I
dare say,

That 'tis debt or the Cholera drives me away,
'Pon honour you're wrong;—such a mere bagatelle
As a pestilence, nobody, now-a-days, fears;

And the fact is, my love, I'm thus bolting, pell-mell,
To get out of the way of these horrid new Peers * ;
This deluge of coronets, frightful to think of,
Which England is now, for her sins, on the brink of ;
This coinage of *nobles*, — coin'd, all of 'em, badly,
And sure to bring Counts to a *discount* most sadly.

Only think, to have Lords overrunning the nation,
As plenty as frogs in a Dutch inundation ;
No shelter from Barons, from Earls no protection,
And tadpole young Lords, too, in every direction, —
Things created in haste, just to make a Court list of,
Two legs and a coronet all they consist of !
The prospect's quite frightful, and what Sir George
R—se

(My particular friend) says is perfectly true,
That, so dire the alternative, nobody knows,
'Twixt the Peers and the Pestilence, what he's to
do ;
And Sir George even doubts, — could he choose
his disorder, —

'Twixt coffin and coronet, *which* he would order.

* A new creation of Peers was generally expected at this time.

This being the case, why, I thought, my dear Emma,
'Twere best to fight shy of so curs'd a dilemma ;
And though I confess myself somewhat a villain,
To've left *idol mio* without an *addio*,
Console your sweet heart, and, a week hence, from
Milan

I'll send you — some news of Bellini's last trio.

N.B. — Have just pack'd up my travelling set-out,
Things a tourist in Italy *can't* go without —
Viz., a pair of *gants gras*, from old Houbigant's shop,
Good for hands that the air of Mont Cenis might chap.
Small presents for ladies, — and nothing so wheedles
The creatures abroad as your golden-ey'd needles.
A neat pocket Horace, by which folks are cozen'd
To think one knows Latin, when — one, perhaps,
doesn't ;

With some little book about heathen mythology,
Just large enough to refresh one's theology ;
Nothing on earth being half such a bore as
Not knowing the diff'rence 'twixt Virgins and Floras.
Once more, love, farewell, best regards to the girls,
And mind you beware of damp feet and new Earls.

HENRY.

TRIUMPH OF BIGOTRY.

“ COLLEGE. — We announced, in our last, that Lefroy and Shaw were returned. They were chaired yesterday ; the Students of the College determined, it would seem, to imitate the mob in all things, harnessing themselves to the car, and the Masters of Arts bearing Orange flags and bludgeons before, beside, and behind the car.”

Dublin Evening Post, Dec. 20. 1832.

Ay, yoke ye to the bigots' car,
Ye chos'n of Alma Mater's scions ; —
Fleet chargers drew the God of War,
Great Cybele was drawn by lions,
And Sylvan Pan, as Poets dream,
Drove four young panthers in his team.
Thus classical L—fr—y, for once, is,
Thus, studious of a like turn-out,
He harnesses young sucking dunces,
To draw him, as their Chief, about,
And let the world a picture see
Of Dulness yok'd to Bigotry :
Showing us how young College hacks
Can pace with bigots at their backs,
As though the cubs were *born* to draw
Such luggage as L—fr—y and Sh—w.

Oh shade of Goldsmith, shade of Swift,
Bright spirits whom, in days of yore,
This Queen of Dulness sent adrift,
As aliens to her foggy shore * ;—
Shade of our glorious Grattan, too,
Whose very name her shame recalls ;
Whose effigy her bigot crew
Revers'd upon their monkish walls †, —
Bear witness (lest the world should doubt)
To your mute Mother's dull renown,
Then famous but for Wit turn'd *out*,
And Eloquence *turn'd upside down* ;
But now ordain'd new wreaths to win,
Beyond all fame of former days,
By breaking thus young donkies in
To draw M.P.s, amid the brays
Alike of donkies and M.A.s ;—
Defying Oxford to surpass 'em
In this new " Gradus ad Parnassum."

* See the lives of these two poets for the circumstances under which they left Dublin College.

† In the year 1799, the Board of Trinity College, Dublin, thought proper, as a mode of expressing their disapprobation of Mr. Grattan's public conduct, to order his portrait, in the Great Hall of the University, to be turned upside down, and in this position it remained for some time.

TRANSLATION FROM THE GULL
LANGUAGE.

Scripta manet.

1833.

'Twas graved on the Stone of Destiny *,
In letters four, and letters three ;
And ne'er did the King of the Gulls go by
But those awful letters scar'd his eye ;
For he knew that a Prophet Voice had said,
“ As long as those words by man were read,
“ The ancient race of the Gulls should ne'er
“ One hour of peace or plenty share.”
But years on years successive flew,
And the letters still more legible grew, —
At top, a T, an H, an E,
And underneath, D. E. B. T.

Some thought them Hebrew, — such as Jews,
More skill'd in Scrip than Scripture, use ;

* Liafail, or the Stone of Destiny, — for which see Westminster Abbey.

While some surmis'd 'twas an ancient way
Of keeping accounts, (well known in the day
Of the fam'd Didlerius Jeremias,
Who had thereto a wonderful bias,)
And prov'd in books most learn'dly boring,
'Twas called the *Pontick* way of scoring.

Howe'er this be, there never were yet
Seven letters of the alphabet,
That, 'twixt them, form'd so grim a spell,
Or scar'd a Land of Gulls so well,
As did this awful riddle-me-ree
Of T. H. E. D. E. B. T.

* * * * *

Hark ! —it is struggling Freedom's cry ;
“ Help, help, ye nations, or I die ;
“ 'Tis Freedom's fight, and, on the field
“ Where I expire, *your* doom is seal'd.”
The Gull-King hears the awakening call,
He hath summon'd his Peers and Patriots all,
And he asks, “ Ye noble Gulls, shall we
“ Stand basely by at the fall of the Free,

“ Nor utter a curse, nor deal a blow ? ”
And they answer, with voice of thunder, “ No.”

Out fly their flashing swords in the air ! —
But, — why do they rest suspended there ?
What sudden blight, what baleful charm,
Hath chill'd each eye, and check'd each arm ?
Alas ! some withering hand hath thrown
The veil from off that fatal stone,
And pointing now, with sapless finger,
Showeth where dark those letters linger, —
Letters four, and letters three,
T. H. E. D. E. B. T.

At sight thereof, each lifted brand
Powerless falls from every hand ;
In vain the Patriot knits his brow, —
Even talk, his staple, fails him now.
In vain the King like a hero treads,
His Lords of the Treasury shake their heads ;
And to all his talk of “ brave and free,”
No answer getteth His Majesty
But “ T. H. E. D. E. B. T.”

In short, the whole Gull nation feels
They're fairly spell-bound, neck and heels ;
And so, in the face of the laughing world,
Must e'en sit down, with banners furl'd,
Adjourning all their dreams sublime
Of glory and war to—some other time.

NOTIONS ON REFORM.

BY A MODERN REFORMER.

OF all the misfortunes as yet brought to pass
By this comet-like Bill, with its long tail of speeches,
The saddest and worst is the schism which, alas !
It has caused between W—th—r—l's waistcoat
and breeches.

Some symptoms of this Anti-Union propensity
Had oft broken out in that quarter before ;
But the breach, since the Bill, has attain'd such
immensity,
Daniel himself could have scarce wish'd it more.

Oh ! haste to repair it, ye friends of good order,
Ye Atw—ds and W—nns, ere the moment is past ;
Who can doubt that we tread upon Anarchy's border,
When the ties that should hold men are loosening
so fast ?

Make W—th—r—l yield to “some sort of Reform”
(As we all must, God help us! with very wry
faces);

And loud as he likes let him bluster and storm
About Corporate Rights, so he'll only wear braces.

Should those he now sports have been long in pos-
session,

And, like his own borough, the worse for the wear,
Advise him, at least, as a prudent concession
To Intellect's progress, to buy a new pair.

Oh! who that e'er saw him, when vocal he stands,
With a look something midway 'twixt Filch's and
Lockit's,

While still, to inspire him, his deeply-thrust hands
Keep jingling the rhino in both breeches-pockets—

Who that ever has listen'd, through groan and
through cough,

To the speeches inspir'd by this music of pence,—
But must grieve that there's any thing like *falling off*
In that great nether source of his wit and his
sense?

Who that knows how he look'd when, with grace
debonair,

He began first to court—rather late in the season—
Or when, less fastidious, he sat in the chair

Of his old friend, the Nottingham Goddess of
Reason*;

That Goddess, whose borough-like virtue attracted
All mongers in *both* wares to proffer their love;
Whose chair like the stool of the Pythoness acted,
As W—th—r—l's rants, ever since, go to prove†;

Who, in short, would not grieve, if a man of his graces
Should go on rejecting, unwarn'd by the past,
The “moderate Reform” of a pair of new braces,
Till, some day,—he'll all fall to pieces at last.

* It will be recollected that the learned gentleman himself
boasted, one night, in the House of Commons, of having sat
in the very chair which this allegorical lady had occupied.

† Lucan's description of the effects of the tripod on the
appearance and voice of the sitter, shows that the symptoms
are, at least, very similar :

Spumea tunc primum rabies vesana per ora
Effluit

tunc mœstus vastis ululatus in antris.

TORY PLEDGES.

I PLEDGE myself through thick and thin,
To labour still, with zeal devout,
To get the Outs, poor devils, in,
And turn the Ins, the wretches, out.

I pledge myself, though much bereft
Of ways and means of ruling ill,
To make the most of what are left,
And stick to all that's rotten still.

Though gone the days of place and pelf,
And drones no more take all the honey,
I pledge myself to cram myself
With all I can of public money.

To quarter on that social purse
My nephews, nieces, sisters, brothers,
Nor, so *we* prosper, care a curse
How much 'tis at the' expense of others.

I pledge myself, whenever Right
And Might on any point divide,
Not to ask which is black or white,
But take, at once, the strongest side.

For instance, in all Tithe discussions,
I'm *for* the Reverend encroachers :—
I loathe the Poles, applaud the Russians, —
Am *for* the Squires, *against* the Poachers.

Betwixt the Corn-Lords and the Poor
I've not the slightest hesitation, —
The People *must* be starv'd, t' insure
The Land its due remuneration.

I pledge myself to be no more
With Ireland's wrongs bepros'd or shamm'd, —
I vote her grievances a *bore*,
So she may suffer, and be d—d.

Or if she kick, let it console us,
We still have plenty of red coats,
To cram the Church, that general bolus,
Down any giv'n amount of throats.

I dearly love the Frankfort Diet,—

Think newspapers the worst of crimes ;
And would, to give some chance of quiet,
Hang all the writers of The Times ;

Break all their correspondents' bones,
All authors of "Reply," "Rejoinder,"
From the Anti-Tory, Colonel J—es,
To the Anti-Suttee, Mr. P—ynd—r.

Such are the Pledges I propose ;
And though I can't now offer gold,
There's many a way of buying those
Who've but the taste for being sold.

So here's, with three times three hurrahs,
A toast, of which you'll not complain,—
"Long life to jobbing ; may the days
"Of Peculation shine again !"

ST. JEROME ON EARTH.

FIRST VISIT.

1832.

As St. Jerome, who died some ages ago,
Was sitting, one day, in the shades below,
“ I’ve heard much of English bishops,” quoth he,
“ And shall now take a trip to earth, to see
“ How far they agree, in their lives and ways,
“ With our good old bishops of ancient days.”

He had learn’d — but learn’d without misgivings —
Their love for good living, and eke good livings ;
Not knowing (as ne’er having taken degrees)
That good *living* means claret and fricassees,
While its plural means simply — pluralities.
“ From all I hear,” said the innocent man,
“ They are quite on the good old primitive plan.
“ For wealth and pomp they little can care,
“ As they all say ‘ *No* ’ to the’ Episcopal chair ;

“ And their vestal virtue it well denotes
“ That they all, good men, wear petticoats.”

Thus saying, post-haste to earth he hurries,
And knocks at the' Archbishop of Canterbury's.
The door was oped by a lackey in lace,
Saying, “ What's your business with his Grace ? ”
“ His Grace ! ” quoth Jerome — for posed was he,
Not knowing what *sort* this Grace could be ;
Whether Grace *preventing*, Grace *particular*,
Grace of that breed called *Quinquarticular** —
In short, he rummag'd his holy mind,
The' exact description of Grace to find,
Which thus could represented be
By a footman in full livery.
At last, out loud in a laugh he broke,
(For dearly the good saint lov'd his joke)†
And said — surveying, as sly he spoke,
The costly palace from roof to base —
“ Well, it isn't, at least, a *saving* Grace ! ”

* So called from the proceedings of the Synod of Dort.

† Witness his well known pun on the name of his adversary Vigilantius, whom he calls facetiously Dormitantius.

“ Umph ! ” said the lackey, a man of few words,
“ Th’ Archbishop is gone to the House of Lords.”
“ To the House of the Lord, you mean, my son,
“ For, in *my* time, at least, there was but one ;
“ Unless such many-*fold* priests as these
“ Seek, ev’n in their LORD, pluralities ! ” *
“ No time for gab,” quoth the man in lace :
Then, slamming the door in St. Jerome’s face,
With a curse to the single knockers all,
Went to finish his port in the servants’ hall,
And propose a toast (humanely meant
To include even Curates in its extent)
“ To all as *serves* the’ Establishment.”

* The suspicion attached to some of the early Fathers of being Arians in their doctrine would appear to derive some confirmation from this passage.

ST. JEROME ON EARTH.

SECOND VISIT.

“ This much I dare say, that, since *lording* and loitering hath come up, preaching hath come down, contrary to the Apostles’ times. For they preached and *lorded* not: and now they *lord* and preach not Ever since the Prelates were made Lords and Nobles, the plough standeth; there is no work done, the people starve.” — *Latimer, Sermon of the Plough.*

“ ONCE more,” said Jerome, “ I’ll run up and see
How the Church goes on,” — and off set he.
Just then the packet-boat, which trades
Betwixt our planet and the shades,
Had arrived below, with a freight so queer,
“ My eyes !” said Jerome, “ what have we here ?” —
For he saw, when nearer he explor’d,
They’d a cargo of Bishops’ wigs aboard.
“ They are ghosts of wigs,” said Charon, “ all,
“ Once worn by nobs Episcopal. *
“ For folks on earth, who’ve got a store
“ Of cast off things they’ll want no more,

* The wig, which had so long formed an essential part of the dress of an English bishop, was at this time beginning to be dispensed with.

“ Oft send them down, as gifts, you know,
“ To a certain Gentleman here below.

“ A sign of the times, I plainly see,”
Said the Saint to himself as, pondering, he
Sail’d off in the death-boat gallantly.

Arriv’d on earth, quoth he, “ No more
“ I’ll affect a body, as before ;
“ For I think I’d best, in the company
“ Of Spiritual Lords, a spirit be,
“ And glide, unseen, from See to See.”
But oh ! to tell what scenes he saw, —
It was more than Rabelais’ pen could draw.
For instance, he found Ex—t—r,
Soul, body, inkstand, all in a stir, —
For love of God ? for sake of King ?
For good of people ? — no such thing ;
But to get for himself, by some new trick,
A shove to a better bishoprick.

He found that pious soul, Van M—ld—t,
Much with his money-bags bewilder’d ;

Snubbing the Clerks of the Diocess*,
 Because the rogues showed restlessness
 At having too little cash to touch,
 While he so Christianly bears too much.
 He found old Sarum's wits as gone
 As his own beloved text in John†,—
 Text he hath prosed so long upon,
 That 'tis thought when ask'd, at the gate of heaven,
 His name, he'll answer "John, v. 7."

"But enough of Bishops I've had to-day,"
 Said the weary Saint,— "I must away.
 "Though I own I should like, before I go,
 "To see for once (as I'm ask'd below
 "If really such odd sights exist)
 "A regular six-fold Pluralist."
 Just then he heard a general cry —
 "There's Doctor Hodgson galloping by!"
 "Ay, that's the man," says the Saint, "to follow,"
 And off he sets, with a loud view-hollo,

* See the Bishop's Letter to Clergy of his Diocese.

† 1 John, v. 7. A text which, though long given up by all the rest of the orthodox world, is still pertinaciously adhered to by this Right Reverend scholar.

At Hodgson's heels, to catch, if he can,
 A glimpse of this singular plural man.
 But,—talk of Sir Boyle Roche's bird! *
 To compare him with Hodgson is absurd.
 "Which way, sir, pray, is the doctor gone?"—
 "He is now at his living at Hillingdon."—
 "No, no,—you're out, by many a mile,
 "He's away at his Deanery, in Carlisle."—
 "Pardon me, sir; but I understand
 "He's gone to his living in Cumberland."—
 "God bless me, no,—he can't be there;
 "You must try St. George's, Hanover Square."

Thus all in vain the Saint inquir'd,
 From living to living, mock'd and tir'd;—
 'Twas Hodgson here, 'twas Hodgson there,
 'Twas Hodgson nowhere, everywhere;
 Till, fairly beat, the Saint gave o'er,
 And flitted away to the Stygian shore,
 To astonish the natives under ground
 With the comical things he on earth had found.

* It was a saying of the well-known Sir Boyle, that "a man could not be in two places at once, unless he was a bird."

THOUGHTS ON TAR BARRELS.

(VIDE DESCRIPTION OF A LATE FÊTE. *)

1832.

WHAT a pleasing contrivance ! how aptly devis'd
 'Twixt tar and magnolias to puzzle one's noses !
And how the tar-barrels must all be surpris'd
 To find themselves seated like "Love among
 roses !"

What a pity we can't, by precautions like these,
 Clear the air of that other still viler infection ;
That radical pest, that old whiggish disease,
 Of which cases, true-blue, are in every direction.

Stead of barrels, let's light up an Auto da Fé
 Of a few good combustible Lords of "the Club ;"

* The M——s of H—tf—d's Fête. — From dread of cholera his Lordship had ordered tar-barrels to be burned in every direction.

They would fume, in a trice, the Whig chol'ra away,
And there's B—cky would burn like a barrel of
bub.

How R—d—n would blaze! and what rubbish throw
out!

A volcano of nonsense, in active display;
While V—ne, as a butt, amidst laughter, would spout
The hot nothings he's full of, all night and all day.

And then, for a finish, there's C—mb—d's Duke,—
Good Lord, how his chin-tuft would crackle in air!
Unless (as is shrewdly surmised from his look)
He's already bespoke for combustion elsewhere.

THE CONSULTATION.*

"When they *do* agree, their unanimity is wonderful."

The Critic.

1833.

Scene discovers Dr. Whig and Dr. Tory in consultation.

Patient on the floor between them.

Dr. Whig.—THIS wild Irish patient *does* pester
me so,

That what to do with him, I'm curst if I know.

I've *promis'd* him anodynes——

Dr. Tory. Anodynes!—Stuff.

Tie him down—gag him well—he'll be tranquil
enough.

That's *my* mode of practice.

Dr. Whig. True, quite in *your* line,
But unluckily not much, till lately, in *mine*.

'Tis so painful——

* These verses, as well as some others, that follow, (p. 148.) were extorted from me by that lamentable measure of the Whig ministry, the Irish Coercion Act.

Dr. Tory.—Pooh, nonsense—ask Ude how he feels,
When, for Epicure feasts, he prepares his live eels,
By flinging them in, 'twixt the bars of the fire,
And letting them wriggle on there till they tire.
He, too, says “ ’tis painful ”—“ quite makes his heart bleed ”—
But “ your eels are a vile, oleaginous breed. ”—
He would fain use them gently, but Cook’ry says
“ No,”
And—in short—eels were *born* to be treated just so.*
’Tis the same with these Irish,—who’re odder fish still,—
Your tender Whig heart shrinks from using them ill;
I, myself, in my youth, ere I came to get wise,
Used, at some operations, to blush to the eyes;—
But, in fact, my dear brother,—if I may make bold
To style you, as Peachum did Lockit, of old,—

* This eminent artist, in the second edition of the work wherein he propounds this mode of purifying his eels, professes himself much concerned at the charge of inhumanity brought against his practice, but still begs leave respectfully to repeat that it is the only proper mode of preparing eels for the table.

We, Doctors, *must* act with the firmness of Ude,
And, indifferent like him,—so the fish is *but* stew'd,—
Must torture live Pats for the general good.

[*Here patient groans and kicks a little.*

Dr. Whig.—But what, if one's patient's so devil-
ish perverse,

That he *wo'n't* be thus tortur'd?

Dr. Tory. Coerce, sir, coerce.

You're a juv'nile performer, but once you begin,
You can't think how fast you may train your hand in:
And (*smiling*) who knows but old Tory may take
to the shelf,

With the comforting thought that, in place and in
pelf,

He's succeeded by one just as—bad as himself?

Dr. Whig (looking flattered).—Why, to tell you
the truth, I've a small matter here,

Which you help'd me to make for my patient last
year,—

[*Goes to a cupboard and brings out
a strait-waistcoat and gag.*

And such rest I've enjoy'd from his raving, since then,
That I've made up my mind he shall wear it again.

*Dr. Tory (embracing him).—*Oh, charming!—

My dear Doctor Whig, you're a treasure.

Next to torturing, *myself*, to help *you* is a pleasure.

[Assisting Dr. Whig.

Give me leave—I've some practice in these mad
machines;

There—tighter—the gag in the mouth, by all means.

Delightful!—all's snug—not a squeak need you
fear,—

You may now put your anodynes off till next year.

[Scene closes.

TO THE REV. CH—RL—S OV—RT—N,

CURATE OF ROMALDKIRK.

AUTHOR OF THE POETICAL PORTRAITURE OF THE CHURCH. *

1833.

SWEET singer of Romaldkirk, thou who art reckon'd,
By critics Episcopal, David the Second †,
If thus, as a Curate, so lofty your flight,
Only think, in a Rectory, how you *would* write!
Once fairly inspir'd by the "Tithe-crown'd Apollo,"
(Who beats, I confess it, our *lay* Phœbus hollow,
Having gotten, besides the old *Nine's* inspiration,
The *Tenth* of all eatable things in creation,)
There's nothing, in fact, that a poet like you,
So be-*nined* and be-*tenth'd*, couldn't easily do.

* See Edinburgh Review, No. 117.

† "Your Lordship," says Mr. Ov—rt—n, in the Dedication of his Poem to the Bishop of Chester, "has kindly expressed your persuasion that my 'Muse will always be a Muse of sacred song, and that *it will be tuned as David's was.*'"

Round the lips of the sweet-tongued Athenian *
 they say,
 While yet but a babe in his cradle he lay,
 Wild honey-bees swarm'd, as a presage to tell
 Of the sweet-flowing words that thence afterwards
 fell.

Just so round our Ov—rt—n's cradle, no doubt,
 Tenth ducklings and chicks were seen flitting about;
 Goose embryos, waiting their doom'd decimation,
 Came, shadowing forth his adult destination,
 And small, sucking tithe-pigs, in musical droves,
 Announc'd the Church poet whom Chester approves.

O Horace! when thou, in thy vision of yore,
 Didst dream that a snowy-white plumage came o'er
 Thy etherealis'd limbs, stealing downily on,
 Till, by Fancy's strong spell, thou wert turn'd to a
 swan†,
 Little thought'st thou such fate could a poet befall,
 Without any effort of fancy, at all;

* Sophocles.

†

— album mutor in alitem

Supernè: nascunturque læves

Per digitos, humerosque plumæ.

Little thought'st thou the world would in Ov—rt—n
find

A bird, ready-made, somewhat different in kind,
But as perfect as Michaelmas' self could produce,
By gods yclept *anser*, by mortals a *goose*.

SCENE

FROM A PLAY, ACTED AT OXFORD, CALLED

“ MATRICULATION.”*

1834.

[Boy discovered at a table, with the Thirty-Nine Articles before him.—Enter the Rt. Rev. Doctor Ph—llp—ts.]

Doctor P.—THERE, my lad, lie the Articles—(*Boy begins to count them*) just thirty-nine—

No occasion to count—you’ve now only to sign.

At Cambridge, where folks are less High-church than we,

The whole Nine-and-Thirty are lump’d into Three.

Let’s run o’er the items ;—there’s Justification,

Predestination, and Supererogation,—

* “ It appears that when a youth of fifteen goes to be matriculated at Oxford, and is required first to subscribe Thirty-Nine Articles of Religious Belief, this only means that he engages himself afterwards to understand what is now above his comprehension ; that he expresses no assent at all to what he signs ; and that he is (or, *ought* to be) at full liberty, when he has studied the subject, to withdraw his provisional assent.”
— *Edinburgh Review*, No. 120.

Not forgetting Salvation and Creed Athanasian,
 Till we reach, at last, Queen Bess's Ratification.
 That's sufficient — now, sign — having read quite
 enough,

You "believe in the full and true meaning thereof?"

(*Boy stares.*)

Oh, a mere form of words, to make things smooth
 and brief, —

A commodious and short make-believe of belief,
 Which our Church has drawn up, in a form thus
 articular,

To keep out, in general, all who're particular.

But what's the boy doing? what! reading all through,
 And my luncheon fast cooling! — this never will do.

Boy (poring over the Articles.) — Here are points
 which — pray, Doctor, what's "Grace of Con-
 gruity?"

Doctor P. (sharply). — You'll find out, young sir,
 when you've more ingenuity.

At present, by signing, you pledge yourself merely,
 Whate'er it may be, to believe it sincerely.

Both in *dining* and *signing* we take the same plan, —
 First, swallow all down, then digest — as we can.

Boy (still reading).—I've to gulp, I see, St. Athanasius's Creed,
Which, I'm told, is a very tough morsel, indeed;
As he damns——

Doctor P. (aside).—Ay, and so would *I*, willingly, too,
All confounded particular young boobies, like you.
This comes of Reforming!—all's o'er with our land,
When people wo'n't stand what they can't *understand*;
Nor perceive that our ever-rever'd Thirty-Nine
Were made, not for men to *believe*, but to *sign*.

[*Exit Dr. P. in a passion.*]

LATE TITHE CASE.

“ Sic vos non vobis.”

1833.

“ The Vicar of B—mh—m desires me to state that, in consequence of the passing of a recent Act of Parliament, he is compelled to adopt measures which may by some be considered harsh or precipitate ; but, *in duty to what he owes to his successors*, he feels bound to preserve the rights of the vicarage.” — *Letter from Mr. S. Powell*, August 6.

No, *not* for yourselves, ye reverend men,
Do you take one pig in every ten,
But for Holy Church's future heirs,
Who've an abstract right to that pig, as theirs ;—
The law supposing that such heirs male
Are already seised of the pig, in tail.
No, *not* for himself hath B—mh—m's priest
His “ well-belov'd ” of their pennies fleec'd :
But it is that, before his prescient eyes,
All future Vicars of B—mh—m rise,
With their embryo daughters, nephews, nieces,
And 'tis for *them* the poor he fleeces.
He heareth their voices, ages hence,
Saying “ Take the pig ” — “ oh take the pence ; ”

The cries of little Vicarial dears,
 The unborn B—mh—mites, reach his ears ;
 And, did he resist that soft appeal,
 He would *not* like a true-born Vicar feel.

Thou, too, L—ndy of L—ck—ngt—n !
 A Rector true, if e'er there was one,
 Who, for sake of the L—ndies of coming ages,
 Gripest the tenths of labourers' wages.*
 'Tis true, in the pockets of *thy* small-clothes
 The claim'd "obvention†" of four-pence goes ;
 But its abstract spirit, unconfin'd,
 Spreads to all future Rector-kind,
 Warning them all to their rights to wake,
 And rather to face the block, the stake,
 Than give up their darling right *to take*.

* Fourteen agricultural labourers (one of whom received so little as six guineas for yearly wages, one eight, one nine, another ten guineas, and the best paid of the whole not more than 18*l.* annually) were all, in the course of the autumn of 1832, served with demands of tithe at the rate of 4*d.* in the 1*l.* sterling, on behalf of the Rev. F. L—dy, Rector of —, &c. &c. — *The Times*, August, 1833.

† One of the various general terms under which oblations, tithes, &c. are comprised.

One grain of musk, it is said, perfumes
(So subtle its spirit) a thousand rooms,
And a single four-pence, pocketed well,
Through a thousand rectors' lives will tell.
Then still continue, ye reverend souls,
And still as your rich Pactolus rolls,
Grasp every penny on every side,
From every wretch, to swell its tide :
Remembering still what the Law lays down,
In that pure poetic style of its own,
" If the parson *in esse* submits to loss, he
" Inflicts the same on the parson *in posse*."

FOOLS' PARADISE.

DREAM THE FIRST.

I HAVE been, like Puck, I have been, in a trice,
To a realm they call Fools' Paradise,
Lying N. N. E. of the Land of Sense,
And seldom bless'd with a glimmer thence.
But they want it not in this happy place,
Where a light of its own gilds every face;
Or, if some wear a shadowy brow,
'Tis the *wish* to look wise,—not knowing *how*.
Self-glory glistens o'er all that's there,
The trees, the flowers have a jaunty air;
The well-bred wind in a whisper blows,
The snow, if it snows, is *couleur de rose*,
The falling founts in a titter fall,
And the sun looks simpering down on all.

Oh, 't isn't in tongue or pen to trace
The scenes I saw in that joyous place.

There were Lords and Ladies sitting together,
In converse sweet, "What charming weather! —
" You'll all rejoice to hear, I'm sure,
" Lord Charles has got a good sinecure;
" And the Premier says, my youngest brother
" (Him in the Guards) shall have another.
" Isn't this very, *very* gallant! —
" As for my poor old virgin aunt,
" Who has lost her all, poor thing, at whist,
" We must quarter *her* on the Pension List."
Thus smoothly time in that Eden roll'd;
It seem'd like an Age of *real* gold,
Where all who liked might have a slice,
So rich was that Fools' Paradise.

But the sport at which most time they spent,
Was a puppet-show, called Parliament.
Perform'd by wooden Ciceros,
As large as life, who rose to prose,
While, hid behind them, lords and squires,
Who own'd the puppets, pull'd the wires;
And thought it the very best device
Of that most prosperous Paradise,

To make the vulgar pay through the nose
For them and their wooden Ciceros.

And many more such things I saw
In this Eden of Church, and State, and Law ;
Nor e'er were known such pleasant folk
As those who had the *best* of the joke.
There were Irish Rectors, such as resort
To Cheltenham yearly, to drink — port,
And bumper, “Long may the Church endure,
May her cure of souls be a sinecure,
And a score of Parsons to every soul
A mod'rate allowance on the whole.”
There were Heads of Colleges, lying about,
From which the sense had all run out,
Ev'n to the lowest classic lees,
Till nothing was left but *quantities* ;
Which made them heads most fit to be
Stuck up on a University,
Which yearly hatches, in its schools,
Such flights of young Elysian fools.

Thus all went on, so snug and nice,
In this happiest possible Paradise.

But plain it was to see, alas !
That a downfall soon must come to pass.
For grief is a lot the good and wise
Don't quite so much monopolise,
But that ("lapt in Elysium" as they are)
Even blessed fools must have their share.
And so it happen'd :—but what befell,
In Dream the Second I mean to tell.

THE RECTOR AND HIS CURATE;

OR, ONE POUND TWO.

"I trust we shall part, as we met, in peace and charity. My last payment to you paid your salary up to the 1st of this month. Since that, I owe you for one month, which, being a long month, of thirty-one days, amounts, as near as I can calculate, to six pounds eight shillings. My steward returns you as a debtor to the amount of SEVEN POUNDS TEN SHILLINGS FOR CON-ACRE GROUND, which leaves some trifling balance in my favour." — *Letter of Dismissal from the Rev. Marcus Beresford to his Curate, the Rev. T. A. Lyons.*

THE account is balanced — the bill drawn out, —
The debit and credit all right, no doubt —
The Rector, rolling in wealth and state,
Owes to his Curate six pound eight;
The Curate, that *least* well-fed of men,
Owes to his Rector seven pound ten,
Which maketh the balance clearly due
From Curate to Rector, one pound two.

Ah balance, on earth unfair, uneven!
But sure to be all set right in heaven,

Where bills like these will be check'd, some day,
And the balance settled the other way :
Where Lyons the curate's hard-wrung sum
Will back to his shade with interest come ;
And Marcus, the rector, deep may rue
This tot, in his favour, of one pound two.

PADDY'S METAMORPHOSIS. *

1833.

ABOUT fifty years since, in the days of our daddies,
That plan was commenced which the wise now
applaud,

Of shipping off Ireland's most turbulent Paddies,
As good raw material for *settlers*, abroad.

Some West-India island, whose name I forget,
Was the region then chos'n for this scheme so
romantic ;

And such the success the first colony met,
That a second, soon after, set sail o'er th' Atlantic.

* I have already, in a preceding page, referred to this squib, as being one of those wrung from me by the Irish Coercion Act of my friends, the Whigs.

Behold them now safe at the long-look'd for shore,
Sailing in between banks that the Shannon might
greet,
And thinking of friends whom, but two years before,
They had sorrow'd to lose, but would soon again
meet.

And, hark ! from the shore a glad welcome there
came—

“ Arrah, Paddy from Cork, is it you, my sweet
boy ? ”

While Pat stood astounded, to hear his own name
Thus hail'd by black devils, who caper'd for joy !

Can it possibly be ? — half amazement — half doubt,
Pat listens again — rubs his eyes and looks steady ;
Then heaves a deep sigh, and in horror yells out,
“ Good Lord ! only think, — black and curly
already ! ”

Deceiv'd by that well-mimick'd brogue in his ears,
Pat read his own doom in these wool-headed figures,
And thought, what a climate, in less than two years,
To turn a whole cargo of Pats into niggers !

MORAL.

'Tis thus,—but alas! by a marvel more true
Than is told in this rival of Ovid's best stories,—
Your Whigs, when in office a short year or two,
By a *lusus naturæ*, all turn into Tories.
And thus, when I hear them “strong measures”
advise,
Ere the seats that they sit on have time to get
steady,
I say, while I listen, with tears in my eyes,
“Good Lord! only think,—black and curly
already!”

COCKER, ON CHURCH REFORM.

FOUNDED UPON SOME LATE CALCULATIONS.

1833.

FINE figures of speech let your orators follow,
Old Cocker has figures that beat them all hollow.
Though famed for his rules *Aristotle* may be,
In but *half* of this Sage any merit I see,
For, as honest Joe Hume says, the "*tottle**" for me!

For instance, while others discuss and debate,
It is thus about Bishops *I* ratiocinate.

In England, where, spite of the infidel's laughter,
'Tis certain our souls are look'd *very* well after,
Two Bishops can well (if judiciously sunder'd)
Of parishes manage two thousand two hundred,—
Said number of parishes, under said teachers,
Containing three millions of Protestant creatures,—
So that each of said Bishops full ably controls
One million and five hundred thousands of souls.

* The *total*, — so pronounced by this industrious senator.

And now comes old Cocker. In Ireland we're told,
Half a million includes the whole Protestant fold ;
If, therefore, for *three* million souls, 'tis conceded
Two proper-sized Bishops are all that is needed,
'Tis plain, for the Irish *half* million who want 'em,
One third of *one* Bishop is just the right quantum.
And thus, by old Cocker's sublime Rule of Three,
The Irish Church question's resolv'd to a T ;
Keeping always that excellent maxim in view,
That, in saving men's souls, we must save money too.

Nay, if — as St. Roden complains is the case —
The half million of *soul* is decreasing apace,
The demand, too, for *bishop* will also fall off,
Till the *tithe* of one, taken in kind, be enough.
But, as fractions imply that we'd have to dissect,
And to cutting up Bishops I strongly object,
We've a small, fractious prelate whom well we could
 spare,
Who has just the same decimal worth, to a hair ;
And, not to leave Ireland too much in the lurch,
We'll let her have Ex—t—r, *sole**, as her Church

* Corporation sole.

LES HOMMES AUTOMATES.

1834.

“ We are persuaded that this our artificial man will not only walk and speak, and perform most of the outward functions of animal life, but (being wound up once a week) will perhaps reason as well as most of your country parsons.” — *Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus*, chap. xii.

It being an object now to meet
With Parsons that don't want to eat,
Fit men to fill those Irish rectories,
Which soon will have but scant refectories,
It has been suggested, —lest that Church
Should, all at once, be left in the lurch,
For want of reverend men endued
With this gift of ne'er requiring food, —
To try, by way of experiment, whether
There couldn't be made, of wood and leather*,
(Howe'er the notion may sound chimerical,)
Jointed figures, not *lay*†, but clerical,

* The materials of which those Nuremberg Savans, mentioned by Scriblerus, constructed their artificial man.

† The wooden models used by painters are, it is well known, called “lay figures.”

Which, wound up carefully once a week,
Might just like parsons look and speak,
Nay even, if requisite, reason too,
As well as most Irish parsons do.

The' experiment having succeeded quite,
(Whereat those Lords must much delight,
Who've shown, by stopping the Church's food,
They think it isn't for her spiritual good
To be serv'd by parsons of flesh and blood,)
The Patentees of this new invention
Beg leave respectfully to mention,
They now are enabled to produce
An ample supply, for present use,
Of these reverend pieces of machinery,
Ready for vicarage, rect'ry, deanery,
Or any such-like post of skill
That wood and leather are fit to fill.

N.B.—In places addicted to arson,
We can't recommend a wooden parson:
But, if the Church any such appoints,
They'd better, at least, have iron joints.

In parts, not much by Protestants haunted,
A figure to *look at*'s all that's wanted—
A block in black, to eat and sleep,
Which (now that the eating's o'er) comes cheap.

P.S.— Should the Lords, by way of a treat,
Permit the clergy again to eat,
The Church will, of course, no longer need
Imitation-parsons that never feed;
And these *wood* creatures of ours will sell
For secular purposes just as well—
Our Beresfords, turn'd to bludgeons stout,
May, 'stead of beating their own about,
Be knocking the brains of Papists out;
While our smooth O'Sullivans, by all means,
Should transmigrate into *turning* machines.

HOW TO MAKE ONE'S SELF A PEER.

ACCORDING TO THE NEWEST RECEIPT, AS DIS-
CLOSED IN A LATE HERALDIC WORK. *

1834.

CHOOSE some title that's dormant—the Peerage
hath many—

Lord Baron of Shamdos sounds nobly as any.
Next, catch a dead cousin of said defunct Peer,
And marry him, off hand, in some given year,
To the daughter of somebody,—no matter who,—
Fig, the grocer himself, if you're hard run, will do ;
For, the Medici *pills* still in heraldry tell,
And why shouldn't *lollypops* quarter as well ?
Thus, having your couple, and one a lord's cousin,
Young materials for peers may be had by the dozen ;
And 'tis hard if, inventing each small mother's son
of 'em,
You can't somehow manage to prove *yourself* one
of 'em.

* The claim to the barony of Chandos (if I recollect right)
advanced by the late Sir Eg—r—t—n Br—d—s.

Should registers, deeds, and such matters refractory,
 Stand in the way of this lord-manufactory,
 I've merely to hint, as a secret auricular,
 One *grand* rule of enterprise, — *don't* be particular.
 A man who once takes such a jump at nobility,
 Must *not* mince the matter, like folks of nihility*,
 But clear thick and thin with true lordly agility.

'Tis true, to a would-be descendant from Kings,
 Parish-registers sometimes are troublesome things;
 As oft, when the vision is near brought about,
 Some goblin, in shape of a grocer, grins out;
 Or some barber, perhaps, with my Lord mingles
 bloods,

And one's patent of peerage is left in the suds.

But there *are* ways — when folks are resolv'd to be
 lords —

Of expurging ev'n troublesome parish records.
 What think ye of scissors? depend on't no heir
 Of a Shamdos should go unsupplied with a pair,
 As, whate'er *else* the learn'd in such lore may invent,
 Your scissors does wonders in proving descent.

* "This we call pure nihility, or mere nothing." — *Watts's Logic*.

Yes, poets may sing of those terrible shears
With which Atropos snips off both bumpkins and
peers,

But they're nought to that weapon which shines in
the hands

Of some would-be Patrician, when proudly he stands
O'er the careless churchwarden's baptismal array,
And sweeps at each cut generations away.

By some babe of old times is his peerage resisted?

One snip,—and the urchin hath *never* existed!

Does some marriage, in days near the Flood, in-
terfere

With his one sublime object of being a Peer?

Quick the shears at once nullify bridegroom and
bride,—

No such people have ever liv'd, married, or died!

Such the newest receipt for those high-minded elves,
Who've a fancy for making great lords of themselves.
Follow this, young aspirer, who pant'st for a peerage,
Take S—m for thy model and B—z for thy steerage,
Do all and much worse than old Nicholas Flam does,
And—*who* knows but you'll be Lord Baron of
Shamdos?

THE DUKE IS THE LAD.

Air.—“ A master I have, and I am his man,
Gallop^{ing} dreary dun.”

Castle of Andalusia.

THE Duke is the lad to frighten a lass,
Gallop^{ing}, dreary duke ;
The Duke is the lad to frighten a lass,
He's an ogre to meet, and the d—l to pass,
With his charger prancing,
Grim eye glancing,
Chin, like a Mufti,
Grizzled and tufty,
Gallop^{ing}, dreary Duke.

Ye misses, beware of the neighbourhood
Of this gallop^{ing} dreary Duke ;
Avoid him, all who see no good
In being run o'er by a Prince of the Blood.

For, surely, no nymph is
Fond of a grim phiz,
And of the married,
Whole crowds have miscarried
At sight of this dreary Duke.

EPISTLE

FROM ERASMUS ON EARTH TO CICERO IN THE
SHADES.

Southampton.

As 'tis now, my dear Tully, some weeks since I started
By rail-road, for earth, having vowed, ere we parted,
To drop you a line, by the Dead-Letter post,
Just to say how I thrive, in my new line of ghost,
And how deucedly odd this live world all appears,
To a man who's been dead now for three hundred
years,
I take up my pen, and, with news of this earth,
Hope to waken, by turns, both your spleen and your
mirth.

In my way to these shores, taking Italy first,
Lest the change from Elysium too sudden should
burst,

I forgot not to visit those haunts where, of yore,
 You took lessons from Pætus in cookery's lore*,
 Turn'd aside from the calls of the rostrum and Muse,
 To discuss the rich merits of *rôtis* and stews,
 And preferr'd to all honours of triumph or trophy,
 A supper on prawns with that rogue, little Sophy.†

Having dwelt on such classical musings awhile,
 I set off, by a steam-boat, for this happy isle,
 (A conveyance *you* ne'er, I think, sail'd by, my
 Tully,

And therefore, *per* next, I'll describe it more fully,)
 Having heard, on the way, what distresses me greatly,
 That England's o'er-run by *idolaters* lately,
 Stark, staring adorers of wood and of stone,
 Who will let neither stick, stock, or statue alone.
 Such the sad news I heard from a tall man in black,
 Who from sports continental was hurrying back,
 To look after his tithes ;—seeing, doubtless, 'twould
 follow,

That, just as, of old, your great idol, Apollo,

* See his Letters to Friends, lib. ix. epist. 19, 20, &c.

† *Ingentium squillarum cum Sophia Septimæ.* — Lib. ix. epist. 10.

Devour'd all the Tenth*, so the idols in question,
These wood and stone gods, may have equal digestion,
And th' idolatrous crew, whom this Rector despises,
May eat up the tithe-pig which *he* idolizes.

London.

'Tis all but too true—grim Idolatry reigns,
In full pomp, over England's lost cities and plains !
On arriving just now, as my first thought and care
Was, as usual, to seek out some near House of Prayer,
Some calm, holy spot, fit for Christians to pray on,
I was shown to—what think you?—a downright
Pantheon !

A grand, pillar'd temple, with niches and halls†,
Full of idols and gods, which they nickname St.
Paul's ;—

Though 'tis clearly the place where the idolatrous
crew,
Whom the Rector complain'd of, their dark rites
pursue ;

* Tithes were paid to the Pythian Apollo.

† See Dr. Wiseman's learned and able letter to Mr. Poynder.

And, 'mong all the "strange gods" Abr'ham's fa-
ther carv'd out *,
That he ever carv'd *stranger* than these I much doubt.

Were it ev'n, my dear TULLY, your Hebes and
Graces,
And such pretty things, that usurp'd the Saints'
places,
I shouldn't much mind,—for, in this classic dome,
Such folks from Olympus would feel quite at home.
But the gods they've got here!—such a queer om-
nium gatherum
Of misbegot things, that no poet would father 'em;—
Britannias, in light, summer-wear for the skies,—
Old Thames, turn'd to stone, to his no small surprise,—
Father Nile, too,—a portrait, (in spite of what's said,
That no mortal e'er yet got a glimpse of his *head* †,)
And a Ganges, which India would think somewhat
fat for't,
Unless 'twas some full-grown Director had sat
for't;—

* Joshua, xxiv. 2.

——— "Nec contigit ulli
Hoc vidisse caput."

CLAUDIAN.

Not to mention the' *et cæteras* of Genii and Sphinxes,
Fame, Vict'ry, and other such semi-clad minxes; —
Sea Captains*, — the idols here most idolised;
And of whom some, alas, might too well be comprized
Among ready-made Saints, as they died *cannon-*
ized; —

With a multitude more of odd cockneyfied deities,
Shrined in such pomp that quite shocking to see
it 'tis;

Nor know I what better the Rector could do
Than to shrine there his own belov'd quadruped too;
As most surely a tithe-pig, whate'er the world thinks, is
A much fitter beast for a church than a Sphinx is.

But I'm call'd off to dinner — grace just has been
said,
And my host waits for nobody, living or dead.

* Captains Mosse, Riou, &c. &c.

LINES *

ON THE DEPARTURE OF LORDS C—ST—R—GH
AND ST—W—RT FOR THE CONTINENT.

At Paris † et Fratres, et qui rapuère sub illis
Vix tenuère manus (scis hoc, Menelaë) nefandas.

OVID. *Metam.* lib. xiii. v. 202.

Go, Brothers in wisdom—go, bright pair of Peers,
And may Cupid and Fame fan you both with their
pinions!

The *one*, the best lover we have—*of his years*,
And the *other* Prime Statesman of Britain's do-
minions.

Go, Hero of Chancery, blest with the smile
Of the Misses that love, and the monarchs that
prize thee;

Forget Mrs. Ang—lo T—yl—r awhile,
And all tailors but him who so well *dandifies* thee.

* This and the following squib, which must have been written about the year 1815-16, have been by some oversight misplaced.

† Ovid is mistaken in saying that it was "at Paris" these rapacious transactions took place—we should read "at Vienna."

Never mind how thy juniors in gallantry scoff,
Never heed how perverse affidavits may thwart thee,
But show the young Misses thou'rt scholar enough
To translate "*Amor Fortis*" a love, *about forty!*

And sure 'tis no wonder, when, fresh as young Mars,
From the battle you came, with the Orders you'd
earn'd in't,
That sweet Lady Fanny should cry out "*my stars!*"
And forget that the *Moon*, too, was some way
concern'd in't.

For not the great R—g—t himself has endur'd
(Though I've seen him with badges and orders all
shine,
Till he look'd like a house that was *over* insur'd)
A much heavier burden of glories than thine.

And 'tis plain, when a wealthy young lady so mad is,
Or *any* young ladies can so go astray,
As to marry old Dandies that might be their daddies,
The *stars** are in fault, my Lord St—w—rt, not
they!

* "When weak women go astray,
The stars are more in fault than they."

Thou, too, t'other brother, thou Tully of Tories,
Thou *Malaprop* Cicero, over whose lips
Such a smooth rigmarole about "monarchs," and
"glories,"
And "*nullidge* *," and "features," like syllabub
slips.

Go, haste, at the Congress pursue thy vocation
Of adding fresh sums to this National Debt of ours,
Leaguings with Kings, who, for mere recreation,
Break promises, fast as your Lordship breaks
metaphors.

Fare ye well, fare ye well, bright Pair of Peers,
And may Cupid and Fame fan you both with
their pinions!

The one, the best lover we have—*of his years*,
And the other, Prime Statesman of Britain's do-
minions.

* It is thus the noble lord pronounces the word "knowledge"—deriving it, as far as his own share is concerned, from the Latin, "nullus."

TO THE SHIP

IN WHICH LORD C—ST—R—GH SAILED FOR
THE CONTINENT.

Imitated from Horace, lib. i. ode 3.

So may my Lady's pray'rs prevail *,
And C—nn—g's too, and *lucid* Br—gge's,
And Eld—n beg a favouring gale
From Eolus, that *older* Bags †,
To speed thee on thy destin'd way,
Oh ship, that bear'st our C—st—r—gh ‡,
Our gracious R—g—t's better half §
And, *therefore*, quarter of a King —

* Sic te Diva potens Cypri,
Sic fratres Helenæ, lucida sidera,
Ventorumque regat pater.

† See a description of the *ασκοι*, or *Bags* of Eolus, in the *Odyssey*, lib. 10.

‡ Navis, quæ tibi creditum
Debes Virgilium.

§ ——— Animæ dimidium meum.

(As Van, or any other calf,
 May find, without much figuring).
 Waft him, oh ye kindly breezes,
 Waft this Lord of place and pelf,
 Any where his Lordship pleases,
 Though 'twere to Old Nick himself!

Oh, what a face of brass was his *,
 Who first at Congress show'd his phiz —
 To sign away the Rights of Man
 To Russian threats and Austrian juggle;
 And leave the sinking African †
 To fall without one saving struggle —
 'Mong ministers from North and South,
 To show his lack of shame and sense,
 And hoist the Sign of "Bull and Mouth"
 For blunders and for eloquence!

In vain we wish our *Secs.* at home ‡
 To mind their papers, desks, and shelves,

* Illi robur et æs triplex.

Circa pectus erat, qui, &c.

† ——— præcipitem Africum
 Decertantem Aquilonibus.

‡ Nequicquam Deus abscidit
 Prudens oceano dissociabili

If silly *Secs.* abroad *will* roam
And make such noodles of themselves.

But such hath always been the case—
For matchless impudence of face,
There's nothing like your Tory race! *
First, Pitt†, the chos'n of England, taught her
A taste for famine, fire, and slaughter.
Then came the Doctor‡, for our ease,
With E—d—ns, Ch—th—ms, H—wk—b—s,
And other deadly maladies.
When each, in turn, had run their rigs,
Necessity brought in the Whigs §:

Terras, si tamen impiæ
Non tangenda *Rates* transiliunt vada.

This last line, we may suppose, alludes to some distinguished *Rats* that attended the voyager.

* Audax omnia perpeti
Gens ruit per vetitum nefas.

† Audax Japeti genus
Ignem fraude malâ gentibus intulit.

‡ Post _____
_____ macies, et nova febrium
Terris incubit cohors.

§ _____ tarda necessitas
Lethi corripuit gradum.

And oh, I blush, I blush to say,
 When these, in turn, were put to flight, too,
 Illustrious T—MP—E flew away
 With *lots of pens he had no right to ! **
 In short, what *will* not mortal man do ? †
 And now, that — strife and bloodshed past —
 We've done on earth what harm we can do,
 We gravely take to heav'n at last ‡
 And think its favouring smile to purchase
 (Oh Lord, good Lord ! by — building churches !)

* *Expertus vacuum Dædalus aëra
 Pennis non homini datis.*

This alludes to the 1200*l.* worth of stationery, which his Lordship is said to have ordered, when on the point of *vacating* his place.

† *Nil mortalibus arduum est.*
 ‡ *Cælum ipsum petimus stultitiâ.*

SKETCH OF THE FIRST ACT OF A NEW
ROMANTIC DRAMA.

“AND now,” quoth the goddess, in accents jocose,
“Having got good materials, I’ll brew such a dose
“Of Double X mischief as, mortals shall say,
“They’ve not known its equal for many a long day.”
Here she wink’d to her subaltern imps to be steady,
And all wagg’d their fire-tipp’d tails and stood ready.

“So, now for the’ ingredients :—first, hand me that
bishop ;”

Whereon, a whole bevy of imps run to fish up,
From out a large reservoir, wherein they pen ’em,
The blackest of all its black dabblers in venom ;
And wrapping him up (lest the virus should ooze,
And one “drop of the’ immortal*” Right Rev. †
they might lose)

In the sheets of his own speeches, charges, reviews,

* “To lose no drop of the immortal man.”

† The present Bishop of Ex—t—r.

Pop him into the caldron, while loudly a burst
From the by-standers welcomes ingredient the first!

“Now fetch the Ex-Chancellor,” mutter’d the
dame—

“He who’s call’d after Harry the Older, by name.”

“The Ex-Chancellor!” echoed her imps, the whole
crew of ’em—

“Why talk of *one* Ex, when your Mischief has *two*
of ’em?”

“True, true,” said the hag, looking arch at her
elves,

“And a double-*Ex* dose they compose, in them-
selves.”

This joke, the sly meaning of which was seen lucidly,
Set all the devils a laughing most deucedly.

So, in went the pair, and (what none thought
surprising)

Show’d talents for sinking as great as for rising;
While not a grim phiz in that realm but was
lighted

With joy to see spirits so twin-like united—

Or (plainly to speak) two such birds of a feather,
In one mess of venom thus spitted together.

Here a flashy imp rose—some connexion, no doubt,
Of the young lord in question—and, scowling
about,

“Hop’d his fiery friend, St—nl—y, would not be
left out;

“As no schoolboy unwhipp’d, the whole world must
agree,

“Lov’d mischief, *pure* mischief, more dearly than he.”

But, no—the wise hag wouldn’t hear of the whipster;
Not merely because, as a shrew, he eclips’d her,
And nature had giv’n him, to keep him still young,
Much tongue in his head and no head in his tongue;
But because she well knew that, for change ever
ready,

He’d not ev’n to mischief keep properly steady;
That soon ev’n the *wrong* side would cease to delight,
And, for want of a change, he must swerve to the
right;

While, on *each*, so at random his missiles he threw,
That the side he attack’d was most safe, of the two.—
This ingredient was therefore put by on the shelf,
There to bubble, a bitter, hot mess, by itself.

“ And now,” quoth the hag, as her caldron she ey’d,
And the tidbits so friendlily rankling inside,

“ There wants but some seasoning ;—so, come, ere
I stew ’em,

“ By way of a relish, we’ll throw in ‘ + John Tuam.’

“ In cooking up mischief, there’s no flesh or fish

“ Like your meddling High Priest, to add zest to
the dish.”

Thus saying, she pops in the Irish Grand Lama—
Which great event ends the First Act of the Drama.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

THOUGH fam'd was Mesmer, in his day,
Nor less so, in ours, is Dupotet,
To say nothing of all the wonders done
By that wizard, Dr. Elliotson,
When, standing as if the gods to invoke, he
Up waves his arm, and—down drops Okey!*

Though strange these things, to mind and sense,
If you wish still stranger things to see—
If you wish to know the power immense
Of the true magnetic influence,
Just go to her Majesty's Treasury,
And learn the wonders working there—
And I'll be hang'd if you don't stare!
Talk of your animal magnetists,
And that wave of the hand no soul resists,
Not all its witcheries can compete
With the friendly beckon tow'rd's Downing Street,

* The name of the heroine of the performances at the North London Hospital.

Which a Premier gives to one who wishes
To taste of the Treasury loaves and fishes.
It actually lifts the lucky elf,
Thus acted upon, *above* himself;—
He jumps to a state of *clairvoyance*,
And is placeman, statesman, all, at once!

These effects, observe (with which I begin),
Take place when the patient's motion'd *in* ;
Far different, of course, the mode of affection,
When the wave of the hand's in the *out* direction ;
The effects being then extremely unpleasant,
As is seen in the case of Lord B——m, at present ;
In whom this sort of manipulation
Has lately produc'd such inflammation,
Attended with constant irritation,
That, in short—not to mince his situation—
It has work'd in the man a transformation
That puzzles all human calculation !

Ever since the fatal day which saw
That “pass*” perform'd on this Lord of Law—

* The technical term for the movements of the magnetizer's hand.

A pass potential, none can doubt,
 As it sent Harry B——m to the right about—
 The condition in which the patient has been
 Is a thing quite awful to be seen.

Not that a casual eye could scan

This wondrous change by outward survey ;
 It being, in fact, the' *interior* man

That's turn'd completely topsy-turvy : —
 Like a case that lately, in reading o'er 'em,
 I found in the *Acta Eruditorum*,
 Of a man in whose inside, when disclos'd,
 The whole order of things was found transpos'd * ;
 By a *lusus naturæ*, strange to see,
 The liver plac'd where the heart should be,
 And the *spleen* (like B——m's, since laid on the shelf)
 As diseas'd and as much *out of place* as himself.

In short, 'tis a case for consultation,
 If e'er there was one, in this thinking nation ;
 And therefore I humbly beg to propose,
 That those *savans* who mean, as the rumour goes,

* Omnes feré internas corporis partes inverso ordine sitas.
 — *Act. Erudit.* 1690.

To sit on Miss Okey's wonderful case,
Should also Lord Harry's case embrace ;
And inform us, in *both* these patients' states,
Which *ism* it is that predominates,
Whether magnetism and somnambulism,
Or, simply and solely, mountebankism.

THE SONG OF THE BOX.

LET History boast of her Romans and Spartans,
And tell how they stood against tyranny's shocks ;
They were all, I confess, in *my* eye, Betty Martins,
Compar'd to George Gr—te and his wonderful Box.

Ask, where Liberty now has her seat ? — Oh, it isn't
By Delaware's banks or on Switzerland's rocks ; —
Like an imp in some conjuror's bottle imprison'd,
She's slily shut up in Gr—te's wonderful Box.

How snug ! — 'stead of floating through ether's do-
minions,

Blown *this* way and *that*, by the “populi vox,”
To fold thus in silence her sinecure pinions,
And go fast asleep in Gr—te's wonderful Box.

Time was, when free speech was the life-breath of
freedom —

So thought once the Seldens, the Hampdens, the
Lockes ;

But mute be *our* troops, when to ambush we lead
 'em,
 For "Mum" is the word with us Knights of the
 Box.

Pure, exquisite Box! no corruption can soil it;
 There's Otto of Rose in each breath it unlocks;
 While Gr—te is the "Betty," that serves at the toilet,
 And breathes all Arabia around from his Box.*

'Tis a singular fact, that the fam'd Hugo Grotius†
 (A namesake of Gr—te's—being both of Dutch
 stocks),

Like Gr—te, too, a genius profound as pre-
 cious,

Was also, like him, much renown'd for a Box;—

An immortal old clothes-box, in which the great
 Grotius

When suffering, in prison, for views het'rodox,

* And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.

POPE'S *Rape of the Lock*.

† *Groot*, or *Grote*, latinized into Grotius.

Was pack'd up incog. spite of gaolers ferocious*,
And sent to his wife †, carriage free, in a Box!

But the fame of old Hugo now rests on the shelf,
Since a rival hath ris'n that all parallel mocks;—
That Grotius ingloriously sav'd but himself,
While *ours* saves the whole British realm by a
Box!

And oh when, at last, ev'n this greatest of Gr—tes
Must bend to the Power that at every door
knocks ‡,
May he drop in the urn like his own “silent
votes,”
And the tomb of his rest be a large Ballot-Box.

* For the particulars of this escape of Grotius from the Castle of Louvenstein, by means of a box (only three feet and a half long, it is said) in which books used to be occasionally sent to him and foul linen returned, see any of the Biographical Dictionaries.

† This is not quite according to the facts of the case; his wife having been the contriver of the stratagem, and remained in the prison herself to give him time for escape.

‡ Pallida Mors æquo pulsat pede, &c. — HORAT.

While long at his shrine, both from county and city,
Shall pilgrims triennially gather in flocks,
And sing, while they whimper, the' appropriate ditty,
"Oh breathe not his *name*, let it sleep—in the
Box."

ANNOUNCEMENT OF A NEW THALABA.

ADDRESSED TO ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ.

WHEN erst, my Southey, thy tuneful tongue
The terrible tale of Thalaba sung—
Of him, the Destroyer, doom'd to rout
That grim divan of conjurors out,
Whose dwelling dark, as legends say,
Beneath the roots of the ocean lay,
(Fit place for deep ones, such as they,)
How little thou knew'st, dear Dr. Southey,
Although bright genius all allow thee,
That, some years thence, thy wondering eyes
Should see a second Thalaba rise—
As ripe for ruinous rigs as thine,
Though his havoc lie in a different line,
And should find this new, improv'd Destroyer
Beneath the wig of a Yankee lawyer;

A sort of an "alien," *alias* man,
Whose country or party guess who can,
Being Cockney half, half Jonathan;
And his life, to make the thing completer,
Being all in the genuine Thalaba metre,
Loose and irregular as thy feet are;—
First, into Whig Pindarics rambling,
Then in low Tory doggrel scrambling;
Now *love* his theme, now *Church* his glory
(At once both Tory and ama-tory),
Now in the' Old Bailey-*lay* meandering,
Now in soft *couplet* style philandering;
And, lastly, in lame Alexandrine,
Dragging his wounded length along*,
When scourg'd by Holland's silken thong.

In short, dear Bob, Destroyer the Second
May fairly a match for the First be reckon'd;
Save that *your* Thalaba's talent lay
In sweeping old conjurors clean away,
While ours at aldermen deals his blows,
(Who no great conjurors are, God knows,)

* "A needless Alexandrine ends the song
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along."

Lays Corporations, by wholesale, level,
Sends Acts of Parliament to the devil,
Bullies the whole Milesian race —
Seven millions of Paddies, face to face ;
And, seizing that magic wand, himself,
Which erst thy conjurors left on the shelf,
Transforms the boys of the Boyne and Liffey
All into *foreigners*, in a jiffy —
Aliens, outcasts, every soul of 'em,
Born but for whips and chains, the whole of 'em !

Never, in short, did parallel
Betwixt two heroes *gee* so well ;
And, among the points in which they fit,
There's one, dear Bob, I can't omit.
That hacking, hectoring blade of thine
Dealt much in the *Domdaniel* line* ;
And 'tis but rendering justice due,
To say that ours and his Tory crew
Damn Daniel most devoutly too.

* " Vain are the spells, the Destroyer
Treads the Domdaniel floor."

Thalaba, a Metrical Romance.

RIVAL TOPICS.*

AN EXTRAVAGANZA.

OH W—ll—ngt—n and Stephenson,
Oh morn and evening papers,
Times, Herald, Courier, Globe, and Sun,
When will ye cease our ears to stun
With these two heroes' capers?
Still "Stephenson" and "W—ll—ngt—n,"
The everlasting two!—
Still doom'd, from rise to set of sun,
To hear what mischief one has done,
And t'other means to do:—
What bills the banker pass'd to friends,
But never meant to pay;
What Bills the other wight intends,
As honest, in their way;—

* The date of this squib must have been, I think, about 1828-9.

Bills, payable at distant sight,
Beyond the Grecian kalends,
When all good deeds will come to light,
When W—ll—ngt—n will do what's right,
And Rowland pay his balance.

To catch the banker all have sought,
But still the rogue unhurt is ;
While t'other juggler—who'd have thought ?
Though slippery long, has just been caught
By old Archbishop Curtis ;—
And, such the power of papal crook,
The crosier scarce had quiver'd
About his ears, when, lo, the Duke
Was of a Bull deliver'd !

Sir Richard Birnie doth decide
That Rowland "must be mad,"
In private coach, with crest, to ride,
When chaises could be had.
And t'other hero, all agree,
St. Luke's will soon arrive at,
If thus he shows off publicly,
When he might pass in private.

Oh W—ll—ngt—n, oh Stephenson,
Ye ever-boring pair,
Where'er I sit, or stand, or run,
Ye haunt me every where.
Though Job had patience tough enough,
Such duplicates would try it;
Till one's turn'd out and t'other off,
We shan't have peace or quiet.
But small's the chance that Law affords—
Such folks are daily let off;
And, 'twixt the' Old Bailey and the Lords,
They both, I fear, will get off.

THE BOY STATESMAN.

BY A TORY.

“That boy will be the death of me.” *Matthews at Home.*

AH, Tories dear, our ruin is near,
With St—nl—y to help us, we can't but fall;
Already a warning voice I hear,
Like the late Charles Matthews' croak in my ear,
“That boy—that boy'll be the death of you all.”

He will, God help us!—not ev'n Scriblerius
In the “Art of Sinking” his match could be;
And our case is growing exceeding serious,
For, all being in the same boat as he,
If down my Lord goes, down go we,
Lord Baron St—nl—y and Company,
As deep in Oblivion's swamp below
As such “Masters Shallow” well could go;

And where we shall all both low and high,
Embalm'd in mud, as forgotten lie
As already doth Gr—h—m of Netherby !
But that boy, that boy !—there's a tale I know,
Which in talking of him comes *à-propos*.

Sir Thomas More had an only son,
And a foolish lad was that only one,

And Sir Thomas said, one day to his wife,
“ My dear, I can't but wish you joy,
“ For you pray'd for a boy, and you now have a boy,
“ Who'll continue a boy to the end of his life.”

Ev'n such is our own distressing lot,
With the ever-young statesman we have got ;—
Nay ev'n still worse ; for Master More
Wasn't more a youth than he'd been before,
While *ours* such power of boyhood shows,
That, the older he gets, the more juv'nile he grows,
And, at what extreme old age he'll close
His schoolboy course, heaven only knows ;—
Some century hence, should he reach so far,
And ourselves to witness it heav'n condemn,
We shall find him a sort of *cub* Old Parr,
A whipper-snapper Methusalem ;

Nay, ev'n should he make still longer stay of it,
The boy'll want *judgment*, ev'n to the day of it !
Meanwhile, 'tis a serious, sad infliction ;
And, day and night, with awe I recall
The late Mr. Matthews' solemn prediction,
" That boy'll be the death, the death of you all."

LETTER

FROM LARRY O'BRANIGAN TO THE REV.
MURTAGH O'MULLIGAN.

ABRAH, where were *you*, Murthagh, that beautiful
day? —

Or, how came it your riverence was laid on the
shelf,

When that poor craythur, Bobby — as *you* were
away —

Had to make *twice* as big a Tom-fool of *himself*.

Throth, it wasn't at all civil to lave in the lurch

A boy so desarving your tindh'rest affection; —

Two such iligant Siamase twins of the Church,

As Bob and yourself, ne'er should cut the con-
nection.

If thus in two different directions you pull,

'Faith, they'll swear that yourself and your
riverend brother

Are like those quare foxes, in Gregory's Bull,
 Whose tails were join'd *one* way, while they look'd
another ! *

Och bless'd be he, whosomdever he be,
 That help'd soft Magee to that Bull of a Letther !
 Not ev'n my own self, though I sometimes make free
 At such bull-manufacture, could make him a
 betther.

To be sure, when a lad takes to *forgin'*, this way,
 'Tis a thrick he's much ttempted to carry on gaily ;
 Till, at last, his "injanious devices†," some day,
 Show him up, not at Exether Hall, but the' Ould
 Bailey.

That parsons should forge thus appears mighty odd,
 And (as if somethin' "odd" in their *names*, too,
 must be,)

* "You will increase the enmity with which they are regarded by their associates in heresy, thus tying these foxes by the tails, that their faces may tend in opposite directions."
 — Bob's *Bull*, read at Exeter Hall, July 14.

† "An ingenious device of my learned friend." — Bob's *Letter to Standard*.

One forger, of ould, was a riverend Dod,
While a riverend Todd's now his match, to a T.*
But, no matther *who* did it—all blessins betide him,
For dishin' up Bob, in a manner so nate ;
And there wanted but *you*, Murthagh 'vourneen,
beside him,
To make the whole grand dish of *bull*-calf compleate.

* Had I consulted only my own wishes, I should not have allowed this hasty attack on Dr. Todd to have made its appearance in this Collection ; being now fully convinced that the charge brought against that reverend gentleman of intending to pass off as genuine his famous mock Papal Letter was altogether unfounded. Finding it to be the wish, however, of my reverend friend—as I am now glad to be permitted to call him—that both the wrong and the reparation, the Ode and the Palinode, should be thus placed in juxtaposition, I have thought it but due to him to comply with his request.

MUSINGS OF AN UNREFORMED PEER.

OF all the odd plans of this monstrously queer age,
The oddest is that of reforming the peerage ;—
Just as if we, great dons, with a title and star
Did not get on exceedingly well, as we are,
And perform all the functions of noodles, by birth,
As completely as any born noodles on earth.

How *acres* descend, is in law-books display'd,
But we as *wiseacres* descend, ready made ;
And, by right of our rank in Debrett's nomenclature,
Are, all of us, born legislators by nature ;—
Like ducklings, to water instinctly taking,
So we, with like quackery, take to law-making ;
And God forbid any reform should come o'er us,
To make us more wise than our sires were before us.

The' Egyptians of old the same policy knew—
If your sire was a cook, you must be a cook too :

Thus making, from father to son, a good trade of it,
Poisoners *by right* (so no more could be said of it),
The cooks, like our lordships, a pretty mess made
of it;

While, fam'd for *conservative* stomachs, th' Egyp-
tians

Without a wry face bolted all the prescriptions.

It is true, we've among us some peers of the past,
Who keep pace with the present most awfully fast—
Fruits, that ripen beneath the new light now arising
With speed that to *us*, old conserves, is surprising,
Conserves, in whom — potted, for grandmamma
uses—

'Twould puzzle a sunbeam to find any juices.

'Tis true, too, I fear, midst the general movement,
Ev'n *our* House, God help it, is doom'd to improve-
ment,

And all its live furniture, nobly descended,
But sadly worn out, must be sent to be mended.
With *moveables* 'mong us, like Br——m and like
D——rh——m,

No wonder ev'n *fixtures* should learn to bestir 'em;

And, distant, ye gods, be that terrible day,
When — as playful Old Nick, for his pastime, they say,
Flies off with old houses, sometimes, in a storm —
So *ours* may be whipt off, some night, by Reform;
And, as up, like Loretto's fam'd house*, through
the air,

Not angels, but devils, our lordships shall bear,
Grim, radical phizzes, unus'd to the sky,
Shall flit round, like cherubs, to wish us "good-by,"
While, perch'd up on clouds, little imps of plebeians,
Small Grotes and O'Connells, shall sing Io Pæans.

* The *Casa Santa*, supposed to have been carried by angels through the air from Galilee to Italy.

THE REVEREND PAMPHLETEER.

A ROMANTIC BALLAD.

OH, have you heard what hap'd of late?
If not, come lend an ear,
While sad I state the piteous fate
Of the Reverend Pamphleteer.

All prais'd his skilful jockeyship,
Loud rung the Tory cheer,
While away, away, with spur and whip,
Went the Reverend Pamphleteer.

The nag he rode—how *could* it err?
'Twas the same that took, last year,
That wonderful jump to Exeter
With the Reverend Pamphleteer.

Set a beggar on horseback, wise men say,
The course he will take is clear;
And in *that* direction lay the way
Of the Reverend Pamphleteer.

“ Stop, stop,” said Truth, but vain her cry —
Left far away in the rear,
She heard but the usual gay “ Good-by ”
From her faithless Pamphleteer.

You may talk of the jumps of Homer’s gods,
When cantering o’er our sphere —
I’d back for a *bounce*, ’gainst any odds,
This Reverend Pamphleteer.

But ah, what tumbles a jockey hath !
In the midst of his career,
A file of the *Times* lay right in the path
Of the headlong Pamphleteer.

Whether he tripp’d or shy’d thereat,
Doth not so clear appear :
But down he came, as his sermons flat —
This Reverend Pamphleteer !

Lord King himself could scarce desire
To see a spiritual Peer
Fall much more dead, in the dirt and mire,
Than did this Pamphleteer.

Yet pitying parsons, many a day,
Shall visit his silent bier,
And, thinking the while of Stanhope, say
“ Poor dear old Pamphleteer !

“ He has finish’d, at last, his busy span,
“ And now *lies coolly* here—
“ As often he did in life, good man,
“ Good, Reverend Pamphleteer !”

A RECENT DIALOGUE.

1825.

A BISHOP and a bold dragoon,
Both heroes in their way
Did thus, of late, one afternoon,
Unto each other say :—
“ Dear bishop,” quoth the brave hussar,
“ As nobody denies
“ That you a wise logician are,
“ And I am—otherwise,
“ ’Tis fit that in this question, we
“ Stick each to his own art—
“ That *yours* should be the sophistry,
“ And *mine* the *fighting* part.
“ My creed, I need not tell you, is
“ Like that of W——n,
“ To whom no harlot comes amiss,
“ Save her of Babylon* ;
“ And when we’re at a loss for words,
“ If laughing reasoners flout us,

* Cui nulla meretrix displicuit præter Babyloniam.

“ For lack of sense we’ll draw our swords —

“ The sole thing sharp about us.” —

“ Dear bold dragoon,” the bishop said,

“ ’Tis true for war thou art meant ;

“ And reasoning—bless that dandy head !

“ Is not in thy department.

“ So leave the argument to me—

“ And, when my holy labour

“ Hath lit the fires of bigotry,

“ Thou’lt poke them with thy sabre.

“ From pulpit and from sentry-box,

“ We’ll make our joint attacks,

“ I at the head of my *Cassocks*,

“ And you, of your *Cossacks*.

“ So here’s your health, my brave hussar,

“ My exquisite old fighter —

“ Success to bigotry and war,

“ The musket and the mitre !”

Thus pray’d the minister of heaven —

While Y—k, just entering then,

Snor’d out (as if some *Clerk* had given

His nose the cue) “ Amen.”

T B.

THE WELLINGTON SPA.

“ And drink *oblivion* to our woes.” ANNA MATILDA.

1829.

TALK no more of your Cheltenham and Harrowgate
springs,

'Tis from *Lethe* we now our potations must draw ;
Your *Lethe's* a cure for—all possible things,
And the doctors have nam'd it the Wellington
Spa.

Other physical waters but cure you in part ;
One cobbles your gout — *t'other* mends your
digestion —
Some settle your stomach, but *this* — bless your
heart ! —

It will settle, for ever, your Catholic Question.

Unlike, too, the potions in fashion at present,
This Wellington nostrum, restoring by stealth,

So purges the mem'ry of all that's unpleasant,
That patients *forget* themselves into rude health.

For instance, the' inventor—his having once said
“He should think himself mad, if, at *any one's*
call,
“He became what he is”—is so purg'd from his
head,
That he now doesn't think he's a madman at all.

Of course, for your mem'ries of very long stand-
ing—
Old chronic diseases, that date back, undaunted,
To Brian Boroo and Fitz-Stephens' first landing—
A dev'l of a dose of the *Lethe* is wanted.

But ev'n Irish patients can hardly regret
An oblivion, so much in their own native style,
So conveniently plann'd, that, whate'er they forget,
They may go on rememb'ring it still, all the
while ! *

* The only parallel I know to this sort of oblivion is to be found in a line of the late Mr. R. P. Knight—

“The pleasing memory of things forgot.”

A CHARACTER.

1834.

HALF Whig, half Tory, like those midway things,
'Twixt bird and beast, that by mistake have wings;
A mongrel Statesman, 'twixt two factions nurst,
Who, of the faults of each, combines the worst—
The Tory's loftiness, the Whigling's sneer,
The leveller's rashness, and the bigot's fear;
The thirst for meddling, restless still to show
How Freedom's clock, repair'd by Whigs, will go;
The alarm when others, more sincere than they,
Advance the hands to the true time of day.

By Mother Church, high-fed and haughty dame,
The boy was dandled, in his dawn of fame;
List'ning, she smil'd, and bless'd the flippant tongue
On which the fate of unborn tithe-pigs hung.
Ah, who shall paint the grandam's grim dismay,
When loose Reform entic'd her boy away;
When shock'd she heard him ape the rabble's tone,
And, in Old Sarum's fate, foredoom her own!

Groaning she cried, while tears roll'd down her
cheeks,

“ Poor, glib-tongued youth, he means not what he
speaks.

“ Like oil at top, these Whig professions flow,

“ But, pure as lymph, runs Toryism below.

“ Alas, that tongue should start thus, in the race,

“ Ere mind can reach and regulate its pace!—

“ For, once outstripp'd by tongue, poor, lagging
mind,

“ At every step, still further limps behind.

“ But, bless the boy!—whate'er his wandering be,

“ Still turns his heart to Toryism and me.

“ Like those odd shapes, portray'd in Dante's lay*,

“ With heads fix'd on, the wrong and backward way,

“ His feet and eyes pursue a diverse track,

“ While *those* march onward, *these* look fondly
back.”

And well she knew him—well foresaw the day,

Which now hath come, when snatch'd from Whigs
away,

* “ Che dalle reni era tornato 'l volto,
E indietro venir li convenia,
Perchè 'l veder dinanzi era lor tolto.”

The self-same changeling drops the mask he wore,
And rests, restor'd, in granny's arms once more.

But whither now, mixt brood of modern light
And ancient darkness, can'st thou bend thy flight?
Tried by both factions, and to neither true,
Fear'd by the *old* school, laugh'd at by the *new*;
For *this* too feeble, and for *that* too rash,
This wanting more of fire, *that* less of flash,
Lone shalt thou stand, in isolation cold,
Betwixt two worlds, the new one and the old,
A small and "vex'd Bermoothes," which the eye
Of venturous seaman sees—and passes by.

A GHOST STORY.

TO THE AIR OF "UNFORTUNATE MISS BAILEY."

1835.

NOT long in bed had L—ndh—rst lain,
When, as his lamp burn'd dimly,
The ghosts of corporate bodies slain*,
Stood by his bed-side grimly.
Dead aldermen, who once could feast,
But now, themselves, are fed on,
And skeletons of may'rs deceas'd,
This doleful chorus led on :—

“ Oh Lord L—ndh—rst,
“ Unmerciful Lord L—ndh—rst,
“ Corpses we,
“ All burk'd by thee,
“ Unmerciful Lord L—ndh—rst !”

“ Avaunt, ye frights !” his Lordship cried,
“ Ye look most glum and whitely.”

* Referring to the line taken by Lord L—ndh—rst, on the question of Municipal Reform.

“ Ah, L—ndh—rst dear !” the frights replied,

“ You’ve us’d us unpolitely.

“ And now, ungrateful man ! to drive

“ Dead bodies from your door so,

“ Who quite corrupt enough, alive,

“ You’ve made, by death, still more so.

“ Oh, Ex-Chancellor,

“ Destructive Ex-Chancellor,

“ See thy work,

“ Thou second Burke,

“ Destructive Ex-Chancellor !”

Bold L—ndh—rst then, whom nought could keep

Awake, or surely *that* would,

Cried “ Curse you all ” — fell fast asleep —

And dreamt of “ Small v. Attwood.”

While, shock’d, the bodies flew down stairs.

But, courteous in their panic,

Precedence gave to ghosts of may’rs,

And corpses aldermanic,

Crying, “ Oh, Lord L—ndh—rst,

“ That terrible Lord L—ndh—rst,

“ Not Old Scratch

“ Himself could match

“ That terrible Lord L—ndh—rst.”

THOUGHTS ON THE LATE DESTRUCTIVE
PROPOSITIONS OF THE TORIES.*

BY A COMMON-COUNCILMAN.

1835.

I SAT me down in my easy chair,
To read, as usual, the morning papers ;
But—who shall describe my look of despair,
When I came to Lefroy's "destructive" capers !
That *he*—that, of all live men, Lefroy
Should join in the cry "Destroy, destroy !"
Who, ev'n when a babe, as I've heard said,
On Orange conserve was chiefly fed,
And never, till now, a movement made
That wasn't most manfully retrograde !
Only think—to sweep from the light of day
Mayors, maces, criers, and wigs away ;

* These verses were written in reference to the Bill brought in at this time, for the reform of Corporations, and the sweeping amendments proposed by Lord Lyndhurst and other Tory Peers, in order to obstruct the measure.

To annihilate — never to rise again —
A whole generation of aldermen,
Nor leave them ev'n the' accustom'd tolls,
To keep together their bodies and souls! —
At a time, too, when snug posts and places
Are falling away from us, one by one,
Crash — crash — like the mummy-cases
Belzoni, in Egypt, sat upon,
Wherein lay pickled, in state sublime,
Conservatives of the ancient time; —
To choose such a moment to overset
The few snug nuisances left us yet;
To add to the ruin that round us reigns,
By knocking out mayors' and town-clerks' brains;
By dooming all corporate bodies to fall,
Till they leave, at last, no bodies at all —
Nought but the ghosts of by-gone glory,
Wrecks of a world that once was Tory! —
Where pensive criers, like owls unblest,
Robb'd of their roosts, shall still hoot o'er them;
Nor *may'rs* shall know where to seek a *nest*,
Till Gally Knight shall *find* one for them; —
Till mayors and kings, with none to rue 'em,
Shall perish all in one common plague;

And the *sovereigns* of Belfast and Tuam
Must join their brother, Charles Dix, at Prague.

Thus mus'd I, in my chair, alone,
(As above describ'd) till dozy grown,
And nodding assent to my own opinions,
I found myself borne to sleep's dominions,
Where, lo, before my dreaming eyes,
A new House of Commons appear'd to rise,
Whose living contents, to fancy's survey,
Seem'd to me all turn'd topsy-turvy—
A jumble of polypi—nobody knew
Which was the head or which the queue.
Here, Inglis, turn'd to a sans-culotte,
Was dancing the hays with Hume and Grote;
There, ripe for riot, Recorder Shaw
Was learning from Roebuck "*Ça-ira*;"
While Stanley and Graham, as *poissarde* wenches,
Scream'd "*à-bas*!" from the Tory benches;
And Peel and O'Connell, cheek by jowl,
Were dancing an Irish carmagnole.

The Lord preserve us!—if dreams come true,
What is this hapless realm to do?

ANTICIPATED MEETING OF THE BRITISH
ASSOCIATION IN THE YEAR 2836.

1836.

AFTER some observations from Dr. M'Grig
On that fossile reliquium call'd Petrified Wig,
Or *Perruquolithus*—a specimen rare
Of those wigs, made for antediluvian wear,
Which, it seems, stood the Flood without turning a
hair—

Mr. Tomkins rose up, and requested attention
To facts no less wondrous which *he* had to mention.

Some large fossil creatures had lately been found,
Of a species no longer now seen above ground,
But the same (as to Tomkins most clearly appears)
With those animals, lost now for hundreds of years,
Which our ancestors us'd to call "Bishops" and
"Peers,"

But which Tomkins more erudite names has be-
stow'd on,
Having call'd the Peer fossil the' *Aristocratodon**,

* A term formed on the model of the Mastodon, &c.

And, finding much food under t'other one's thorax,
Has christen'd that creature the' Episcopus Vorax.

Lest the *savantes* and dandies should think this all
fable,

Mr. Tomkins most kindly produc'd, on the table,
A sample of each of these species of creatures,
Both tol'rably human, in structure and features,
Except that the' Episcopus seems, Lord deliver us!
To've been carnivorous as well as granivorous;
And Tomkins, on searching its stomach, found there
Large lumps, such as no modern stomach could bear,
Of a substance call'd Tithe, upon which, as 'tis said,
The whole Genus Clericum formerly fed;
And which having lately himself decomposed,
Just to see what 'twas made of, he actually found it
Compos'd of all possible cookable things
That e'er tripp'd upon trotters or soar'd upon wings—
All products of earth, both gramineous, herbaceous,
Hordeaceous, fabaceous, and eke farinaceous,
All clubbing their quotas, to glut the œsophagus
Of this ever greedy and grasping Tithophagus.*

* The zoological term for a tithe-eater.

“Admire,” exclaim’d Tomkins, “the kind dispensation

“By Providence shed on this much-favour’d nation,

“In sweeping so ravenous a race from the earth,

“That might else have occasion’d a general dearth—

“And thus burying ’em, deep as ev’n Joe Hume
would sink ’em,

“With the Ichthyosaurus and Palæorynchum,

“And other queer *ci-devant* things, under ground—

“Not forgetting that fossilised youth*, so renown’d,

“Who liv’d just to witness the Deluge—was gratified

“Much by the sight, and has since been found
stratified!”

This picturesque touch—quite in Tomkins’s way—

Call’d forth from the *savantes* a general hurrah;

While inquiries among them went rapidly round,

As to where this young stratified man could be
found.

* The man found by Scheuchzer, and supposed by him to have witnessed the Deluge (“*homo diluvii testis*”), but who turned out, I am sorry to say, to be merely a great lizard.

The "learn'd Theban's" discourse next as lively
flow'd on,

To sketch t'other wonder, the' Aristocratodon—
An animal, differing from most human creatures
Not so much in speech, inward structure, or
features,

As in having a certain excrescence, T. said,
Which in form of a coronet grew from its head,
And devolv'd to its heirs, when the creature was
dead;

Nor matter'd it, while this heir-loom was trans-
mitted,

How unfit were the *heads*, so the *coronet* fitted.

He then mention'd a strange zoological fact,
Whose announcement appear'd much applause to
attract.

In France, said the learned professor, this race
Had so noxious become, in some centuries' space,
From their numbers and strength, that the land was
o'errun with 'em,

Every one's question being, "What's to be done
with 'em?"

When, lo ! certain knowing ones—*savans*, mayhap,
Who, like Buckland's deep followers, understood
*trap**,

Slily hinted that nought upon earth was so good
For *Aristocratodons*, when rampant and rude,
As to stop, or curtail, their allowance of food.
This expedient was tried, and a proof it affords
Of the' effect that short commons will have upon
lords ;

For this whole race of bipeds, one fine summer's morn,
Shed their coronets, just as a deer sheds his horn,
And the moment these gewgaws fell off, they became
Quite a new sort of creature—so harmless and tame,
That zoologists might, for the first time, maintain 'em
To be near akin to the *genus humanum*,
And the' experiment, tried so successfully then,
Should be kept in remembrance, when wanted again.

* * * * *

* Particularly the formation called *Transition Trap*.

SONGS OF THE CHURCH.

No 1.

LEAVE ME ALONE.

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

"We are ever standing on the defensive. All that we say to them is, '*leave us alone.*' The Established Church is part and parcel of the constitution of this country. You are bound to conform to this constitution. We ask of you nothing more;—*let us alone.*"—Letter in *The Times*, Nov. 1838.

1838.

COME, list to my pastoral tones,
In clover my shepherds I keep;
My stalls are well furnish'd with drones,
Whose preaching invites one to sleep.
At my *spirit* let infidels scoff,
So they leave but the *substance* my own;
For, in sooth, I'm extremely well off,
If the world will but let me alone.

Dissenters are grumblers, we know;—
Though excellent men, in their way,

They never like things to be *so*,

Let things be however they may.

But dissenting's a trick I detest ;

And, besides, 'tis an axiom well known,

The creed that's best paid is the best,

If the *unpaid* would let it alone.

To me, I own, very surprising

Your Newmans and Puseys all seem,

Who start first with rationalizing,

Then jump to the other extreme.

Far better, 'twixt nonsense and sense,

A nice *half*-way concern, like our own,

Where piety's mix'd up with pence,

And the latter are *ne'er* left alone.

Of all our tormentors, the Press is

The one that most tears us to bits ;

And now, Mrs. Woolfrey's "excesses,"

Have thrown all its imps into fits.

The dev'ls have been at us, for weeks,

And there's no saying when they'll have done ;—

Oh dear, how I wish Mr. Breeks

Had left Mrs. Woolfrey alone !

If any need pray for the dead,
'Tis those to whom post-obits fall;
Since wisely hath Solomon said,
'Tis "money that answereth all."
But ours be the patrons who *live* ;—
For, once in their glebe they are thrown,
The dead have no living to give,
And therefore we leave them alone.

Though in morals we may not excel,
Such perfection is rare to be had ;
A good life is, of course, very well,
But good living is also—not bad.
And when, to feed earth-worms, I go,
Let this epitaph stare from my stone,
" Here lies the Right Rev. so and so ;
" Pass, stranger, and—leave him alone."

EPISTLE FROM HENRY OF EX—T—R TO
JOHN OF TUAM.

DEAR John, as I know, like our brother of London,
You've sipp'd of all knowledge, both sacred and
mundane,

No doubt, in some ancient Joe Miller, you've read
What Cato, that cunning old Roman, once said —
That he ne'er saw two rev'rend soothsayers meet,
Let it be where it might, in the shrine or the street,
Without wondering the rogues, 'mid their solemn
grimaces,

Didn't burst out a laughing in each other's faces.*
What Cato then meant, though 'tis so long ago,
Even we in the present times pretty well know ;
Having soothsayers also, who — sooth to say, John —
Are no better in some points than those of days gone,
And a pair of whom, meeting (between you and me),
Might laugh in their sleeves, too — all lawn though
they be.

* Mirari se, si augur augurem aspiciens sibi temperaret a risu.

But this, by the way — my intention being chiefly
 In this, my first letter, to hint to you briefly,
 That, seeing how fond you of *Tuum** must be,
 While *Meum*'s at all times the main point with me,
 We scarce could do better than form an alliance,
 To set these sad Anti-Church times at defiance:
 You, John, recollect, being still to embark,
 With no share in the firm but your title† and *mark*;
 Or ev'n should you feel in your grandeur inclin'd
 To call yourself Pope, why, I shouldn't much mind;
 While *my* church as usual holds fast by your *Tuum*,
 And every one else's, to make it all *Suum*.

Thus allied, I've no doubt we shall nicely agree,
 As no twins can be liker, in most points, than we;
 Both, specimens choice of that mix'd sort of beast,
 (See Rev. xiii. 1.) a political priest;

* So spelled in those ancient versicles which John, we understand, frequently chants: —

“ Had every one *Suum*,
 You wouldn't have *Tuum*,
 But I should have *Meum*,
 And sing *Te Deum*.”

† For his keeping the title he may quote classical authority, as Horace expressly says, “*Poteris servare Tuam*.” — *De Art. Poet.* v. 329. — *Chronicle*.

Both mettlesome *chargers*, both brisk pamphleteers,
Ripe and ready for all that sets men by the ears;
And I, at least one, who would scorn to stick longer
By any giv'n cause than I found it the stronger,
And who, smooth in my turnings, as if on a swivel,
When the tone ecclesiastic wo'n't do, try the *civil*.

In short (not to bore you, ev'n *jure divino*)
We've the same cause in common, John — all but
the rhino;

And that vulgar surplus, whate'er it may be,
As you're not us'd to cash, John, you'd best leave
to me.

And so, without form — as the postman wo'n't
tarry —

I'm, dear Jack of Tuam,

Yours,

EXETER HARRY.

SONG OF OLD PUCK.

“ And those things do best please me,
That befall preposterously.”

PUCK Junior, *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

WHO wants old Puck? for here am I,
A mongrel imp, 'twixt earth and sky,
Ready alike to crawl or fly;
Now in the mud, now in the air,
And, so 'tis for mischief, reckless where.

As to my knowledge, there's no end to't,
For, where I haven't it, I pretend to't;
And, 'stead of taking a learn'd degree
At some dull university,
Puck found it handier to commence
With a certain share of impudence,
Which passes one off as learn'd and clever,
Beyond all other degrees whatever;
And enables a man of lively sconce
To be Master of *all* the Arts at once.
No matter what the science may be—
Ethics, Physics, Theology,
Mathematics, Hydrostatics,
Aerostatics or Pneumatics—

Whatever it be, I take my luck,
 'Tis all the same to ancient Puck;
 Whose head's so full of all sorts of wares,
 That a brother imp, old Smugden, swears
 If I had but of *law* a little smatt'ring,
 I'd then be *perfect** — which is flatt'ring.

My skill as a linguist all must know
 Who met me abroad some months ago;
 (And heard me *abroad* exceedingly, too,
 In the moods and tenses of *parlez vous*)
 When, as old Chambaud's shade stood mute,
 I spoke such French to the Institute
 As puzzled those learned Thebans much,
 To know if 'twas Sanscrit or High Dutch,
 And *might* have pass'd with the' unobserving
 As one of the unknown tongues of Irving.
 As to my talent for ubiquity,
 There's nothing like it in all antiquity.
 Like Mungo (my peculiar care)
 "I'm here, I'm dere, I'm ebery where."†

* Verbatim, as said. This tribute is only equalled by that of Talleyrand to his medical friend, Dr. —: "Il se connoît en tout; et même un peu en médecine."

† Song in "The Padlock."

If any one's wanted to take the chair,
 Upon any subject, any where,
 Just look around, and—Puck is there!
 When slaughter's at hand, your bird of prey
 Is never known to be out of the way;
 And wherever mischief's to be got,
 There's Puck *instanter*, on the spot.

Only find me in negus and applause,
 And I'm your man for *any* cause.
 If *wrong* the cause, the more my delight;
 But I don't object to it, ev'n when *right*,
 If I only can vex some old friend by't;
 There's D—rh—m, for instance;—to worry *him*
 Fills up my cup of bliss to the brim!

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.)

Those who are anxious to run a muck
 Can't do better than join with Puck.
 They'll find him *bon diable*—spite of his phiz—
 And, in fact, his great ambition is,
 While playing old Puck in first-rate style,
 To be *thought* Robin Good-fellow all the while.

POLICE REPORTS.

CASE OF IMPOSTURE.

AMONG other stray flashmen, dispos'd of, this week,
Was a youngster, nam'd St—nl—y, genteelly connected,
Who has lately been passing off coins, as antique,
Which have prov'd to be *sham* ones, though long unsuspected.

The ancients, our readers need hardly be told,
Had a coin they call'd "Talents," for wholesale demands* ;
And 'twas some of said coinage this youth was so bold
As to fancy he'd got, God knows how, in his hands.

* For an account of the coin called Talents by the ancients, see Budæus de Asse, and the other writers de Re Nummariâ.

People took him, however, like fools, at his word ;
And these talents (all priz'd at his own valuation,)
Were bid for, with eagerness ev'n more absurd
Than has often distinguish'd this great thinking
nation.

Talk of wonders one now and then sees advertiz'd,
“ Black swans ” — “ Queen Anne farthings ” — or
ev'n “ a child's caul ” —
Much and justly as all these rare objects are priz'd,
“ St—nl—y's talents ” outdid them — swans, far-
things, and all !

At length, some mistrust of this coin got abroad ;
Even quondam believers began much to doubt
of it ;
Some rung it, some rubb'd it, suspecting a fraud —
And the hard rubs it got rather took the shine
out of it.

Others, wishing to break the poor prodigy's fall,
Said 'twas known well to all who had studied the
matter,

That the Greeks had not only *great* talents but
*small**,

And those found on the youngster were clearly
the latter.

While others, who view'd the grave farce with a grin —
Seeing counterfeits pass thus for coinage so massy,
By way of a hint to the dolts taken in,
Appropriately quoted Budæus de *Asse*.

In short, the whole sham by degrees was found out,
And this coin, which they chose by such fine
names to call,

Prov'd a mere lacker'd article — showy, no doubt,
But, ye gods, not the true Attic Talent at all.

As th' impostor was still young enough to repent,
And, besides, had some claims to a grandee con-
nexion,

Their Worships — considerate for once — only sent
The young Thimblerig off to the House of Cor-
rection.

* The *Talentum Magnum* and the *Talentum Atticum* appear to have been the same coin.

REFLECTIONS.

ADDRESSED TO THE AUTHOR OF THE ARTICLE OF
THE CHURCH IN THE LAST NUMBER OF THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

I'm quite of your mind ;—though these Pats cry
aloud

That they've got “too much Church,” 'tis all
nonsense and stuff ;

For Church is like Love, of which Figaro vow'd
That even *too much* of it's not quite enough.*

Ay, dose them with parsons, 'twill cure all their
ills ;—

Copy Morison's mode when from pill-box un-
daunted he

Pours through the patient his black-coated pills,
Nor cares what their quality, so there's but quan-
tity.

* En fait d'amour, trop même n'est pas assez. — *Barbier de Seville.*

I verily think, 'twould be worth England's while
To consider, for Paddy's own benefit, whether
'Twould not be as well to give up the green isle
To the care, wear and tear of the Church altogether.

The Irish are well us'd to treatment so pleasant;
The harlot Church gave them to Henry Plantagenet*,
And now, if King William would make them a present

To 'tother chaste lady — ye Saints, just imagine it!

Chief Secs., Lord-Lieutenants, Commanders-in-chief,
Might then all be cull'd from the' episcopal
benches;

While colonels in black would afford some relief
From the hue that reminds one of the' old scarlet
wench's.

Think how fierce at a *charge* (being practis'd therein)
The Right Reverend Brigadier Ph—ll—tts would
slash on!

* Grant of Ireland to Henry II. by Pope Adrian.

How General Bl—mf—d, through thick and through
thin,
To the end of the chapter (or chapters) would
dash on !

For, in one point alone do the amply fed race
Of bishops to beggars similitude bear—
That, set them on horseback, in full steeple chase,
And they'll ride, if not pull'd up in time—you
know where.

But, bless you, in Ireland, that matters not much,
Where affairs have for centuries gone the same
way ;
And a good stanch Conservative's system is such
That he'd back even Beelzebub's long-founded
sway.

I am therefore, dear Quarterly, quite of your
mind ;—

Church, Church, in all shapes, into Erin let's pour ;
And the more she rejecteth our med'cine so kind,
The more let's repeat it—“ Black dose, as before.”

Let Coercion, that peace-maker, go hand in hand
With demure-ey'd Conversion, fit sister and brother ;

And, covering with prisons and churches the land,
All that wo'n't *go* to *one*, we'll put *into* the other.

For the sole, leading maxim of us who're inclin'd
To rule over Ireland, not well, but religiously,
Is to treat her like ladies, who've just been confin'd
(Or who *ought* to be so) and to *church* her prodigiously.

NEW GRAND EXHIBITION OF MODELS
OF THE
TWO HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

COME, step in, gentlefolks, here ye may view
An exact and nat'ral representation
(Like Siburn's Model of Waterloo*)
Of the Lords and Commons of this here nation.

There they are—all cut out in cork—
The "Collective Wisdom" wondrous to see;
My eyes! when all them heads are at work,
What a vastly weighty consarn it must be.

As for the "wisdom,"—*that* may come anon;
Though, to say truth, we sometimes see
(And I find the phenomenon no uncommon 'un)
A man who's M.P. with a head that's M.T.

* One of the most interesting and curious of all the exhibitions of the day.

Our Lords are *rather* too small, 'tis true ;
 But they do well enough for Cabinet shelves ;
 And, besides, — *what's* a man with creeturs to do
 That make such *werry* small figures themselves?

There — don't touch those lords, my pretty dears —
 (*Aside.*)

Curse the children ! — this comes of reforming a
 nation :

Those meddling young brats have so damag'd my
 peers,

I must lay in more cork for a new creation.

Them yonder's our bishops — “to whom much is
 giv'n,”

And who're ready to take as much more as you
 please :

The seers of old times saw visions of heaven,
 But these holy seers see nothing but Sees.

Like old Atlas* (the chap, in Cheapside, there below,)
 'Tis for so much *per cent.* they take heav'n on
 their shoulders ;

* The sign of the Insurance Office in Cheapside.

And joy 'tis to know that old High Church and Co.,
Though not capital priests, are such capital-
holders.

There's one on 'em, Ph—llp—ts, who now is away,
As we're having him fill'd with bumbustible stuff,
Small crackers and squibs, for a great gala-day,
When we annually fire his Right Reverence off.

'Twould do your heart good, ma'am, then to be by,
When, bursting with gunpowder, 'stead of with
bile,

Crack, crack, goes the bishop, while dowagers cry,
“How like the dear man, both in matter and
style!”

Should you want a few Peers and M.P.s, to bestow,
As presents to friends, we can recommend
these* :—

Our nobles are come down to nine-pence, you know,
And we charge but a penny a piece for M.P.s.

* Producing a bag full of lords and gentlemen.

Those of *bottle*-corks made take most with the trade,
(At least, 'mong such as my *Irish* writ summons,)
Of old *whiskey* corks our O'Connells are made,
But those we make Shaws and Lefroys of, are
rum 'uns.

So, step in, gentlefolks, &c. &c.

Da Capo.

ANNOUNCEMENT
OF
A NEW GRAND ACCELERATION COMPANY
FOR THE PROMOTION OF
THE SPEED OF LITERATURE.

LOUD complaints being made, in these quick-read-
ing times,
Of too slack a supply, both of prose works and
rhymes,
A new Company, form'd on the keep-moving plan,
First propos'd by the great firm of Catch-'em-who-
can,
Beg to say they've now ready, in full wind and speed,
Some fast-going authors, of quite a new breed—
Such as not he who *runs* but who *gallops* may
read—
And who, if well curried and fed, they've no doubt,
Will beat even Bentley's swift stud out and out.

It is true, in these days, such a drug is renown,
 We've "Immortals" as rife as M.P.s about town;
 And not a Blue's rout but can off-hand supply
 Some invalid bard who's insur'd "not to die."
 Still, let England but once try *our* authors, she'll
 find

How fast they'll leave ev'n these Immortals behind;
 And how truly the toils of Alcides were light,
 Compar'd with *his* toil who can read all they write.

In fact, there's no saying, so gainful the trade,
 How fast immortalities now may be made;
 Since Helicon never will want an "Undying One,"
 As long as the public continues a Buying One;
 And the company hope yet to witness the hour,
 When, by strongly applying the mare-motive* power,
 A three-decker novel, 'midst oceans of praise,
 May be written, launch'd, read, and—forgot, in
 three days!

In addition to all this stupendous celerity,
 Which—to the no small relief of posterity—

* "'Tis money makes the mare to go."

Pays off at sight the whole debit of fame,
Nor troubles futurity ev'n with a name
(A project that wo'n't as much tickle Tom Tegg as
us,

Since 'twill rob *him* of his second-priced Pegasus);
We, the Company — still more to show how immense
Is the power o'er the mind of pounds, shillings, and
pence;

And that not even Phœbus himself, in our day,
Could get up a *lay* without first an *outlay* —
Beg to add, as our literature soon may compare,
In its quick make and vent, with our Birmingham
ware,

And it doesn't at all matter in either of these lines,
How *sham* is the article, so it but *shines*, —
We keep authors ready, all perch'd, pen in hand,
To write off, in any giv'n style, at command.
No matter what bard, be he living or dead*,
Ask a work from his pen, and 'tis done soon as said :
There being, on th' establishment, six Walter Scotts,
One capital Wordsworth, and Southey's in lots ;—

* We have lodgings apart, for our posthumous people,
As we find that, if left with the live ones, they *keep* ill.

Three choice Mrs. Nortons, all singing like syrens,
While most of our pallid young clerks are Lord
Byrons.

Then we've ***s and ***s (for whom there's small
call),
And ***s and ***s (for whom no call at all).

In short, whosoe'er the last "Lion" may be,
We've a Bottom who'll copy his roar* to a T,
And so well, that not one of the buyers who've got
'em
Can tell which is lion, and which only Bottom.

N.B.—The company, since they set up in this line,
Have mov'd their concern, and are now at the sign
Of the Muse's Velocipede, *Fleet* Street, where all
Who wish well to the scheme are invited to call.

* "Bottom: Let me play the lion; I will roar you as
'twere any nightingale."

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LATE DINNER
TO DAN.

FROM tongue to tongue the rumour flew ;
All ask'd, aghast, " Is't true ? is't true ? "

But none knew whether 'twas fact or fable :
And still the unholy rumour ran,
From Tory woman to Tory man,

Though none to come at the truth was able —
Till, lo, at last, the fact came out,
The horrible fact, beyond all doubt,

That Dan had din'd at the Viceroy's table ;
Had flesh'd his Popish knife and fork
In the heart of th' Establish'd mutton and pork !

Who can forget the deep sensation
That news produc'd in this orthodox nation ?
Deans, rectors, curates, all agreed,
If Dan was allow'd at the Castle to feed,
'Twas clearly *all up* with the Protestant creed !

There hadn't, indeed, such an apparition
 Been heard of, in Dublin, since that day
When, during the first grand exhibition
 Of Don Giovanni, that naughty play,
There appear'd, as if rais'd by necromancers,
An *extra* devil among the dancers !
Yes—ev'ry one saw, with fearful thrill,
That a devil too much had join'd the quadrille * ;
And sulphur was smelt, and the lamps let fall
A grim, green light o'er the ghastly ball,
And the poor *sham* dev'ls didn't like it at all ;
For, they knew from whence th' intruder had come,
Though he left, *that* night, his tail at home.

This fact, we see, is a parallel case
To the dinner that, some weeks since, took place.
With the difference slight of fiend and man,
 It shows what a nest of Popish sinners
That city must be, where the devil and Dan
 May thus drop in, at quadrilles and dinners !

But, mark the end of these foul proceedings,
These demon hops and Popish feedings.

* History of the Irish Stage.

Some comfort 'twill be—to those, at least,
Who've studied this awful dinner question—
To know that Dan, on the night of that feast,
Was seiz'd with a dreadful indigestion ;
That envoys were sent, post-haste, to his priest,
To come and absolve the suffering sinner,
For eating so much at a heretic dinner ;
And some good people were even afraid
That Peel's old confectioner—still at the trade—
Had poison'd the Papist with *orangeade*.

NEW HOSPITAL FOR SICK LITERATI.

WITH all humility we beg
To inform the public, that Tom Tegg —
Known for his spunky speculations,
In buying up dead reputations,
And, by a mode of galvanizing
Which, all must own, is quite surprising,
Making dead authors move again,
As though they still were living men ; —
All this, too, manag'd, in a trice,
By those two magic words, "Half Price,"
Which brings the charm so quick about,
That worn-out poets, left without
A second *foot* whereon to stand,
Are made to go at second *hand* ; —
'Twill please the public, we repeat,
To learn that Tegg, who works this feat,
And, therefore, knows what care it needs
To keep alive Fame's invalids,
Has oped an Hospital, in town,
For cases of knock'd-up renown —

Falls, fractures, dangerous Epic *fits*
(By some call'd *Cantos*), stabs from wits;
And, of all wounds for which they're nurst,
Dead cuts from publishers, the worst;—
All these, and other such fatalities,
That happen to frail immortalities,
By Tegg are so expertly treated,
That oft-times, when the cure's completed,
The patient's made robust enough
To stand a few more rounds of *puff*,
Till, like the ghosts of Dante's lay,
He's puff'd into thin air away!

As titled poets (being phenomenons)
Don't like to mix with low and common 'uns,
Tegg's Hospital has separate wards,
Express for literary lords,
Where *prose-peers*, of immoderate length,
Are nurs'd, when they've out grown their strength,
And poets, whom their friends despair of,
Are—put to bed and taken care of.

Tegg begs to contradict a story,
Now current both with Whig and Tory,

That Doctor W—rb—t—n, M.P.,
Well known for his antipathy,
His deadly hate, good man, to all
The race of poets, great and small—
So much, that he's been heard to own,
He would most willingly cut down
The holiest groves on Pindus' mount,
To turn the timber to account! —
The story actually goes, that he
Prescribes at Tegg's Infirmary;
And oft, not only stints, for spite,
The patients in their copy-right,
But that, on being call'd in lately
To two sick poets, suffering greatly,
This vaticidal Doctor sent them
So strong a dose of Jeremy Bentham,
That one of the poor bards but cried,
“ Oh, Jerry, Jerry ! ” and then died ;
While t'other, though less stuff was given,
Is on his road, 'tis fear'd, to heaven !

Of this event, howe'er unpleasant,
Tegg means to say no more at present, —

Intending shortly to prepare
A statement of the whole affair,
With full accounts, at the same time,
Of some late cases (prose and rhyme),
Subscrib'd with every author's name,
That's now on the Sick List of Fame.

RELIGION AND TRADE.

“ Sir Robert Peel believed it was necessary to originate all respecting religion and trade in a Committee of the House.” — *Church Extension*, May 22. 1830.

SAY, who was the wag, indecorously witty,
Who first, in a statute, this libel convey'd ;
And thus sily referr'd to the self-same committee,
As matters congenial, Religion and Trade ?
Oh surely, my Ph—llp—ts, 'twas thou did'st the
deed ;
For none but thyself, or some pluralist brother,
Accustom'd to mix up the craft with the creed,
Could bring such a pair thus to twin with each
other.
And yet, when one thinks of times present and gone,
One is forc'd to confess, on maturer reflection,
That 't isn't in the eyes of committees alone
That the shrine and the shop seem to have some
connection.

Not to mention those monarchs of Asia's fair land,
Whose civil list all is in "god-money" paid ;
And where the whole people, by royal command,
Buy their gods at the government mart, ready
made* ;—

There was also (as mention'd, in rhyme and in prose,
is)

Gold heap'd, throughout Egypt, on every shrine,
To make rings for right reverend crocodiles'
noses—

Just such as, my Ph—llp—ts, would look well in
thine.

But one needn't fly off, in this erudite mood ;
And 'tis clear, without going to regions so sunny,
That priests love to do the *least* possible good,
For the largest *most* possible quantum of money.

"Of him," saith the text, "unto whom much is given,
"Of him much, in turn, will be also required :"—

* The Birmans may not buy the sacred marble in mass but must purchase figures of the deity already made. — SYMES.

“By *me*,” quoth the sleek and obese man of
heaven —

“Give as much as you will—more will still be
desir’d.”

More money ! more churches ! — oh Nimrod, had’st
thou

’Stead of *Tower*-extension, some shorter way
gone —

Had’st thou known by what methods we mount to
heav’n *now*,

And tried *Church*-extension, the feat had been
done !

MUSINGS,

SUGGESTED BY THE LATE PROMOTION OF MRS.
NETHERCOAT.

“The widow Nethercoat is appointed gaoler of Loughrea, in the room of her deceased husband.” — *Limerick Chronicle*.

WHETHER as queens or subjects, in these days,
Women seem form'd to grace alike each station;—
As Captain Flaherty gallantly says,
“You, ladies, are the lords of the creation!”

Thus o'er my mind did prescient visions float
Of all that matchless woman yet may be;
When, hark, in rumours less and less remote,
Came the glad news o'er Erin's ambient sea,
The important news — that Mrs. Nethercoat
Had been appointed gaoler of Loughrea;
Yes, mark it, History — Nethercoat is dead,
And Mrs. N. now rules his realm instead;

Hers the high task to wield the' uplocking keys,
To rivet rogues and reign o'er Rapparees !

Thus, while your blust'ers of the Tory school
Find Ireland's sanest sons so hard to rule,
One meek-ey'd matron, in Whig doctrines nurst,
Is all that's ask'd to curb the maddest, worst !

Show me the man that dares, with blushless brow,
Prate about Erin's rage and riot now ; —
Now, when her temperance forms her sole excess ;
When long-lov'd whiskey, fading from her
sight,

“ Small by degrees, and beautifully less,”
Will soon, like other *spirits*, vanish quite ;
When of red coats the number's grown so small,
That soon, to cheer the warlike parson's eyes,
No glimpse of scarlet will be seen at all,
Save that which she of Babylon supplies ; —
Or, at the most, a corporal's guard will be,
Of Ireland's *red* defence the sole remains ;
While of its gaols bright woman keeps the key,
And captive Paddies languish in her chains !

Long may such lot be Erin's, long be mine !
Oh yes — if ev'n this world, though bright it shine,
In Wisdom's eyes a prison-house must be,
At least let woman's hand our fetters twine,
And blithe I'll sing, more joyous than if free,
The Nethercoats, the Nethercoats for me !

INTENDED TRIBUTE

TO THE

AUTHOR OF AN ARTICLE IN THE LAST NUMBER
OF THE QUARTERLY REVIEW,

ENTITLED

“ROMANISM IN IRELAND.”

It glads us much to be able to say,
That a meeting is fix'd, for some early day,
Of all such dowagers — *he* or *she* —
(No matter the sex, so they dowagers be,) —
Whose opinions, concerning Church and State,
From about the time of the Curfew date —
Staunch sticklers still for days by-gone,
And admiring *them* for their rust alone —
To whom if we would a leader give,
Worthy their tastes conservative,
We need but some mummy-statesman raise,
Who was pickled and potted in Ptolemy's days;

For *that's* the man, if waked from his shelf
To conserve and swaddle this world, like himself.

Such, we're happy to state, are the old *he*-dames
Who've met in committee, and given their names
(In good hieroglyphics), with kind intent
To pay some handsome compliment
To their sister-author, the nameless he,
Who wrote, in the last new *Quarterly*,
That charming assault upon Popery ;
An article justly prized by them,
As a perfect antediluvian gem —
The work, as Sir Sampson Legend would say,
Of some "fellow the Flood couldn't wash away." *

The fund being rais'd, there remain'd but to see
What the dowager-author's gift was to be.
And here, I must say, the Sisters Blue
Show'd delicate taste and judgment too.
For, finding the poor man suffering greatly
From the awful stuff he has thrown up lately —
So much so, indeed, to the alarm of all,
As to bring on a fit of what doctors call

* See Congreve's *Love for Love*.

The Antipapistico-monomania
(I'm sorry with such a long word to detain ye),
They've acted the part of a kind physician,
By suiting their gift to the patient's condition ;
And, as soon as 'tis ready for presentation,
We shall publish the facts, for the gratification
Of this highly-favour'd and Protestant nation.

Meanwhile, to the great alarm of his neighbours,
He still continues his *Quarterly* labours ;
And often has strong No-Popery fits,
Which frighten his old nurse out of her wits.
Sometimes he screams, like Scrub in the play*,
"Thieves ! Jesuits ! Popery !" night and day ;
Takes the Printer's Devil for Doctor Dens†,
And shies at him heaps of High-church pens‡ ;
Which the Devil (himself a touchy Dissenter)
Feels all in his hide, like arrows, enter.

* Beaux Stratagem.

† The writer of the article has groped about, with much success, in what he calls "the dark recesses of Dr. Dens's disquisitions." — *Quarterly Review*.

‡ "Pray, may we ask, has there been any rebellious movement of Popery in Ireland, since the planting of the Ulster colonies, in which something of the kind was not visible among the Presbyterians of the North ?" — *Ibid*.

'Stead of swallowing wholesome stuff from the
druggist's,

He *will* keep raving of "Irish Thuggists * ;"

Tells us they all go murd'ring, for fun,

From rise of morn till set of sun,

Pop, pop, as fast as a minute-gun ! †

If ask'd, how comes it the gown and cassock are

Safe and fat, 'mid this general massacre —

How haps it that Pat's own population

But swarms the more for this trucidation —

He refers you, for all such memoranda,

To the "*archives of the Propaganda !*" ‡

This is all we've got, for the present, to say —

But shall take up the subject some future day.

* " Lord Lorton, for instance, who, for clearing his estate of a village of Irish Thuggists," &c. &c. — *Quarterly Review*.

† " Observe how murder after murder is committed like minute-guns." — *Ibid*.

‡ " Might not the archives of the Propaganda possibly supply the key ?"

GRAND DINNER OF TYPE AND CO.

A POOR POET'S DREAM.*

As I sate in my study, lone and still,
Thinking of Sergeant Talfourd's Bill,
And the speech by Lawyer Sugden made,
In spirit congenial, for "the Trade,"
Sudden I sunk to sleep, and, lo,

Upon Fancy's reinless night-mare flitting,
I found myself, in a second or so,
At the table of Messrs. Type and Co.

With a goodly group of diners sitting;—
All in the printing and publishing line,
Drest, I thought, extremely fine,
And sipping, like lords, their rosy wine;
While I, in a state near inanition,

With coat that hadn't much nap to spare
(Having just gone into its second edition),
Was the only wretch of an author there.

* Written during the late agitation of the question of Copyright.

But think, how great was my surprise,
When I saw, in casting round my eyes,
That the dishes, sent up by Type's she-cooks,
Bore all, in appearance, the shape of books;
Large folios—God knows where they got 'em,
In these *small* times—at top and bottom;
And quartos (such as the Press provides
For no one to read them) down the sides.
Then flash'd a horrible thought on my brain,
And I said to myself, "'Tis all too plain,
" Like those, well known in school quotations,
" Who ate up for dinner their own relations,
" I see now, before me, smoking here,
" The bodies and bones of my brethren dear;—
" Bright sons of the lyric and epic Muse,
" All cut up in cutlets, or hash'd in stews;
" Their *works*, a light through ages to go,—
" *Themselves*, eaten up by Type and Co.!"

While thus I moralized, on they went,
Finding the fare most excellent;
And all so kindly, brother to brother,
Helping the tidbits to each other:

“ A slice of Southey let me send you ” —

“ This cut of Campbell I recommend you ” —

“ And here, my friends, is a treat indeed,

“ The immortal Wordsworth fricassee'd ! ”

Thus having, the cormorants, fed some time,

Upon joints of poetry — all of the prime —

With also (as Type in a whisper averr'd it)

“ Cold prose on the sideboard, for such as preferr'd it ” —

They rested awhile, to recruit their force,

Then pounc'd, like kites, on the second course,

Which was singing-birds merely — Moore and others —

Who all went the way of their larger brothers ;

And, num'rous now though such songsters be,

'Twas really quite distressing to see

A whole dishful of Toms — Moore, Dibdin, Bayly, —

Bolted by Type and Co. so gaily !

Nor was this the worst — I shudder to think

What a scene was disclos'd when they came to drink.

The warriors of Odin, as every one knows,

Used to drink out of skulls of slaughter'd foes :

And Type's old port, to my horror I found,
Was in skulls of bards sent merrily round.
And still as each well-fill'd cranium came,
A health was pledg'd to its owner's name;
While Type said slily, midst general laughter,
"We eat them up first, then drink to them after."

There was *no* standing this—incensed I broke
From my bonds of sleep, and indignant woke,
Exclaiming, "Oh shades of other times,
"Whose voices still sound, like deathless chimes,
"Could you e'er have foretold a day would be,
"When a dreamer of dreams should live to see
"A party of sleek and honest John Bulls
"Hobnobbing each other in poets' skulls!"

CHURCH EXTENSION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

Sir — A well-known classical traveller, while employed in exploring, some time since, the supposed site of the Temple of Diana of Ephesus, was so fortunate, in the course of his researches, as to light upon a very ancient bark manuscript, which has turned out, on examination, to be part of an old Ephesian newspaper ; — a newspaper published, as you will see, so far back as the time when Demetrius, the great Shrine-Extender*, flourished.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

EPHESIAN GAZETTE.

Second edition.

IMPORTANT event for the rich and religious !

Great Meeting of Silversmiths held in Queen
Square ; —

Church Extension, their object, — the' excitement
prodigious ; —

Demetrius, head man of the craft, takes the chair !

* “ For a certain man named Demetrius, a silversmith, which made shrines for Diana, brought no small gain unto the craftsmen ; whom he called together with the workmen of like occupation, and said, Sirs, ye know that by this craft we have our wealth.” — *Acts*, xix.

Third edition.

The Chairman still up, when our dev'l came away;
Having prefac'd his speech with the usual state
prayer,

That the Three-headed Dian* would kindly, this day,
Take the Silversmiths' Company under her care.

Being ask'd by some low, unestablish'd divines,

“When your churches are up, where are flocks
to be got?”

He manfully answer'd, “Let *us* build the shrines†,

“And we care not if flocks are found for them
or not.”

He then added — to show that the Silversmiths'
Guild

Were above all confin'd and intolerant views —

“Only *pay* through the nose to the altars we build,

“You may *pray* through the nose to what altars
you choose.”

* *Tria Virginis ora Dianæ.*

† The “shrines” are supposed to have been small churches, or chapels, adjoining to the great temples; — “*ædiculæ, in quibus statuæ reponerantur.*” — ERASM.

This tolerance, rare from a shrine-dealer's lip
(Though a tolerance mix'd with due taste for the
till)—

So much charm'd all the holders of scriptural scrip,
That their shouts of "Hear!" "Hear!" are re-
echoing still.

Fourth edition.

Great stir in the Shrine Market! altars to Phœbus
Are going dog-cheap—may be had for a rebus.
Old Dian's, as usual, outsell all the rest;—
But Venus's also are much in request.

LATEST ACCOUNTS FROM OLYMPUS.

As news from Olympus has grown rather rare,
Since bards, in their cruises, have ceas'd to *touch*
there,

We extract for our readers the' intelligence given,
In our latest accounts from that *ci-devant* Heaven—
That realm of the By-gones, where still sit, in state,
Old god-heads and nod-heads, now long out of date.

Jove himself, it appears, since his love-days are o'er,
Seems to find immortality rather a bore ;
Though he still asks for news of earth's capers and
crimes,

And reads daily his old fellow-Thund'rer, the Times.
He and Vulcan, it seems, by their wives still hen-
peck'd are,

And kept on a stinted allowance of nectar.

Old Phœbus, poor lad, has given up inspiration,
And pack'd off to earth on a *puff*-speculation.

The fact is, he found his old shrines had grown dim,
Since bards look'd to Bentley and Colburn, not him.
So, he sold off his stud of ambrosia-fed nags,
Came incog. down to earth, and now writes for the
Mags;

Taking care that his work not a gleam hath to
linger in't,
From which men could guess that the god had a
finger in't.

There are other small facts, well deserving attention,
Of which our Olympic despatches make mention.
Poor Bacchus is still very ill, they allege,
Having never recover'd the Temperance Pledge.
“What, the Irish!” he cried — “those I look'd to
the most!

“If they give up the *spirit*, I give up the ghost:”
While Momus, who us'd of the gods to make fun,
Is turn'd Socialist now, and declares there are none!

But these changes, though curious, are all a mere
farce

Compared to the new “casus belli” of Mars,

Who, for years, has been suffering the horrors of
quiet,

Uncheer'd by one glimmer of bloodshed or riot!

In vain from the clouds his belligerent brow

Did he pop forth, in hopes that somewhere or
somehow,

Like Pat at a fair, he might "coax up a row:"

But the joke wouldn't take—the whole world had
got wiser;

Men liked not to take a Great Gun for adviser;

And, still less, to march in fine clothes to be shot,

Without very well knowing for whom or for what.

The French, who of slaughter had had their full
swing,

Were content with a shot, now and then, at their
King;

While, in England, good fighting's a pastime so hard
to gain,

Nobody's left to fight *with*, but Lord C—rd—g—n.

'Tis needless to say, then, how monstrously happy
Old Mars has been made by what's now on the *tapis*;
How much it delights him to see the French rally,
In Liberty's name, around Mehemet Ali;

Well knowing that Satan himself could not find
A confection of mischief much more to his mind
Than the old Bonnet Rouge and the Bashaw com-
bin'd.

Right well, too, he knows, that there ne'er were
attackers,

Whatever their cause, that they didn't find backers;
While any slight care for Humanity's woes
May be soothed by that "Art Diplomatique," which
shows

How to come, in the most approv'd method, to blows.

This is all, for to-day — whether Mars is much vext
At his friend Thiers's exit, we'll know by our next.

THE TRIUMPHS OF FARCE.

OUR earth, as it rolls through the regions of space,
Wears always two faces, the dark and the sunny;
And poor human life runs the same sort of race,
Being sad, on one side—on the other side, funny.

Thus oft we, at eve, to the Haymarket hie,
To weep o'er the woes of Macready;—but scarce
Hath the tear-drop of Tragedy pass'd from the eye,
When, lo, we're all laughing in fits at the Farce.

And still let us laugh—preach the world as it may—
Where the cream of the joke is, the swarm will
soon follow;

Heroics are very grand things, in their way,
But the laugh at the long run will carry it
hollow.

For instance, what sermon on human affairs
Could equal the scene that took place t'other day

'Twixt Romeo and Louis Philippe, on the stairs—
The Sublime and Ridiculous meeting half-way!

Yes, Jocus! gay god, whom the Gentiles supplied,
And whose worship not ev'n among Christians
declines,

In our senate thou'st languish'd since Sheridan died,
But Sydney still keeps thee alive in our shrines.

Rare Sydney! thrice honour'd the stall where he
sits,

And be his ev'ry honour he deigneth to climb at!
Had England a hierarchy form'd all of wits,
Who but Sydney would England proclaim as its
primate?

And long may he flourish, frank, merry, and brave—

A Horace to hear, and a Paschal to read* ;

While he *laughs*, all is safe, but, when Sydney
grows grave,

We shall then think the Church is in danger
indeed.

* Some parts of the *Provinciales* may be said to be of the highest order of *jeux d'esprit*, or squibs.

Meanwhile, it much glads us to find he's preparing
To teach *other* bishops to "seek the right way* ;"
And means shortly to treat the whole Bench to an
airing,

Just such as he gave to Charles James t'other day.

For our parts, though gravity's good for the soul,
Such a fancy have we for the side that there's fun
on,

We'd rather with Sydney south-west take a "stroll,"
Than *coach* it north-east with his Lordship of
Lunnun.

* "This stroll in the metropolis is extremely well contrived for your Lordship's speech ; but suppose, my dear Lord, that instead of going E. and N. E. you had turned about," &c. &c. — SYDNEY SMITH'S *Last Letter to the Bishop of London*.

THOUGHTS ON PATRONS, PUFFS, AND
OTHER MATTERS.

IN AN EPISTLE FROM T. M. TO S. R.

WHAT, *thou*, my friend! a man of rhymes,
And, better still, a man of guineas,
To talk of "patrons," in these times,
When authors thrive, like spinning-jennies,
And Arkwright's twist and Bulwer's page
Alike may laugh at patronage!

No, no—those times are past away,
When, doom'd in upper floors to star it,
The bard inscrib'd to lords his lay,—
Himself, the while, my Lord Mountgarret.
No more he begs, with air dependent,
His "little bark may sail attendant"
Under some lordly skipper's steerage;
But launch'd triumphant in the Row,
Or ta'en by Murray's self in tow,
Cuts both *Star Chamber* and the peerage.

Patrons, indeed ! when scarce a sail
Is whisk'd from England by the gale,
But bears on board some authors, shipp'd
For foreign shores, all well equipp'd
With proper book-making machinery,
To sketch the morals, manners, scenery,
Of all such lands as they shall see,
Or *not* see, as the case may be :—
It being enjoin'd on all who go
To study first Miss M*****,
And learn from her the method true,
To *do* one's books—and readers, too.
For so this nymph of *nous* and nerve
Teaches mankind “How to Observe ;”
And, lest mankind at all should swerve,
Teaches them also “*What* to Observe.”

No, no, my friend—it can't be blink'd—
The Patron is a race extinct ;
As dead as any Megatherion
That ever Buckland built a theory on.
Instead of bartering, in this age,
Our praise for pence and patronage,

We, authors, now, more prosperous elves,
Have learn'd to patronise ourselves;
And since all-potent Puffing's made
The life of song, the soul of trade,
More frugal of our praises grown,
We puff no merits but our own.

Unlike those feeble gales of praise
Which critics blew in former days,
Our modern puffs are of a kind
That truly, really *raise the wind*;
And since they've fairly set in blowing,
We find them the best *trade-winds* going.
'Stead of frequenting paths so slippery
As her old haunts near Aganippe,
The Muse, now, taking to the till,
Has open'd shop on Ludgate Hill
(Far handier than the Hill of Pindus,
As seen from bard's back attic windows);
And swallowing there without cessation
Large draughts (*at sight*) of inspiration,
Touches the *notes* for each new theme,
While still fresh "*change comes o'er her dream.*"

What Steam is on the deep—and more—
Is the vast power of Puff on shore ;
Which jumps to glory's future tenses
Before the present ev'n commences ;
And makes " immortal " and " divine " of us
Before the world has read one line of us.

In old times, when the God of Song
Drove his own two-horse team along,
Carrying inside a bard or two,
Book'd for posterity " all through ; " —
Their luggage, a few close-pack'd rhymes,
(Like yours, my friend,) for after-times —
So slow the pull to Fame's abode,
That folks oft slept upon the road ; —
And Homer's self, sometimes, they say,
Took to his nightcap on the way.*

Ye Gods ! how different is the story
With our new galloping sons of glory,
Who, scorning all such slack and slow time,
Dash to posterity in *no* time !

* Quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus. — HORAT.

Raise but one general blast of Puff
To start your author—that's enough.
In vain the critics, set to watch him,
Try at the starting post to catch him:
He's off—the puffers carry it hollow—
The critics, if they please, may follow.
Ere *they*'ve laid down their first positions,
He's fairly blown through six editions!
In vain doth Edinburgh dispense
Her blue and yellow pestilence
(That plague so awful in my time
To young and touchy sons of rhyme)—
The Quarterly, at three months' date,
To catch the' Unread One, comes too late;
And nonsense, litter'd in a hurry,
Becomes “immortal,” spite of Murray.

But, bless me!—while I thus keep fooling,
I hear a voice cry, “Dinner's cooling.”
That postman, too, (who, truth to tell,
'Mong men of letters bears the bell,
Keeps ringing, ringing, so infernally
That I *must* stop—

Yours sempiternally.

THOUGHTS ON MISCHIEF.

BY LORD ST—NL—Y.

(HIS FIRST ATTEMPT IN VERSE.)

“ Evil, be thou my good.”

MILTON.

How various are the inspirations
Of different men, in different nations !
As genius prompts to good or evil,
Some call the Muse, some raise the devil.
Old Socrates, that pink of sages,
Kept a pet demon, on board wages,
To go about with him incog.,
And sometimes give his wits a jog.
So L—nd—st, in *our* day, we know,
Keeps fresh relays of imps below,
To forward, from that nameless spot,
His inspirations, hot and hot.

But, neat as are old L—nd—st's doings —
Beyond ev'n Hecate's “ hell-broth ” brewings —

Had I, Lord Stanley, but my will,
I'd show you mischief prettier still ;
Mischief, combining boyhoods' tricks
With age's sourest politics ;
The urchin's freaks, the vet'ran's gall,
Both duly mix'd, and matchless all ;
A compound nought in history reaches
But Machiavel, when first in breeches !

Yes, Mischief, Goddess multiform,
Whene'er thou, witch-like, rid's't the storm,
Let Stanley ride cockhorse behind thee—
No livelier lackey could they find thee.
And, Goddess, as I'm well aware,
So mischief's *done*, you care not *where*,
I own, 'twill most *my* fancy tickle
In Paddyland to play the Pickle ;
Having got credit for inventing
A new, brisk method of tormenting—
A way, they call the Stanley fashion,
Which puts all Ireland in a passion ;
So neat it hits the mixture due
Of injury and insult too ;

So legibly it bears upon't
The stamp of Stanley's brazen front.

Ireland, we're told, means land of *Ire*;
And *why* she's so, none need inquire,
Who sees her millions, martial, manly,
Spat upon thus by me, Lord St—nl—y.
Already in the breeze I scent
The whiff of coming devilment;
Of strife, to me more stirring far
Than the' Opium or the Sulphur war,
Or any such drug ferments are.
Yes—sweeter to this Tory soul
Than all such pests, from pole to pole,
Is the rich, "swelter'd venom" got
By stirring Ireland's "charmed pot *;"
And, thanks to practice on that land,
I stir it with a master-hand.

Again thou'lt see, when forth hath gone
The War-Church-cry, "On, Stanley, on!"

* "Swelter'd venom, sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot."

How Caravats and Shanavests
Shall swarm from out their mountain nests,
With all their merry moonlight brothers,
To whom the Church (*step*-dame to others)
Hath been the best of nursing mothers.
Again o'er Erin's rich domain
Shall Rockites and right reverends reign ;
And both, exempt from vulgar toil,
Between them share that titheful soil ;
Puzzling ambition *which* to climb at,
The post of Captain, or of Primate.

And so, long life to Church and Co.—
Hurrah for mischief! — here we go.

EPISTLE FROM CAPTAIN ROCK TO
LORD L—NDH—T.

DEAR L—ndh—t, —you'll pardon my making thus
free, —

But form is all fudge 'twixt such "comrogues" as
we,

Who, whate'er the smooth views we, in public, may
drive at,

Have both the same praiseworthy object, in private —

Namely, never to let the old regions of riot,

Where Rock hath long reign'd, have one instant of
quiet,

But keep Ireland still in that liquid we've taught
her

To love more than meat, drink, or clothing — *hot*
water.

All the diff'rence betwixt you and me, as I take it,
Is simply, that *you* make the law and *I* break it;

And never, of big-wigs and small, were there two
Play'd so well into each other's hands as we do ;
Insomuch, that the laws you and yours manufacture,
Seem all made express for the Rock-boys to fracture.
Not Birmingham's self—to her shame be it spoken—
E'er made things more neatly contriv'd to be broken ;
And hence, I confess, in this island religious,
The breakage of laws—and of heads is prodigious.

And long may it thrive, my Ex-Bigwig, say I,—
Though, of late, much I fear'd all our fun was gone by ;
As, except when some tithe-hunting parson show'd
sport,

Some rector—a cool hand at pistols and port,
Who “ keeps dry ” his *powder*, but never *himself*—
One who, leaving his Bible to rust on the shelf,
Sends his pious texts home, in the shape of ball-
cartridges,

Shooting his “ dearly beloved,” like partridges ;—
Except when some hero of this sort turn'd out,
Or, the' Exchequer sent, flaming, its tithe-writs*
about—

* Exchequer tithe processes, served under a commission of rebellion. — *Chronicle*.

A contrivance more neat, I may say, without flattery,
Than e'er yet was thought of for bloodshed and
battery ;

So neat, that even *I* might be proud, I allow,
To have hit off so rich a receipt for a *row* ; —
Except for such rigs turning up, now and then,
I was actually growing the dullest of men ;
And, had this blank fit been allow'd to increase,
Might have snor'd myself down to a Justice of Peace.
Like you, Reformation in Church and in State
Is the thing of all things I most cordially hate.
If once these curst Ministers do as they like,
All's o'er, my good Lord, with your wig and my pike,
And one may be hung up on t'other, henceforth,
Just to show what *such* Captains and Chanc'llors
were worth.

But we must not despair—ev'n already Hope sees
You're about, my bold Baron, to kick up a breeze
Of the true baffling sort, such as suits me and you,
Who have box'd the whole compass of party right
through,

And care not one farthing, as all the world knows,
So we *but* raise the wind, from what quarter it blows,

Forgive me, dear Lord, that thus rudely I dare
My own small resources with thine to compare:
Not ev'n Jerry Didler, in "raising the wind," durst
Compete, for one instant, with thee, my dear
L—ndh—t.

But, hark, there's a shot!—some parsonic practitioner?

No—merely a bran-new Rebellion Commissioner;
The Courts having now, with true law erudition,
Put even Rebellion itself "in commission."

As seldom, in *this* way, I'm any man's debtor,
I'll just *pay my shot*, and then fold up this letter.
In the mean time, hurrah for the Tories and Rocks!
Hurrah for the parsons who fleece well their flocks!
Hurrah for all mischief in all ranks and spheres,
And, above all, hurrah for that dear House of Peers!

CAPTAIN ROCK IN LONDON.

LETTER FROM THE CAPTAIN TO TERRY ALT, ESQ.*

HERE I am, at head-quarters, dear Terry, once more,
Deep in Tory designs, as I've oft been before :—
For, bless them ! if 'twasn't for this wrong-headed
crew,

You and I, Terry Alt, would scarce know what to
do ;

So ready they're always, when dull we are growing,
To set our old concert of discord a-going,
While L—ndh—t's the lad, with his Tory-Whig face,
To play, in such concert, the true *double-base*.

I had fear'd this old prop of my realm was beginning
To tire of his course of political sinning,
And, like Mother Cole, when her heyday was past,
Meant, by way of a change, to try virtue at last.
But I wrong'd the old boy, who as staunchly derides
All reform in himself as in most things besides ;

* The subordinate officer or lieutenant of Captain Rock.

And, by using *two* faces through life, all allow,
Has acquir'd face sufficient for *any* thing now.

In short, he's all right ; and, if mankind's old foe,
My " Lord Harry " himself—who's the leader, we
know,

Of another red-hot Opposition, below —
If that " Lord," in his well-known discernment, but
spares

Me and L—ndh—t, to look after Ireland's affairs,
We shall soon such a region of devilment make it,
That Old Nick himself for his own may mistake it.

Ev'n already—long life to such Big-wigs, say I,
For, as long as they flourish, we Rocks cannot die—
He has serv'd our right riotous cause by a speech
Whose perfection of mischief he only could reach ;
As it shows off both *his* and *my* merits alike,
Both the swell of the wig, and the point of the pike ;
Mixes up, with a skill which one can't but admire,
The lawyer's cool craft with the' incendiary's fire,
And enlists, in the gravest, most plausible manner,
Seven millions of souls under Rockery's banner !

Oh Terry, my man, let this speech *never* die ;
Through the regions of Rockland, like flame, let it fly ;
Let each syllable dark the Law-Oracle utter'd
By all Tipperary's wild echoes be mutter'd,
Till nought shall be heard, over hill, dale, or flood,
But “ *You're aliens in language, in creed, and in
blood ;*”

While voices, from sweet Connemara afar,
Shall answer, like true *Irish* echoes, “ We are !”
And, though false be the cry, and though sense must
abhor it,

Still the' echoes may quote *Law* authority for it,
And nought L—ndh—t cares for my spread of
dominion

So he, in the end, touches cash “ for the' *opinion.*”

But I've no time for more, my dear Terry, just now,
Being busy in helping these Lords through their *row*.
They're bad hands at mob-work, but, once they
begin,

They'll have plenty of practice to break them well in.

THE FUDGES IN ENGLAND;

BEING

A SEQUEL

TO THE

“FUDGE FAMILY IN PARIS.”

THE KIDDER IN ENGLAND:

A SECOND

"FUDGE FAMILY IN PARIS"

PREFACE.

THE name of the country town, in England—a well known fashionable watering-place—in which the events that gave rise to the following correspondence occurred, is, for obvious reasons, suppressed. The interest attached, however, to the facts and personages of the story, renders it independent of all time and place; and when it is recollected that the whole train of romantic circumstances so fully unfolded in these Letters has passed during the short period which has now elapsed since the great Meetings in Exeter Hall, due credit will, it is hoped, be allowed to the Editor for the rapidity with which he has brought the details

before the Public; while, at the same time, any errors that may have been the result of such haste will, he trusts, with equal consideration, be pardoned.

THE FUDGES IN ENGLAND.

LETTER I.

FROM PATRICK MAGAN, ESQ., TO THE REV. RICHARD
——, CURATE OF ——, IN IRELAND.

Who d'ye think we've got here?—quite reformed
from the giddy,

Fantastic young thing, that once made such a
noise—

Why, the famous Miss Fudge—that delectable Biddy,

Whom you and I saw once at Paris, when boys,
In the full blaze of bonnets, and ribands, and airs—

Such a thing as no rainbow hath colours to
paint;

Ere time had reduced her to wrinkles and prayers,

And the Flirt found a decent retreat in the Saint.

Poor "Pa" hath popp'd off—gone, as charity judges,
To some choice Elysium reserv'd for the Fudges;
And Miss, with a fortune, besides expectations
From some much revered and much-palsied relations,
Now wants but a husband, with requisites meet,—
Age thirty, or thereabouts—stature six feet,
And warranted godly—to make all complete.
Nota bene—a Churchman would suit, if he's *high*,
But Socinians or Catholics need not apply.

What say you, Dick? doesn't this tempt your
ambition?

The whole wealth of Fudge, that renown'd man
of pith,
All brought to the hammer, for Church competi-
tion,—

Sole encumbrance, Miss Fudge to be taken there-
with.

Think, my boy, for a Curate how glorious a catch!
While, instead of the thousands of souls you *now*
watch,

To save Biddy Fudge's is all you need do;
And her purse will, meanwhile, be the saving of *you*.

You may ask, Dick, how comes it that I, a poor elf,
Wanting substance ev'n more than your spiritual self,
Should thus generously lay my own claims on the
shelf,

When, God knows! there ne'er was young gentleman
yet

So much lack'd an old spinster to rid him from
debt,

Or had cogenter reasons than mine to assail her
With tender love-suit—at the suit of his tailor.

But thereby there hangs a soft secret, my friend,
Which thus to your reverend breast I commend:
Miss Fudge hath a niece—such a creature!—with
eyes

Like those sparklers that peep out from summer-
night skies

At astronomers-royal, and laugh with delight
To see elderly gentlemen spying all night.

While her figure—oh, bring all the gracefulest
things

That are borne through the light air by feet or by
wings,

Not a single new grace to that form could they
teach,
Which combines in itself the perfection of each ;
While, rapid or slow, as her fairy feet fall,
The mute music of symmetry modulates all.

Ne'er, in short, was there creature more form'd to
bewilder

A gay youth like me, who of castles aërial
(And *only* of such) am, God help me ! a builder ;
Still peopling each mansion with lodgers ethereal,
And now, to this nymph of the seraph-like eye,
Letting out, as you see, my first floor next the
sky.*

But, alas ! nothing's perfect on earth—even she,
This divine little gipsy, does odd things sometimes ;
Talks learning—looks wise (rather painful to see),
Prints already in two County papers her rhymes ;
And raves—the sweet, charming, absurd little dear !
About Amulets, Bijous, and Keepsakes, next year,

* That floor which a facetious garreteer called “ le premier en descendant du ciel.”

In a manner which plainly bad symptoms portends
Of that Annual *blue* fit, so distressing to friends ;
A fit which, though lasting but one short edition,
Leaves the patient long after in sad inanition.

However, let's hope for the best—and, meanwhile,
Be it mine still to bask in the niece's warm smile ;
While you, if you're wise, Dick, will play the gallant
(Uphill work, I confess,) to her Saint of an Aunt.
Think, my boy, for a youngster like you, who've a
lack,

Not indeed of rupees, but of all other specie,
What luck thus to find a kind witch at your back,
An old goose with gold eggs, from all debts to
release ye !

Never mind, tho' the spinster be reverend and thin,
What are all the Three Graces to her Three per
Cents. ?

While her acres !—oh Dick, it don't matter one pin
How she touches the' affections, so *you* touch the
rents ;

And Love never looks half so pleas'd as when, bless
him, he

Sings to an old lady's purse “ Open, Sesame.”

By the way, I've just heard, in my walks, a report,
Which, if true, will insure for your visit some sport.
'Tis rumour'd our Manager means to bespeak
The Church tumblers from Exeter Hall for next week;
And certainly ne'er did a queerer or rummer set
Throw, for th' amusement of Christians, a sunnerset.
'Tis fear'd their chief "Merriman," C—ke, cannot
come,

Being called off, at present, to play Punch at home *;
And the loss of so practis'd a wag in divinity
Will grieve much all lovers of jokes on the Trinity;—
His pun on the name Unigenitus, lately
Having pleas'd Robert Taylor, the *Reverend*, greatly.†

'Twill prove a sad drawback, if absent he be,
As a wag Presbyterian's a thing quite to see;

* See the Dublin Evening Post, of the 9th of this month (July), for an account of a scene which lately took place at a meeting of the Synod of Ulster, in which the performance of the above-mentioned part by the personage in question appears to have been worthy of all his former reputation in that line.

† "All are punsters if they have wit to be so; and therefore when an Irishman has to commence with a Bull, you will naturally pronounce it a *bull*. (A laugh.) Allow me to bring before you the famous Bull that is called Unigenitus, referring to the only-begotten Son of God."—*Report of the Rev. Doctor's Speech June 20. in the Record Newspaper.*

And, 'mong the Five Points of the Calvinists, none
of 'em

Ever yet reckon'd a point of wit one of 'em.

But ev'n though depriv'd of this comical elf,

We've a host of *buffoni* in Murtagh himself,

Who of all the whole troop is chief mummer and mime,

As C—ke takes the *Ground* Tumbling, *he* the *Sub-*

lime * ;

And of him we're quite certain, so, pray, come in time.

* In the language of the play-bills, "Ground and *Lofty* Tumbling."

LETTER II.

FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE, TO MRS.

ELIZABETH ———.

JUST in time for the post, dear, and monstrosly busy,
With godly concernments — and worldly ones, too;
Things carnal and spiritual mix'd, my dear Lizzy,
In this little brain till, bewilder'd and dizzy,
'Twixt heaven and earth, I scarce know what
I do.

First, I've been to see all the gay fashions from Town,
Which our favourite Miss Gimp for the spring has
had down.

Sleeves *still* worn (which *I* think is wise), *à la folle*,
Charming hats, *pou de soie* — though the shape rather
droll.

But you can't think how nicely the caps of *tulle* lace,
With the *mentonnières*, look on this poor sinful face;
And I mean, if the Lord in his mercy thinks right,
To wear one at Mrs. Fitz-wigram's to-night.

The silks are quite heav'nly:—I'm glad, too, to say,
Gimp herself grows more godly and good every day;
Hath had sweet experience—yea, ev'n doth begin
To turn from the Gentiles, and put away sin—
And all since her last stock of goods was laid in.
What a blessing one's milliner, careless of pelf,
Should thus "walk in newness" as well as one's self!

So much for the blessings, the comforts of Spirit
I've had since we met, and they're more than I
merit!—

Poor, sinful, weak creature in every respect,
Though ordain'd (God knows why) to be one of the'
Elect.

But now for the picture's reverse.—You remember
That footman and cook-maid I hired last December;
He, a Baptist Particular—*she*, of some sect
Not particular, I fancy, in any respect;
But desirous, poor thing, to be fed with the Word,
And "to wait," as she said, "on Miss Fudge and the
Lord."

Well, my dear, of all men, that Particular Baptist
At preaching a sermon, off hand, was the aptest;

And, long as he staid, do him justice, more rich in
 Sweet savours of doctrine, there never was kitchen.
 He preach'd in the parlour, he preach'd in the hall,
 He preach'd to the chambermaids, scullions, and all.

All heard with delight his reprovings of sin,
 But above all, the cook-maid ;—oh, ne'er would she
 tire—

Though, in learning to save sinful souls from the fire
 She would oft let the soles she was frying fall in.
 (God forgive me for punning on points thus of
 piety !—

A sad trick I've learn'd in Bob's heathen society.)
 But ah ! there remains still the worst of my tale ;
 Come, Ast'isks, and help me the sad truth to veil—
 Conscious stars, that at ev'n your own secret turn pale !

* * * * *

In short, dear, this preaching and psalm-singing pair,
 Chosen "vessels of mercy," as *I* thought they were,
 Have together this last week eloped ; making bold
 To whip off as much goods as both vessels could hold—
 Not forgetting some scores of sweet Tracts from my
 shelves,
 Two Family Bibles as large as themselves,

And besides, from the drawer—I neglecting to lock
it—

My neat “Morning Manna, done up for the pocket.”*
Was there e’er known a case so distressing, dear Liz?
It has made me quite ill:—and the worst of it is,
When rogues are *all* pious, ’tis hard to detect
Which rogues are the reprobate, *which* the elect.
This man “had a *call*,” he said—impudent mockery!
What call had he to *my* linen and crockery?

I’m now, and have been for this week past, in chase
Of some godly young couple this pair to replace.
The inclos’d two announcements have just met my
eyes,
In that ven’rable Monthly where Saints advertise
For such temporal comforts as this world supplies †;

* “Morning Manna, or British Verse-book, neatly done up for the pocket,” and chiefly intended to assist the members of the British Verse Association, whose design is, we are told, “to induce the inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland to commit one and the same verse of Scripture to memory every morning. Already, it is known, several thousand persons in Scotland, besides tens of thousands in America and Africa, are *every morning learning the same verse*.”

† The Evangelical Magazine. — A few specimens taken at random from the wrapper of this highly esteemed periodical

And the fruits of the Spirit are properly made
An essential in every craft, calling, and trade.
Where the' attorney requires for his 'prentice some
youth

Who has "learn'd to fear God and to walk in the
truth ;"

Where the sempstress, in search of employment,
declares,

That pay is no object, so she can have prayers ;
And the' Establish'd Wine Company proudly gives out
That the whole of the firm, Co. and all, are devout.

Happy London, one feels, as one reads o'er the pages,
Where Saints are so much more abundant than sages ;
Where Parsons may soon be all laid on the shelf,
As each Cit can cite chapter and verse for himself,

will fully justify the character which Miss Fudge has here given of it. "Wanted, in a pious pawnbroker's family, an active lad as an apprentice." "Wanted, as housemaid, a young female who has been brought to a saving knowledge of the truth." "Wanted immediately, a man of decided piety, to assist in the baking business." "A gentleman who understands the Wine Trade is desirous of entering into partnership, &c. &c. He is not desirous of being connected with any one whose system of business is not of the strictest integrity as in the sight of God, and seeks connection only with a truly pious man, either Churchman or Dissenter."

And the *serious* frequenters of market and dock
 All lay in religion as part of their stock.*
 Who can tell to what lengths we may go on improving,
 When thus thro' all London the Spirit keeps moving,
 And heaven's so in vogue, that each shop advertisement
 Is now not so much for the earth as the skies meant?

P. S.

Have mislaid the two paragraphs—can't stop to look,
 But both describe charming—both Footman and
 Cook.

* According to the late Mr. Irving, there is even a peculiar form of theology got up expressly for the money-market. "I know how far wide," he says, "of the mark my views of Christ's work in the flesh will be viewed by those who are working with the stock-jobbing theology of the religious world." "Let these preachers," he adds, "(for I will not call them theologians), cry up, broker-like, their article."

Morning Watch.—No. iii. 442, 443.

From the statement of another writer, in the same publication, it would appear that the stock-brokers have even set up a new Divinity of their own. "This shows," says the writer in question, "that the doctrine of the union between Christ and his members is quite as essential as that of substitution, by taking which latter alone the *Stock-Exchange Divinity* has been produced."—No. x. p. 375.

Among the ancients, we know the money-market was provided with more than one presiding Deity—"Deæ Pecuniæ (says an ancient author) commendabantur ut pecuniosi essent."

She, "decidedly pious"—with pathos deplores
The' increase of French cook'ry, and sin on our
shores ;

And adds—(while for further accounts she refers
To a great Gospel preacher, a cousin of hers,)
That "though *some* make their Sabbaths mere
matter-of-fun days,

She asks but for tea and the Gospel, on Sundays."
The footman, too, full of the true saving knowledge;—
Has late been to Cambridge—to Trinity College ;
Serv'd last a young gentleman, studying divinity,
But left—not approving the morals of Trinity.

P. S.

I inclose, too, according to promise, some scraps
Of my Journal—that Day-book I keep of my
heart ;

Where, at some little items, (partaking, perhaps,
More of earth than of heaven,) thy prud'ry may
start,

And suspect something tender, sly girl as thou art.
For the present, I'm mute—but, whate'er may befall,
Recollect, dear, (in Hebrews, xiii. 4.) St. Paul
Hath himself declar'd, "marriage is honourable in all."

EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY.

Monday.

TRIED a new châlé gown on — pretty.
No one to see me in it — pity !
Flew in a passion with Friz, my maid ; —
The Lord forgive me ! — she look'd dismay'd ;
But got her to sing the 100th Psalm,
While she curl'd my hair, which made me calm.
Nothing so soothes a Christian heart
As sacred music — heavenly art !

Tuesday.

At two, a visit from Mr. Magan —
A remarkably handsome, nice young man ;
And, all Hibernian though he be,
As civilis'd, strange to say, as we !

I own this young man's spiritual state
Hath much engross'd my thoughts of late ;
And I mean, as soon as my niece is gone,
To have some talk with him thereupon.

At present, I nought can do or say,
But that troublesome child is in the way :
Nor is there, I think, a doubt that he
 Would also her absence much prefer,
As oft, while listening intent to me,
 He's forc'd, from politeness, to look at her.

Heigho !—what a blessing should Mr. Magan
Turn out, after all, a “renewed” young man ;
And to me should fall the task, on earth,
To assist at the dear youth's second birth.
Blest thought ! and, ah, more blest the tie,
Were it heaven's high will, that he and I—
But I blush to write the nuptial word—
Should wed, as St. Paul says, “in the Lord ;”
Not *this* world's wedlock—gross, gallant,
But pure—as when Amram married his aunt.

Our ages differ—but who would count
One's natural sinful life's amount,
Or look in the Register's vulgar page
For a regular twice-born Christian's age,
Who, blessed privilege ! only then
Begins to live when he's born again.

And, counting in *this* way—let me see—
I myself but five years old shall be,
And dear Magan, when the' event takes place,
An actual new-born child of grace—
Should Heav'n in mercy so dispose—
A six-foot baby, in *swaddling* clothes.

Wednesday.

Finding myself, by some good fate,
With Mr. Magan left *tête-à-tête*,
Had just begun—having stirr'd the fire,
And drawn my chair near his—to inquire
What his notions were of Original Sin,
When that naughty Fanny again bounc'd in;
And all the sweet things I had got to say
Of the Flesh and the Devil were whisk'd away!

Much grieved to observe that Mr. Magan
Is actually pleased and amused with Fan!
What charms any sensible man can see
In a child so foolishly young as she—
But just eighteen, come next May-day,
With eyes, like herself, full of nought but play—
Is, I own, an exceeding puzzle to me.

LETTER III.

FROM MISS FANNY FUDGE, TO HER COUSIN, MISS
KITTY ———.

STANZAS (INCLOSED)

TO MY SHADOW ; OR, WHY ?—WHAT ?—HOW ?

DARK comrade of my path ! while earth and sky
Thus wed their charms, in bridal light array'd,
Why in this bright hour, walk'st thou ever nigh,
Blackening my footsteps with thy length of shade—
Dark comrade, WHY ?

Thou mimic Shape that, mid these flowery scenes,
Glidest beside me o'er each sunny spot,
Sadd'ning them as thou goest—say, what means
So dark an adjunct to so bright a lot—
Grim goblin, WHAT ?

Still, as to pluck sweet flowers I bend my brow,
Thou bendest, too—then risest when I rise ;—

Say, mute mysterious Thing ! how is't that thou
Thus com'st between me and those blessed skies—
Dim shadow, How?

(ADDITIONAL STANZA, BY ANOTHER HAND.)

Thus said I to that Shape, far less in grudge
Than gloom of soul ; while, as I eager cried,
Oh Why ? What ? How ? — a Voice, that one might
judge
To be some Irish echo's, faint replied,
Oh fudge, fudge, fudge !

You have here, dearest Coz, my last lyric effusion ;
And, with it, that odious “ additional stanza,”
Which Aunt *will* insist I must keep, as conclusion,
And which, you'll *at once* see, is Mr. Magan's ; — a
Most cruel and dark-design'd extravaganza,
And part of that plot in which he and my Aunt are
To stifle the flights of my genius by banter.

Just so 'twas with Byron's young eagle-ey'd strain,
Just so did they taunt him ; — but vain, critics, vain

All your efforts to saddle Wit's fire with a chain!
To blot out the splendour of Fancy's young stream,
Or crop, in its cradle, her newly-fledg'd beam!!!
Thou perceiv'st, dear, that, ev'n while these lines I
 indite,
Thoughts burn, brilliant fancies break out, wrong
 or right,
And I'm all over poet, in Criticism's spite!

That my Aunt, who deals only in Psalms, and regards
Messrs. Sternhold and Co. as the first of all bards—
That *she* should make light of my works I can't
 blame;

But that nice, handsome, odious Magan—what a
 shame!

Do you know, dear, that, high as on most points I
 rate him,

I'm really afraid—after all, I—*must* hate him.

He is *so* provoking—nought's safe from his tongue;

He spares no one authoress, ancient or young.

Were you Sappho herself, and in Keepsake or Bijou

Once shone as contributor, Lord how he'd quiz you!

He laughs at *all* Monthlies—I've actually seen

A sneer on his brow at the Court Magazine!—

While of Weeklies, poor things, there's but one he
peruses,

And buys every book which that Weekly abuses.

But I care not how others such sarcasm may fear,

One spirit, at least, will not bend to his sneer ;

And though tried by the fire, my young genius shall
burn as

Uninjured as crucified gold in the furnace !

(I suspect the word "crucified" must be made
"crucible,"

Before this fine image of mine is producible.)

And now, dear—to tell you a secret which, pray

Only trust to such friends as with safety you may—

You know, and, indeed the whole county suspects

(Though the Editor often my best things rejects),

That the verses sign'd so, , which you now and
then see

In our County Gazette (*vide last*) are by me.

But 'tis dreadful to think what provoking mistakes

The vile country Press in one's prosody makes.

For you know, dear—I may, without vanity, hint—

Though an angel should write, still 'tis *devils* must
print ;

And you can't think what havoc these demons
sometimes

Choose to make of one's sense, and what's worse, of
one's rhymes.

But a week or two since, in my Ode upon Spring,
Which I *meant* to have made a most beautiful thing,
Where I talk'd of the "dewdrops from freshly-
blown roses,"

The nasty things made it "from freshly-blown
noses !"

And once when, to please my cross Aunt, I had
tried

To commem'rate some saint of her *clique*, who'd
just died,

Having said he "had tak'n up in heav'n his position,"
They made it, he'd "tak'n up to heav'n his physi-
cian !"

This is very disheartening ;—but brighter days
shine,

I rejoice, love, to say, both for me and the Nine ;
For, what do you think ? —so delightful ! next year,
Oh, prepare, dearest girl, for the grand news
prepare—

I'm to write in the Keepsake—yes, Kitty, my dear,
To write in the Keepsake, as sure as you're
there!!

T'other night, at a Ball, 'twas my fortunate chance
With a very nice elderly Dandy to dance,
Who, 'twas plain, from some hints which I now and
then caught,

Was the author of *something*—one couldn't tell
what;

But his satisfied manner left no room to doubt
It was something that Colburn had lately brought
out.

We convers'd of *belles-lettres* through all the quad-
rille,—

Of poetry, dancing, of prose, standing still;
Talk'd of Intellect's march—whether right 'twas or
wrong—

And then settled the point in a bold *en avant*.
In the course of this talk 'twas that, having just
hinted

That *I* too had Poems which—long'd to be printed,
He protested, kind man! he had seen, at first sight,
I was actually *born* in the Keepsake to write.

“ In the Annals of England let some,” he said,

“ shine,

“ But a place in her Annuals, Lady, be thine !

“ Even now future Keepsakes seem brightly to rise,

“ Through the vista of years, as I gaze on those
eyes, —

“ All letter’d and press’d, and of large-paper size !”

How *unlike* that Magan, who my genius would
smother,

And how we, true geniuses, find out each other !

This, and much more he said, with that fine frenzied
glance

One so rarely now sees, as we slid through the
dance ;

Till between us ’twas finally fix’d that, next year,

In this exquisite task I my pen should engage ;
And, at parting, he stoop’d down and lisp’d in my ear
These mystical words, which I could but *just* hear,
“ Terms for rhyme — if it’s *prime* — ten and six-
pence per page.”

Think, Kitty, my dear, if I heard his words right,

What a mint of half-guineas this small head
contains ;

If for nothing to write is itself a delight,
Ye Gods, what a bliss to be paid for one's strains !

Having dropp'd the dear fellow a court'sy profound,

Off at once, to inquire all about him, I ran ;
And from what I could learn, do you know, dear,
I've found

That he's quite a new species of lit'rary man ;
One, whose task is — to what will not fashion accus-
tom us ? —

To *edite* live authors, as if they were posthumous.
For instance — the plan, to be sure, is the oddest ! —
If any young he or she author feels modest
In venturing abroad, this kind gentleman-usher
Lends promptly a hand to the int'resting blusher ;
Indites a smooth Preface, brings merit to light,
Which else might, by accident, shrink out of sight,
And, in short, renders readers and critics polite.
My Aunt says — though scarce on such points one
can credit her —

He was Lady Jane Thingumbob's last novel's
editor.

'Tis certain the fashion's but newly invented ;
And, quick as the change of all things and all
names is,

Who knows but, as authors, like girls, are *presented*,
We, girls, may be *edited* soon at St. James's?

I must now close my letter—there's Aunt, in full
screech,

Wants to take me to hear some great Irvingite
preach.

God forgive me, I'm not much inclined, I must say,
To go and sit still to be preach'd at, to-day.

And, besides—'twill be all against dancing, no
doubt,

Which my poor Aunt abhors, with such hatred de-
vout,

That, so far from presenting young nymphs with a
head,

For their skill in the dance, as of Herod is said,
She'd wish their own heads in the platter, instead.

There, again—coming, Ma'am!—I'll write more,
if I can,

Before the post goes,

Your affectionate Fan.

Four o'clock.

Such a sermon!—though *not* about dancing, my dear;

'Twas only on the' end of the world being near.
Eighteen Hundred and Forty's the year that some state

As the time for that accident—some Forty Eight*:
And I own, of the two, I'd prefer much the latter,
As then I shall be an old maid, and 'two'n't matter.
Once more, love, good-bye—I've to make a new cap;

But am now so dead tired with this horrid mishap
Of the end of the world, that I *must* take a nap.

* With regard to the exact time of this event, there appears to be a difference only of about two or three years among the respective calculators. M. Alphonse Nicole, Docteur en Droit, et Avocat, merely doubts whether it is to be in 1846 or 1847. "A cette époque," he says, "les fidèles peuvent espérer de voir s'effectuer la purification du Sanctuaire."

LETTER IV.

FROM PATRICK MAGAN, ESQ. TO THE REV.
RICHARD ———.

HE comes from Erin's speechful shore
Like fervid kettle, bubbling o'er
With hot effusions—hot and weak ;
Sound, Humbug, all your hollowest drums,
He comes, of Erin's martyrdoms
To Britain's well-fed Church to speak.

Puff him, ye Journals of the Lord*,
Twin prozers, Watchman and Record !
Journals reserv'd for realms of bliss,
Being much too good to sell in this.
Prepare, ye wealthier Saints, your dinners,
Ye Spinsters, spread your tea and crumpets ;
And you, ye countless Tracts for Sinners,
Blow all your little penny trumpets.

* " Our anxious desire is to be found on the side of the Lord."—*Record Newspaper*.

He comes, the reverend man, to tell
To all who still the Church's part take,
Tales of parsonic woe, that well

Might make ev'n grim Dissenter's heart ache :—
Of ten whole Bishops snatch'd away
For ever from the light of day ;
(With God knows, too, how many more,
For whom that doom is yet in store)—
Of Rectors cruelly compell'd

From Bath and Cheltenham to haste home,
Because the tithes, by Pat withheld,

Will *not* to Bath or Cheltenham come ;
Nor will the flocks consent to pay
Their parsons thus to stay away ;—
Though, with *such* parsons, one may doubt
If 't isn't money well laid out ;—
Of all, in short, and each degree
Of that once happy Hierarchy,

Which us'd to roll in wealth so pleasantly ;
But now, alas, is doom'd to see
Its surplus brought to nonplus presently !

Such are the themes this man of pathos,
Priest of prose and Lord of bathos,

Will preach and preach t'ye, till you're dull again,
Then, hail him, Saints, with joint acclaim,
Shout to the stars his tuneful name,
Which Murtagh *was*, ere known to fame,
But now is *Mortimer* O'Mulligan!

All true, Dick, true as you're alive—
I've seen him, some hours since, arrive.
Murtagh is come, the great Itinerant—
And Tuesday, in the market-place,
Intends, to every saint and sinner in't,
To state what *he* calls Ireland's Case;
Meaning thereby the case of *his* shop,—
Of curate, vicar, rector, bishop,
And all those other grades seraphic,
That make men's souls their special traffic,
Though caring not a pin *which* way
The' erratic souls go, so they *pay*.—
Just as some roguish country nurse,
Who takes a foundling babe to suckle,
First pops the payment in her purse,
Then leaves poor dear to—suck its knuckle:
Ev'n so these reverend rigmaroles
Pocket the money—starve the souls.

Murtagh, however, in his glory,
Will tell, next week, a different story ;
Will make out all these men of barter,
As each a saint, a downright martyr,
Brought to the *stake*—i. e. a *beef* one,
Of all their martyrdoms the chief one ;
Though try them ev'n at this, they'll bear it,
If tender and wash'd down with claret.

Meanwhile Miss Fudge, who loves all lions,
Your saintly, *next* to great and high 'uns—
(A Viscount, be he what he may,
Would cut a Saint out, any day,)
Has just announc'd a godly rout,
Where Murtagh's to be first brought out,
And shown in his tame, *week-day* state :—
“ Pray'rs, half-past seven, tea at eight.”
Ev'n so the circular missive orders—
Pink cards, with cherubs round the borders.

Haste, Dick—you're lost, if you lose time ;—
Spinsters at forty-five grow giddy,
And Murtagh, with his tropes sublime,
Will surely carry off old Biddy,

Unless some spark at once propose,
And distance him by downright prose.
That sick, rich squire, whose wealth and lands
All pass, they say, to Biddy's hands,
(The patron, Dick, of three fat rectories !)
Is dying of *angina pectoris* ; —
So that, unless you're stirring soon,
Murtagh, that priest of puff and pelf,
May come in for a honey-moon,
And be the *man* of it, himself !

As for *me*, Dick — 'tis whim, 'tis folly,
But this young niece absorbs me wholly.
'Tis true, the girl's a vile verse-maker —
Would rhyme all nature, if you'd let her ; —
But ev'n her oddities, plague take her,
But make me love her all the better.
Too true it is, she's bitten sadly
With this new rage for rhyming badly,
Which late hath seiz'd all ranks and classes,
Down to that new Estate, "the masses ;"
Till one pursuit all tastes combines —
One common rail-road o'er Parnassus,

Where, sliding in those tuneful grooves,
Call'd couplets, all creation moves,

And the whole world runs mad *in lines*.

Add to all this—what's ev'n still worse,

As rhyme itself, though still a curse,

Sounds better to a chinking purse—

Scarce sixpence hath my charmer got,

While I can muster just a groat;

So that, computing self and Venus,

Tenpence would clear the' amount between us.

However, things may yet prove better:—

Meantime, what awful length of letter!

And how, while heaping thus with gibes

The Pegasus of modern scribes,

My own small hobby of farrago

Hath beat the pace at which ev'n *they* go!

LETTER V.

FROM LARRY O'BRANIGAN, IN ENGLAND, TO HIS
WIFE JUDY, AT MULLINAFAD.

DEAR JUDY, I sind you this bit of a letther,
By mail-coach conveyance—for want of a bet-
ther—

To tell you what luck in this world I have had
Since I left the sweet cabin, at Mullinafad.

Och, Judy, that night!—when the pig which we
meant

To dry-nurse in the parlour, to pay off the rent,
Julianna, the craythur—that name was the death
of her*—

Gave us the shlip and we saw the last breath of
her!

And *there* were the childher, six innocent sowl,
For their nate little play-fellow tuning up howls;

* The Irish peasantry are very fond of giving fine names to their pigs. I have heard of one instance in which a couple of young pigs were named, at their birth, Abelard and Eloisa.

While yourself, my dear Judy (though grievin's a
folly),
Stud over Julianna's remains, melancholy —
Cryin', half for the craythur, and half for the money,
“ Arrah, why did ye die till we'd sowl'd you, my
honey ? ”

But God's will be done! — and then, faith, sure
enough,
As the pig was desaiced, 'twas high time to be off.
So we gother'd up all the poor duds we could catch,
Lock'd the owld cabin-door, put the kay in the
thatch,
Then tuk laave of each other's sweet lips in the dark,
And set off, like the Chrishtians turn'd out of the
Ark ;
The six childher with you, my dear Judy, ochone !
And poor I wid myself, left condolin' alone.

How I came to this England, o'er say and o'er
lands,
And what cruel hard walkin' I've had on my hands,
Is, at this present writin', too tadioous to speak,
So I'll mintion it all in a postscript, next week : —

Only starv'd I was, surely, as thin as a lath,
Till I came to an up-and-down place they call Bath,
Where, as luck was, I manag'd to make a meal's
meat,

By dhraggin owld ladies all day through the street—
Which their docthors (who pocket, like fun, the
pound starlins,)

Have brought into fashion to plase the owld darlins.
Div'l a boy in all Bath, though *I* say it, could carry
The grannies up hill half so handy as Larry ;
And the higher they liv'd, like owld crows, in the air,
The more *I* was wanted to lug them up there.

But luck has two handles, dear Judy, they say,
And mine has *both* handles put on the wrong way.
For, pondherin', one morn, on a drame I'd just had
Of yourself and the babbies, at Mullinafad,
Och, there came o'er my sinses so plasin' a flutter,
That I spilt an owld Countess right clane in the
gutther,

Muff, feathers and all ! — the descint was most
awful,

And—what was still worse, faith—I knew 'twas
unlawful :

For, though, with mere *women*, no very great evil,
T' upset an owld *Countess* in Bath is the divil !
So, liftin' the chair, with herself safe upon it,
(For nothin' about her was *kilt*, but her bonnet,)
Without even mentionin' " By your lave, ma'am,"
I tuk to my heels and—here, Judy, I am !

What's the name of this town I can't say very well,
But your heart sure will jump when you hear what
befell

Your own beautiful Larry, the very first day,
(And a Sunday it was, shinin' out mighty gay,)
When his brogues to this city of luck found their
way.

Bein' hungry, God help me, and happenin' to stop,
Just to dine on the shmell of a pasthry-cook's shop,
I saw, in the window, a large printed paper,
And read there a name, och ! that made my heart
caper—

Though printed it was in some quare A B C,
That might bother a schoolmaster, let alone *me*.
By gor, you'd have laughed, Judy, could you've but
listen'd,

As, doubtin', I cried, " why it *is* ! —no, it *isn't* :

But it *was*, after all—for, by spellin' quite slow,
First I made out "Rev. Mortimer"—then a great
"O;"

And, at last, by hard readin' and rackin' my skull
again,

Out it came, nate as imported, "O'Mulligan!"

Up I jump'd, like a sky-lark, my jew'l, at that
name,—

Div'l a doubt on my mind, but it *must* be the same.
"Masther Murthagh, himself," says I, "all the
world over!"

My own fosther-brother—by jinks, I'm in clover.
Though *there*, in the play-bill, he figures so grand,
One wet-nurse it was brought us *both* up by hand,
And he'll not let me shtarve in the inemy's land!"

Well, to make a long hishtory short, niver doubt
But I manag'd, in no time, to find the lad out;
And the joy of the meetin' bethuxt him and me,
Such a pair of owld cumrogues—was charmin'to see.
Nor is Murthagh less plas'd with the' evint than *I* am,
As he just then was wanting a Valley-de-sham;

And, for *dressin'* a gintleman, one way or t'other,
Your nate Irish lad is beyant every other.

But now, Judy, comes the quare part of the case ;
And, in throth, it's the only drawback on my place.
'Twas Murthagh's ill luck to be cross'd, as you know,
With an awkward mishfortune some short time ago ;
That's to say, he turn'd Protestant — *why*, I can't
larn ;

But, of coorse, he knew best, an' it's not *my* consarn.
All I know is, we both were good Cath'lics, at nurse,
And myself am so still — nayther betther nor worse.
Well, our bargain was all right and tight in a jiffey,
And lads more contint never yet left the Liffey,
When Murthagh — or Morthimer, as he's *now*
chrishen'd,

His *name* being convarted, at laist, if *he* isn't —
Lookin' sly at me (faith, 'twas divartin' to see)
“ *Of coorse*, you're a Protestant, Larry,” says he.
Upon which says myself, wid a wink just as shly,
“ Is't a Protestant? — oh yes, *I am*, sir,” says I ; —
And there the chat ended, and div'l a more word
Controvarsial between us has since then occur'd.

What Murthagh could mane, and, in troth, Judy
dear,

What *I myself* meant, doesn't seem mighty clear ;
But the thruth is, though still for the Owld Light a
stickler,

I was just then too shtarv'd to be over partic'lar :—
And, God knows, between us, a comic'ler pair
Of twin Protestants couldn't be seen *any* where.

Next Tuesday (as towld in the play-bills I min-
tion'd,

Address'd to the loyal and godly intintion'd,)
His riverence, my master, comes forward to preach,—
Myself doesn't know whether sarmon or speech,
But it's all one to him, he's a dead hand at each ;
Like us, Paddys, in gin'ral, whose skill in orations
Quite bothers the blarney of all other nations.

But, whisht !—there's his Rivirence, shoutin' out
“ Larry,”

And sorra a word more will this shmall paper carry ;
So, here, Judy, ends my short bit of a letther,
Which, faix, I'd have made a much bigger and
betther,

But div'l a one Post-office hole in this town
Fit to swallow a dacent siz'd billy-dux down.
So good luck to the childer!—tell Molly, I love
her;

Kiss Oonagh's sweet mouth, and kiss Katty all
over—

Not forgettin' the mark of the red-currant whiskey
She got at the fair when yourself was so frisky.
The heav'ns be your bed!—I will write, when I
can again,

Yours to the world's end,

LARRY O'BRANIGAN.

LETTER VI.

FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE, TO MRS.

ELIZABETH ———.

How I grieve you're not with us !—pray, come, if
you can,

Ere we're robb'd of this dear, oratorical man,
Who combines in himself all the multiple glory
Of Orangeman, Saint, *quondam* Papist and Tory ;—
(Choice mixture ! like that from which, duly con-
founded,

The best sort of *brass* was, in old times, com-
pounded)—

The sly and the saintly, the worldly and godly,
All fused down in brogue so deliciously oddly !
In short, he's a *dear*—and *such* audiences draws,
Such loud peals of laughter and shouts of ap-
plause,

As *can't* but do good to the Protestant cause.

Poor dear Irish Church!—he to-day sketch'd a
view

Of her hist'ry and prospects, to *me* at least new,
And which (if it *takes* as it ought) must arouse
The whole Christian world her just rights to espouse.
As to *reasoning*—you know, dear, that's now of no
use,

People still will their *facts* and dry *figures* produce,
As if saving the souls of a Protestant flock were
A thing to be managed “according to Cocker!”
In vain do we say, (when rude radicals hector
At paying some thousands a year to a Rector,
In places where Protestants *never yet were*,)
“Who knows but young Protestants *may* be born
there?

And granting such accident, think, what a shame,
If they didn't find Rector and Clerk when they
came!

It is clear that, without such a staff on full pay,
These little Church embryos *must* go astray;
And, while fools are computing what Parsons would
cost,

Precious souls are meanwhile to the' Establishment
lost!

In vain do we put the case sensibly thus ;—
They'll still with their figures and facts make a fuss,
And ask " if, while all, choosing each his own road,
Journey on, as we can, tow'rds the Heav'nly Abode,
It is right that *seven* eights of the trav'lers should pay
For *one* eighth that goes quite a different way ? " —
Just as if, foolish people, this wasn't, in reality,
A proof of the Church's extreme liberality,
That, though hating Pop'ry in *other* respects,
She to Catholic *money* in no way objects ;
And so lib'ral her very best Saints, in this sense,
That they ev'n go to heav'n at the Cath'lic's expense.

But, though clear to *our* minds all these arguments be,
People cannot or *will* not their cogency see ;
And, I grieve to confess, did the poor Irish Church
Stand on reasoning alone, she'd be left in the
lurch.

It was therefore, dear Lizzy, with joy most sincere,
That I heard this nice Rev'rend O' *something* we've
here,
Produce, from the depths of his knowledge and
reading,
A view of that marvellous Church, far exceeding,

In novelty, force, and profoundness of thought,
All that Irving himself, in his glory, e'er taught.

Looking through the whole history, present and
past,

Of the Irish Law Church, from the first to the last;
Considering how strange its original birth—

Such a thing having *never* before been on earth—
How oppos'd to the instinct, the law, and the force
Of nature and reason has been its whole course;

Through centuries encount'ring repugnance, resist-
ance,

Scorn, hate, execration—yet still in existence!

Considering all this, the conclusion he draws
Is that Nature exempts this one Church from her
laws—

That Reason, dumb-founder'd, gives up the dispute,
And before the portentous anom'y stands mute;—
That, in short, 'tis a Miracle!—and, *once* begun,
And transmitted through ages, from father to son,
For the honour of miracles, *ought to go on*.

Never yet was conclusion so cogent and sound,
Or so fitted the Church's weak foes to confound.

For, observe, the more low all her merits they place,
The more they make out the miraculous case,
And the more all good Christians must deem it pro-
fane

To disturb such a prodigy's marvellous reign.

As for scriptural proofs, he quite plac'd beyond
doubt

That the whole in the Apocalypse may be found out,
As clear and well-prov'd, he would venture to swear,
As any thing else has been *ever* found there :—

While the mode in which, bless the dear fellow, he
deals

With that whole lot of vials and trumpets and seals,
And the ease with which vial on vial he strings,
Shows him quite a *first-rate* at all these sort of things.

So much for theology :—as for the' affairs
Of this temporal world—the light, drawing-room
cares

And gay toils of the toilet, which, God knows, I seek,
From no love of such things, but in humbleness
meek,

And to be, as the' Apostle was, “weak with the weak,”

Thou wilt find quite enough (till I'm somewhat less
busy)

In the' extracts inclosed, my dear news-loving Lizzy.

EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY.

Thursday.

Last night, having nought more holy to do,
Wrote a letter to dear Sir Andrew Agnew,
About the "Do-nothing-on-Sunday-Club,"
Which we wish by some shorter name to dub:—
As the use of more vowels and consonants
Than a Christian, on Sunday, *really* wants,
Is a grievance that ought to be done away,
And the Alphabet left to rest, that day.

Sunday.

Sir Andrew's answer!—but, shocking to say,
Being franked unthinkingly yesterday,
To the horror of Agnews yet unborn,
It arriv'd on this blessed Sunday morn!!—
How shocking!—the postman's self cried "shame
on't,"
Seeing the' immaculate Andrew's name on't!!

What will the Club do?—meet, no doubt.
'Tis a matter that touches the Class Devout,
And the friends of the Sabbath *must* speak out.

Tuesday.

Saw to-day, at the raffle—and saw it with pain—
That those stylish Fitzwigrams begin to dress plain.
Even gay little Sophy smart trimmings renounces—
She, who long has stood by me through all sorts of
 flounces,

And showed, by upholding the toilet's sweet rites,
That we, girls, may be Christians, without being
 frights.

This, I own, much alarms me; for though one's
 religious,
And strict and—all that, there's no need to be
 hideous;

And why a nice bonnet should stand in the way
Of one's going to heav'n, 't isn't easy to say.

Then, there's Gimp, the poor thing—if her custom
 we drop,

Pray, what's to become of her soul and her shop?

If by saints like ourselves no more orders are given,
She'll lose all the interest she now takes in heaven ;
And this nice little "fire-brand, pluck'd from the
burning,"

May fall in again at the very next turning.

Wednesday.

Mem.—To write to the India-Mission Society ;
And send £20—heavy tax upon piety !

Of all Indian lux'ries we now-a-days boast, [most.
Making "Company's Christians*" perhaps costs the
And the worst of it is, that these converts full grown,
Having lived in *our* faith mostly die in their *own* †,
Praying hard, at the last, to some god who, they say,
When incarnate on earth, used to steal curds and
whey. ‡

Think, how horrid, my dear !—so that all's thrown
away ;

* The title given by the natives to such of their countrymen as become converts.

† Of such relapses we find innumerable instances in the accounts of the Missionaries.

‡ The god Krishna, one of the incarnations of the god Vishnu. "One day (says the Bhagavata) Krishna's play-

And (what is still worse) for the rum and the rice
They consum'd, while believers, we saints pay the
price.

Still 'tis cheering to find that we *do* save a few—
The Report gives six Christians for Cunnangca-
doo;

Doorkotchum reckons seven, and four Trevandrum,
While but one and a half's left at Cooroopadum.
In this last-mention'd place 'tis the barbers enslave
'em,

For, once they turn Christians, no barber will shave
'em.*

To atone for this rather small Heathen amount,
Some Papists, turn'd Christians†, are tack'd to the
account.

fellows complained to Tasuda that he had pilfered and ate
their curds."

* "Roteen wants shaving; but the barber here will not do
it. He is run away lest he should be compelled. He says
he will not shave Yesoo Kreest's people." — *Bapt. Mission
Society*, vol. ii. p. 493.

† In the Reports of the Missionaries, the Roman Catholics
are almost always classed along with the Heathen. "I have
extended my labours, (says James Venning, in a Report for

And though, to catch Papists, one needn't go so far,

Such fish are worth hooking, wherever they are ;
And *now*, when so great of such converts the lack is,
One Papist well caught is worth millions of
Blackies.

Friday.

Last night had a dream so odd and funny,

I cannot resist recording it here. —

Methought that the Genius of Matrimony

Before me stood, with a joyous leer,

Leading a husband in each hand,

And both for *me*, which look'd rather queer ; —

One I could perfectly understand,

But why there were *two* wasn't quite so clear.

'Twas meant, however, I soon could see,

To afford me a *choice* — a most excellent plan ;

And — who should this brace of candidates be,

But Messrs. O'Mulligan and Magan : —

1831,) to the Heathen, Mahomedans, and Roman Catholics.”
“The Heathen and Roman Catholics in this neighbourhood
(says another missionary for the year 1832) are not indifferent,
but withstand, rather than yield to, the force of truth.”

A thing, I suppose, unheard of till then,
To dream, at once, of *two* Irishmen!—
That handsome Magan, too, with wings on his
shoulders

(For all this pass'd in the realms of the Blest,)
And quite a creature to dazzle beholders ;

While even O'Mulligan, feather'd and drest
As an elderly cherub, was looking his best.
Ah Liz, you, who know me, scarce can doubt
As to *which* of the two I singled out.

But—awful to tell—when, all in dread

Of losing so bright a vision's charms,
I grasp'd at Magan, his image fled,
Like a mist, away, and I found but the head

Of O'Mulligan, wings and all, in my arms!
The Angel had flown to some nest divine,
And the elderly Cherub alone was mine!
Heigho!—it is certain that foolish Magan
Either can't or *wo'n't* see that he *might* be the man;
And, perhaps, dear—who knows?—if nought
better befall

But—O'Mulligan *may* be the man, after all.

N. B.

Next week mean to have my first scriptural rout,
For the special discussion of matters devout;—
Like those *soirées*, at Pow'rscourt*, so justly re-
renown'd,
For the zeal with which doctrine and negus went
round;

* An account of these Powerscourt Conversaziones (under the direct presidency of Lord Roden), as well as a list of the subjects discussed at the different meetings, may be found in the *Christian Herald* for the month of December, 1832. The following is a specimen of the nature of the questions submitted to the company:—“*Monday Evening, Six o'clock, September 24. 1832.*—‘An examination into the quotations given in the New Testament from the Old, with their connection and explanation, viz.’ &c. &c.—*Wednesday.*—‘Should we expect a personal Antichrist? and to whom will he be revealed?’ &c. &c.—*Friday.*—‘What light does Scripture throw on present events, and their moral character? *What is next to be looked for or expected?*’” &c.

The rapid progress made at these tea-parties in settling points of Scripture, may be judged from a paragraph in the account given of one of their evenings, by the *Christian Herald*:—

“On Daniel a good deal of light was thrown, and there was some, I think not so much, perhaps, upon the Revelations; though particular parts of it were discussed with considerable accession of knowledge. There was some very interesting

Those theology-routs which the pious Lord R—d—n,
That pink of Christianity, first set the mode in ;
Where, blessed down-pouring ! * from tea until nine,
The subjects lay all in the Prophecy line ;—
Then, supper—and then, if for topics hard driven,
From thence until bed-time to Satan was given ;
While R—d—n, deep read in each topic and tome,
On all subjects (especially the last) was *at home*.

inquiry as to the quotation of the Old Testament in the New ; particularly on the point, whether there was any ‘accommodation,’ or whether they were quoted according to the mind of the Spirit in the Old ; this gave occasion to some very interesting developement of Scripture. The progress of the Antichristian powers was very fully discussed.”

* “About eight o’clock the Lord began to pour down his spirit copiously upon us—for they had all by this time assembled in my room for the purpose of prayer. This down-pouring continued till about ten o’clock.”—Letter from Mary Campbell to the Rev. John Campbell, of Row, (dated Fernicary, April 4. 1830,) giving an account of her “miraculous cure.”

LETTER VII.

FROM MISS FANNY FUDGE, TO HER COUSIN,
MISS KITTY ———.

IRREGULAR ODE.

BRING me the slumbering souls of flowers,
While yet, beneath some northern sky,
Ungilt by beams, ungemm'd by showers,
They wait the breath of summer hours,
To wake to light each diamond eye,
And let loose every florid sigh !

Bring me the first-born ocean waves,
From out those deep primeval caves,
Where from the dawn of Time they've lain —
THE EMBRYOS OF A FUTURE MAIN !—
Untaught as yet, young things, to speak
The language of their PARENT SEA

(Polyphlysbæan * nam'd, in Greek),
 Though soon, too soon, in bay and creek,
 Round startled isle and wondering peak,
 They'll thunder loud and long as HE!

Bring me, from Hecla's iced abode,
 Young fires——

I had got, dear, thus far in my ODE,
 Intending to fill the whole page to the bottom,
 But, having invok'd such a lot of fine things,
 Flowers, billows and thunderbolts, rainbows and
 wings,
 Didn't know *what* to do with 'em, when I had got
 'em.

The truth is, my thoughts are too full, at this minute,
 Of past MSS. any new ones to try.
 This very night's coach brings my destiny in it—
 Decides the great question, to live or to die!
 And, whether I'm henceforth immortal or no,
 All depends on the answer of Simpkins and Co.!

* If you guess what this word means, 'tis more than *I* can:—
 I but give't as I got it from Mr. Magan.

You'll think, love, I rave, so 'tis best to let out
The whole secret, at once—I have publish'd a
Book!!!

Yes, an actual Book:—if the marvel you doubt,
You have only in last Monday's Courier to look,
And you'll find "This day publish'd by Simpkins
and Co.

A Romaunt, in twelve Cantos, entitled 'Woe Woe!'
By Miss Fanny F——, known more commonly
so ."

This I put that my friends mayn't be left in the dark,
But may guess at my *writing* by knowing my *mark*.

How I manag'd, at last, this great deed to achieve,
Is itself a "Romaunt" which you'd scarce, dear,
believe;

Nor can I just now, being all in a whirl,
Looking out for the Magnet*, explain it, dear girl.
Suffice it to say, that one half the expense
Of this leasehold of fame for long centuries hence—
(Though "God knows," as aunt says, my humble
ambition

Aspires not beyond a small Second Edition,)—

* A day-coach of that name.

One half the whole cost of the paper and printing,
I've manag'd, to scrape up, this year past, by stinting
My own little wants in gloves, ribands, and shoes,
Thus defrauding the toilet to fit out the Muse!

And who, my dear Kitty, would not do the same?
What's *eau de Cologne* to the sweet breath of fame?
Yards of riband soon end—but the measures of
rhyme,
Dipp'd in hues of the rainbow, stretch out through
all time.

Gloves languish and fade away, pair after pair,
While couplets shine out, but the brighter for wear,
And the dancing-shoe's gloss in an evening is gone,
While light-footed lyrics through ages trip on.

The remaining expense, trouble, risk—and, alas!
My poor copyright too—into other hands pass;
And my friend, the Head Dev'l of the "County
Gazette"

(The only Mecænas I've ever had yet),
He who set up in type my first juvenile lays,
Is now set up by them for the rest of his days;
And while Gods (as my "Heathen Mythology" says)

Live on nought but ambrosia, *his* lot how much
sweeter

To live, lucky dev'l, on a young lady's metre!

As for *puffing*—that first of all lit'rary boons,
And essential alike both to bards and balloons
As, unless well supplied with inflation, 'tis found
Neither bards nor balloons budge an inch from the
ground;—

In *this* respect, nought could more prosp'rous befall;
As my friend (for no less this kind imp can I call)
Knows the whole world of critics—the *hypers*
and all.

I suspect he himself, indeed, dabbles in rhyme,
Which, for imps diabolic, is not the first time;
As I've heard uncle Bob say, 'twas known among
Gnostics,
That the Dev'l on Two Sticks was a dev'l at
Acrostics.

But hark! there's the Magnet just dash'd in from
Town—

How my heart, Kitty, beats! I shall surely drop
down.

That awful Court Journal, Gazette, Athenæum,
All full of my book—I shall sink when I see 'em.
And then the great point—whether Simpkins and
Co.

Are actually pleas'd with their bargain or no!—

Five o'clock.

All's delightful—such praises!—I really fear
That this poor little head will turn giddy, my dear,
I've but time now to send you two exquisite scraps—
All the rest by the Magnet, on Monday, perhaps.

FROM THE “MORNING POST.”

'Tis known that a certain distinguish'd physician
Prescribes, for *dyspepsia*, a course of light reading;
And Rhymes by young Ladies, the first, fresh
edition
(Ere critics have injur'd their powers of nutrition),
Are he thinks, for weak stomachs, the best sort of
feeding.

Satires irritate—love-songs are found calorific;
But smooth, female sonnets he deems a specific,
And, if taken at bed-time, a sure soporific.

Among works of this kind, the most pleasing we
know,

Is a volume just published by Simpkins and Co.,
Where all such ingredients — the flowery, the sweet,
And the gently narcotic — are mix'd *per* receipt,
With a hand so judicious, we've no hesitation
To say that — 'bove all, for the young generation —
'Tis an elegant, soothing, and safe preparation.

Nota bene — for readers, whose object's *to sleep*,
And who read, in their nightcaps, the publishers keep
Good fire-proof binding, which comes very cheap.

ANECDOTE — FROM THE "COURT JOURNAL."

T'other night, at the Countess of * * * 's rout,
An amusing event was much whisper'd about.
It was said that Lord ———, at the Council, that day,
Had, more than once, jump'd from his seat, like
a rocket,
And flown to a corner, where — heedless, they say,
How the country's resources were squander'd away —
He kept reading some papers he'd brought in his
pocket.

Some thought them despatches from Spain or the
Turk,

Others swore they brought word we had lost the
Mauritius ;

But it turn'd out 'twas only Miss Fudge's new work,
Which his Lordship devour'd with such zeal ex-
peditious —

Messrs. Simpkins and Co., to avoid all delay,
Having sent it in sheets, that his Lordship might say,
He had distanc'd the whole reading world by a
day !

LETTER VIII.

FROM BOB FUDGE, ESQ., TO THE REV. MORTIMER
O'MULLIGAN.

Tuesday evening.

I MUCH regret, dear Reverend Sir,

I could not come to * * * to meet you ;
But this curst gout wo'n't let me stir —

Ev'n now I but by proxy greet you ;
As this vile scrawl, whate'er its sense is,
Owes all to an amanuensis.

Most other scourges of disease
Reduce men to *extremities* —
But gout wo'n't leave one even *these*.

From all my sister writes, I see
That you and I will quite agree.
I'm a plain man, who speak the truth,
And trust you'll think me not uncivil,
When I declare that, from my youth,
I've wish'd your country at the devil :
Nor can I doubt, indeed, from all
I've heard of your high patriot fame —

From every word your lips let fall—

That you most truly wish the same.

It plagues one's life out—thirty years

Have I had dinning in my ears,

“Ireland wants this, and that, and t'other,”

And, to this hour, one nothing hears

But the same vile, eternal bother.

While, of those countless things she wanted,

Thank God, but little has been granted,

And ev'n that little, if we're men

And Britons, we'll have back again!

I really think that Catholic question

Was what brought on my indigestion;

And still each year, as Popery's curse

Has gather'd round us, I've got worse;

Till ev'n my pint of port a day

Can't keep the Pope and bile away.

And whereas, till the Catholic bill,

I never wanted draught or pill,

The settling of that cursed question

Has quite *unsettled* my digestion.

Look what has happen'd since—the Elect

Of all the bores of every sect,

The chosen triers of men's patience,
From all the Three Denominations,
Let loose upon us ;—even Quakers
Turn'd into speechers and law-makers,
Who'll move no question, stiff-rump'd elves,
Till first the Spirit moves themselves ;
And whose shrill Yeas and Nays, in chorus,
Conquering our Ays and Nos sonorous,
Will soon to death's own slumber snore us.
Then, too, those Jews !—I really sicken
 To think of such abomination ;
Fellows, who wo'n't eat ham with chicken,
 To legislate for this great nation !—
Depend upon't, when once they've sway,
 With rich old Goldsmid at the head o' them,
Th' Excise laws will be done away,
 And *Circumcise* ones pass'd instead o' them !

In short, dear sir, look where one will,
Things all go on so devilish ill,
That, 'pon my soul, I rather fear

 Our reverend Rector may be right,
Who tells me the Millennium's near ;
Nay, swears he knows the very year,

And regulates his leases by't;—
Meaning their terms should end, no doubt,
Before the world's own lease is out.
He thinks, too, that the whole thing's ended
So much more soon than was intended,
Purely to scourge those men of sin
Who brought th' accurst Reform Bill in.*

However, let's not yet despair;
Though Toryism's eclips'd, at present,
And—like myself, in this old chair—
Sits in a state by no means pleasant;
Feet crippled—hands, in luckless hour,
Disabled of their grasping power;
And all that rampant glee, which revell'd
In this world's sweets, be-dull'd, bedevil'd—
Yet, though condemn'd to frisk no more,
And both in Chair of Penance set,

* This appears to have been the opinion also of an eloquent writer in the Morning Watch. "One great object of Christ's second Advent, as the Man and as the King of the Jews, is to *punish the Kings* who do not acknowledge that their authority is derived from him, and *who submit to receive it from that many-headed monster, the mob.*" No. x. p. 373.

There's something tells me, all's not o'er
With Toryism or Bobby yet;
That though, between us, I allow
We've not a leg to stand on now;
Though curst Reform and *colchicum*
Have made us both look deuced glum,
Yet still, in spite of Grote and Gout,
Again we'll shine triumphant out!

Yes—back again shall come, egad,
Our turn for sport, my reverend lad.
And then, O'Mulligan—oh then,
When mounted on our nags again,
You, on your high-flown Rosinante,
Bedizen'd out, like Show-Gallantee
(Glitter great from substance scanty);—
While I, Bob Fudge, Esquire, shall ride
Your faithful Sancho, by your side;
Then—talk of tilts and tournaments!
Dam'me, we'll ——

* * * * *

'Squire Fudge's clerk presents
To Reverend Sir his compliments;

Is griev'd to say an accident
Has just occur'd which will prevent
The Squire—though now a little better—
From finishing this present letter.
Just when he'd got to "Dam'me, we'll ——"
His Honour, full of martial zeal,
Grasp'd at his crutch, but not being able
To keep his balance or his hold,
Tumbled, both self and crutch, and roll'd
Like ball and bat, beneath the table.

All's safe—the table, chair, and crutch;—
Nothing, thank God, is broken much,
But the Squire's head, which, in the fall,
Got bump'd consid'rably—that's all.
At this no great alarm we feel,
As the Squire's head can bear a deal.

Wednesday morning.

Squire much the same—head rather light —
Rav'd about "Barbers' Wigs" all night.

Our housekeeper, old Mrs. Griggs,
Suspects that he meant "barbarous Whigs."

LETTER IX.

FROM LARRY O'BRANIGAN, TO HIS WIFE JUDY.

As it was but last week that I sint you a letther,
You'll wondher, dear Judy, what this is about ;
And, throth, it's a letther myself would like betther,
Could I manage to lave the contints of it out ;
For sure, if it makes even *me* onaisy,
Who takes things quiet, 'twill dhrive *you* crazy.

Oh, Judy, that riverind Murthagh, bad scran to him !
That e'er I should come to've been sarvant-man to
him,
Or so far demane the O'Branigan blood,
And my Aunts, the Diluvians (whom not ev'n the
Flood
Was able to wash away clane from the earth) *
As to sarve one whose name, of mere yestherday's
birth,

* " I am of your Patriarchs, I, a branch of one of your antediluvian families—fellows that the Flood could not wash away."—CONGREVE, *Love for Love*.

Can no more to a great O, *before* it, purtend,
Than mine can to wear a great Q at its *end*.

But that's now all over—last night I gev warnin',
And, masth'r as he is, will discharge him this mornin'.
The thief of the world! — but it's no use balrag-
gin' * ;—

All I know is, I'd fifty times rather be draggin'
Ould ladies up hill to the ind of my days,
Than with Murthagh to rowl in a chaise, at my aise,
And be forc'd to discind thro' the same dirty ways.
Arrah, sure, if I'd heerd where he last show'd his
phiz,

I'd have known what a quare sort of monsther he is;
For, by gor, 'twas at Exether Change, sure enough,
That himself and his other wild Irish show'd off;
And it's pity, so 'tis, that they hadn't got no man
Who knew the wild crathurs to act as their show-
man—

* To *balrag* is to abuse — Mr. Lover makes it *ballyrag*, and he is high authority: but if I remember rightly, Curran in his national stories used to employ the word as above. — See Lover's most amusing and genuinely Irish work, the "Legends and Stories of Ireland."

Sayin', "Ladies and Gintlemen, plaze to take notice,

"How shlim and how shleek this black animal's coat is;

"All by raison, we're towld, that the nathur o' the baste

"Is to change its coat *once* in its lifetime, *at laste*;

"And such objiks, in *our* counthry, not bein' common ones,

"Are *bought up*, as this was, by way of Fine Nomenons.

"In regard of its *name*—why, in throth, I'm consarn'd

"To differ on this point so much with the Larn'd,

"Who call it a '*Morthimer*,' whereas the craythur

"Is plainly a '*Murthagh*,' by name and by nathur."

This is how I'd have towld them the rights of it all,

Had *I* been their showman at Exether Hall—

Not forgettin' that other great wondher of Airin

(Of th' owld bitther breed which they call Prosbe-tairin),

The fam'd Daddy C—ke — who, by gor, I'd have
shown 'em

As proof how such bastes may be tam'd, when
you've thrown 'em

A good frindly sop of the rale *Raigin Donem*.*

But, throth, I've no laisure just now, Judy dear,
For any thing, barrin' our own doings here,
And the cursin' and dammin' and thund'rin', like
mad,

We Papists, God help us, from Murthagh have had.
He says we're all murtherers—div'l a bit less—
And that even our priests, when we go to confess,
Give us lessons in murth'ring and wish us success!

When ax'd how he daar'd, by tongue or by pen,
To belie, in this way, seven millions of men,
Faith, he said 'twas all towld him by Docthor
Den!†

* Larry evidently means the *Regium Donum*;—a sum contributed by the government annually to the support of the Presbyterian churches in Ireland.

† Correctly, Dens—Larry not being very particular in his nomenclature.

“And who the div’l’s *he*?” was the question that flew
From Chrishtian to Chrishtian—but not a sowl
knew.

While on went Murthagh, in iligant style,
Blasphaming us Cath’lics all the while,
As a pack of desaivers, parjurers, villians,
All the whole kit of th’ aforesaid millions *,—
Yourself, dear Judy, as well as the rest,
And the innocent craythur that’s at your breast,
All rogues together, in word and deed,
Owld Den our insthructor and Sin our creed!

When ax’d for his proofs again and again,
Div’l an answer he’d give but Docthor Den.
Couldn’t he call into coort some *livin’* men?
“No, thank you”—he’d stick to Docthor Den—
An ould gintleman dead a century or two,
Who all about *us*, live Cath’lics, knew;

* “The deeds of darkness which are reduced to horrid practice over the drunken debauch of the midnight assassin are debated, in principle, in the sober morning religious conferences of the priests.”—*Speech of the Rev. Mr. M’Ghee.*—
“The character of the Irish people *generally* is, that they are given to lying and to acts of theft.”—*Speech of the Rev. Robert Daly.*

And of coorse was more handy, to call in a hurry,
Than Docthor Mac Hale or Docthor Murray !

But, throth, it's no case to be jokin' upon,
Though myself, from bad habits, is *makin'* it one.
Even *you*, had you witness'd his grand climacterics,
Which actially threw one owld maid in hysterics—
Or, och ! had you heerd such a purty remark as his,
That Papists are only “ *Humanity's carcasses*,
“ *Ris'n*”—but, by dad, I'm afeard I can't give it ye—
“ *Ris'n from the sepulchre of—inactivity ;*
“ *And, like owld corpses, dug up from antikity,*
“ *Wandrin' about in all sorts of inikity !!*” * —
Even you, Judy, true as you are to the Owld Light,
Would have laugh'd, out and out, at this iligant
flight

Of that figure of speech call'd the Blatherumskite.

* “ But she (Popery) is no longer *the tenant of the sepulchre of inactivity*. She has come from the burial-place, walking forth a monster, as if the spirit of evil had corrupted *the carcass of her departed humanity* ; noxious and noisome, an object of abhorrence and dismay to all who are not *leagued with her in iniquity*.” — Report of the Rev. Gentleman's Speech, June 20. in the Record Newspaper.

We may well ask, after reading this and other such reverend ravings, “ Quis dubitat quin omne sit hoc rationis egestas ? ”

As for me, though a funny thought now and then
came to me,

Rage got the betther at last—and small blame
to me!

So, slapping my thigh, “by the Powers of Delf,”

Says I bowldly “I’ll make a noration myself.”

And with that up I jumps—but, my darlint, the
minit

I cock’d up my head, div’l a sinse remain’d in it.

Though, *saited*, I could have got beautiful on,

When I tuk to my legs, faith, the gab was all gone:—

Which was odd, for us, Pats, who, whate’er we’ve a
hand in,

At laste in our *legs* show a sthrong understandin’.

Howsumdever, detarmin’d the chaps should pursaive

What I thought of their doin’s, before I tuk lave,

“In regard of all that,” says I—there I stopp’d
short—

Not a word more would come, though I shtruggled
hard for’t.

So, shnapping my fingers at what’s call’d the Chair,

And the owld Lord (or Lady, I b’lieve) that sat
there—

“ In regard of all that,” says I bowldly again—
“ To owld Nick I pitch Mortimer—*and* Docthor
Den ;” —

Upon which the whole company cried out “ Amen ;”
And myself was in hopes ’twas to what *I* had
said,

But, by gor, no such thing—they were not so well
bred :

For, ’twas all to a pray’r Murthagh just had read
out,

By way of fit finish to job so devout ;
That is—*afther* well damning one half the com-
munity,

To pray God to keep all in pace an’ in unity !

This is all I can shtuff in this letther, though plinty
Of news, faith, I’ve got to fill more—if ’twas twinty.
But I’ll add, on the *outside*, a line, should I need it,
(Writin’ “ Private ” upon it, that no one may
read it,)

To tell you how *Mortimer* (as the Saints chrishten
him)

Bears the big shame of his sarvant’s dismisshin’
him.

(Private outside.)

Just come from his riv'rence—the job is all done—
By the powers, I've discharg'd him as sure as a gun!
And now, Judy dear, what on earth I'm to do
With myself and my appetite—both good as new—
Without ev'n a single traneeen in my pocket,
Let alone a good, dacent pound-starlin', to stock it—
Is a mysht'ry I lave to the One that's above,
Who takes care of us, dissolute sows, when hard
dhrove!

LETTER X.

FROM THE REV. MORTIMER O'MULLIGAN, TO THE
REV. ———.

THESE few brief lines, my reverend friend,
By a safe, private hand I send
(Fearing lest some low Catholic wag
Should pry into the Letter-bag),
To tell you, far as pen can dare
How we, poor errant martyrs, fare;—
Martyrs, not quite to fire and rack,
As Saints were, some few ages back,
But—scarce less trying in its way—
To laughter, wheresoe'er we stray;
To jokes, which Providence mysterious
Permits on men and things so serious,
Lowering the Church still more each minute,
And—injuring our preferment in it.

Just think, how worrying 'tis, my friend,
To find, where'er our footsteps bend,
 Small jokes, like squibs, around us whizzing ;
And bear the eternal torturing play
Of that great engine of our day,
 Unknown to the' Inquisition — quizzing !

Your men of thumb-screws and of racks
Aim'd at the *body* their attacks ;
But modern torturers, more refin'd,
Work *their* machinery on the *mind*.
Had St. Sebastian had the luck

 With me to be a godly rover,
Instead of arrows, he'd be stuck

 With stings of ridicule all over ;
And poor St. Lawrence, who was kill'd
By being on a gridir'n grill'd,
Had he but shar'd *my* errant lot,
Instead of grill on gridir'n hot,
A *moral* roasting would have got.
Nor should I (trying as all this is)

 Much heed the suffering or the shame —
As, like an actor, *used* to hisses,
 I long have known no other fame,

But that (as I may own to *you*,
Though to the *world* it would not do,)
No hope appears of fortune's beams
Shining on *any* of my schemes ;
No chance of something more *per ann.*
As supplement to K—llym—n ;
No prospect that, by fierce abuse
Of Ireland, I shall e'er induce
The rulers of this thinking nation
To rid us of Emancipation ;
To forge anew the sever'd chain,
And bring back Penal Laws again.

Ah happy time ! when wolves and priests
Alike were hunted, as wild beasts ;
And five pounds was the price, *per* head,
For bagging *either*, live or dead * ;—
Though oft, we're told, *one* outlaw'd brother
Sav'd cost, by eating up *the other*.

* “ Among other amiable enactments against the Catholics at this period (1649), the price of five pounds was set on the head of a Romish priest—being exactly the same sum offered by the same legislators for the head of a wolf.”

Memoirs of Captain Rock, book i. chap. 10.

Finding thus all those schemes and hopes
I built upon my flowers and tropes
All scatter'd, one by one, away,
As flashy and unsound as they,
The question comes—what's to be done?
And there's but one course left me—*one*.
Heroes, when tir'd of war's alarms,
Seek sweet repose in Beauty's arms.
The weary Day-God's last retreat is
The breast of silv'ry-footed Thetis;
And mine, as mighty Love's my judge,
Shall be the arms of rich Miss Fudge!

Start not, my friend,—the tender scheme,
Wild and romantic though it seem,
Beyond a parson's fondest dream,
Yet shines, too, with those golden dyes,
So pleasing to a parson's eyes—
That only *gilding* which the Muse
Cannot around *her* sons diffuse;—
Which, whencesoever flows its bliss,
From wealthy Miss or benefice,
To Mortimer indiff'rent is,
So he can only make it *his*.

There is but one slight damp I see
Upon this scheme's felicity,
And that is, the fair heroine's claim
That I shall take *her* family name.
To this (though it may look henpeck'd),
I can't quite decently object,
Having myself long chos'n to shine
Conspicuous in the *alias** line;
So that henceforth, by wife's decree,
 (For Biddy from this point wo'n't budge)
Your old friend's new address must be
 The *Rev. Mortimer O'Fudge*—
The "O" being kept, that all may see
We're *both* of ancient family.

Such, friend, nor need the fact amaze you,
My public life's calm Euthanasia.

* In the first edition of his Dictionary, Dr. Johnson very significantly exemplified the meaning of the word "alias" by the instance of Mallet, the poet, who had exchanged for this more refined name his original Scotch patronymic, Malloch. "What *other* proofs he gave (says Johnson) of disrespect to his native country, I know not; but it was remarked of him that he was the only Scot whom Scotchmen did not commend." — *Life of Mallet*.

Thus bid I long farewell to all
The freaks of Exeter's old Hall—
Freaks, in grimace, its apes exceeding,
And rivalling its bears in breeding.
Farewell, the platform fill'd with preachers—
The pray'r giv'n out, as grace*, by speakers,
Ere they cut up their fellow-creatures:—
Farewell to dead old Dens's volumes,
And, scarce less dead, old Standard's columns:—
From each and all I now retire,
My task, henceforth, as spouse and sire,
To bring up little filial Fudges,
To be M.P.s, and Peers, and Judges—
Parsons I'd add too, if, alas!
There yet were hope the Church could pass
The gulf now oped for hers and her,
Or long survive what *Exeter*—
Both Hall and Bishop, of that name—
Have done to sink her reverend fame.

* "I think I am acting in unison with the feelings of a Meeting assembled for this *solemn* object, when I call on the Rev. Doctor Holloway to open it by prayer."—*Speech of Lord Kenyon.*

Adieu, dear friend—you'll oft hear *from* me,
Now I'm no more a travelling drudge ;
Meanwhile I sign (that you may judge
How well the surname will become me)

Yours truly,

MORTIMER O'FUDGE.

LETTER XI.

FROM PATRICK MAGAN, ESQ., TO THE REV.
RICHARD ———.

———, *Ireland.*

DEAR DICK—just arriv'd at my own humble *gîte*,
I inclose you, post-haste, the account, all complete,
Just arriv'd, *per* express, of our late noble feat.

[*Extract from the "County Gazette."*]

This place is getting gay and full again.

* * * * *

Last week was married, "in the Lord,"
The Reverend Mortimer O'Mulligan,
Preacher, in *Irish*, of the Word,
(He, who the Lord's force lately led on—
Exeter Hall his *Armagh*-geddon,)*

* The rectory which the Rev. gentleman holds is situated in the county of *Armagh*!—a most remarkable coincidence—and well worthy of the attention of certain expounders of the Apocalypse.

To Miss B. Fudge of Pisgah Place,
One of the chos'n, as "heir of grace,"
And likewise heiress of Phil. Fudge,
Esquire, defunct, of Orange Lodge.

Same evening, Miss F. Fudge, 'tis hinted—
Niece of the above, (whose "Sylvan Lyre,"
In our Gazette, last week, we printed,)
Elop'd with Pat. Magan, Esquire.
The fugitives were track'd, some time,
After they'd left the Aunt's abode,
By scraps of paper, scrawl'd with rhyme,
Found strew'd along the Western road;—
Some of them, *ci-devant* curl-papers,
Others, half burnt in lighting tapers.
This clue, however, to their flight,
After some miles was seen no more;
And, from inquiries made last night,
We find they've reach'd the Irish shore.

Every word of it true, Dick — th' escape from
Aunt's thrall—
Western road—lyric fragments—curl-papers and
all.

My sole stipulation, ere link'd at the shrine
(As some balance between Fanny's *numbers* and
mine),

Was that, when we were *one*, she must give up the
Nine;

Nay, devote to the Gods her whole stock of MS.
With a vow never more against prose to transgress.
This she did, like a heroine;—smack went to bits
The whole produce sublime of her dear little wits—
Sonnets, elegies, epigrams, odes, canzonets—
Some twisted up neatly, to form *allumettes*,
Some turn'd into *papillotes*, worthy to rise
And enwreath Berenice's bright locks in the skies!
While the rest, honest Larry (who's now in *my* pay),
Begg'd, as "lover of *po'thry*," to read on the way.

Having thus of life's *poetry* dar'd to dispose,
How we now, Dick, shall manage to get through its
prose,

With such slender materials for *style*, Heaven knows!
But—I'm call'd off abruptly—*another* Express!

What the deuce can it mean?—I'm alarm'd, I con-
fess.

P.S.

Hurrah, Dick, hurrah, Dick, ten thousand hurrahs!
I'm a happy, rich dog to the end of my days.

There—read the good news—and while glad, for
my sake,

That Wealth should thus follow in Love's shining
wake,

Admire also the *moral*—that he, the sly elf,
Who has fudg'd all the world, should be now fudg'd
himself!

EXTRACT FROM LETTER INCLOSED.

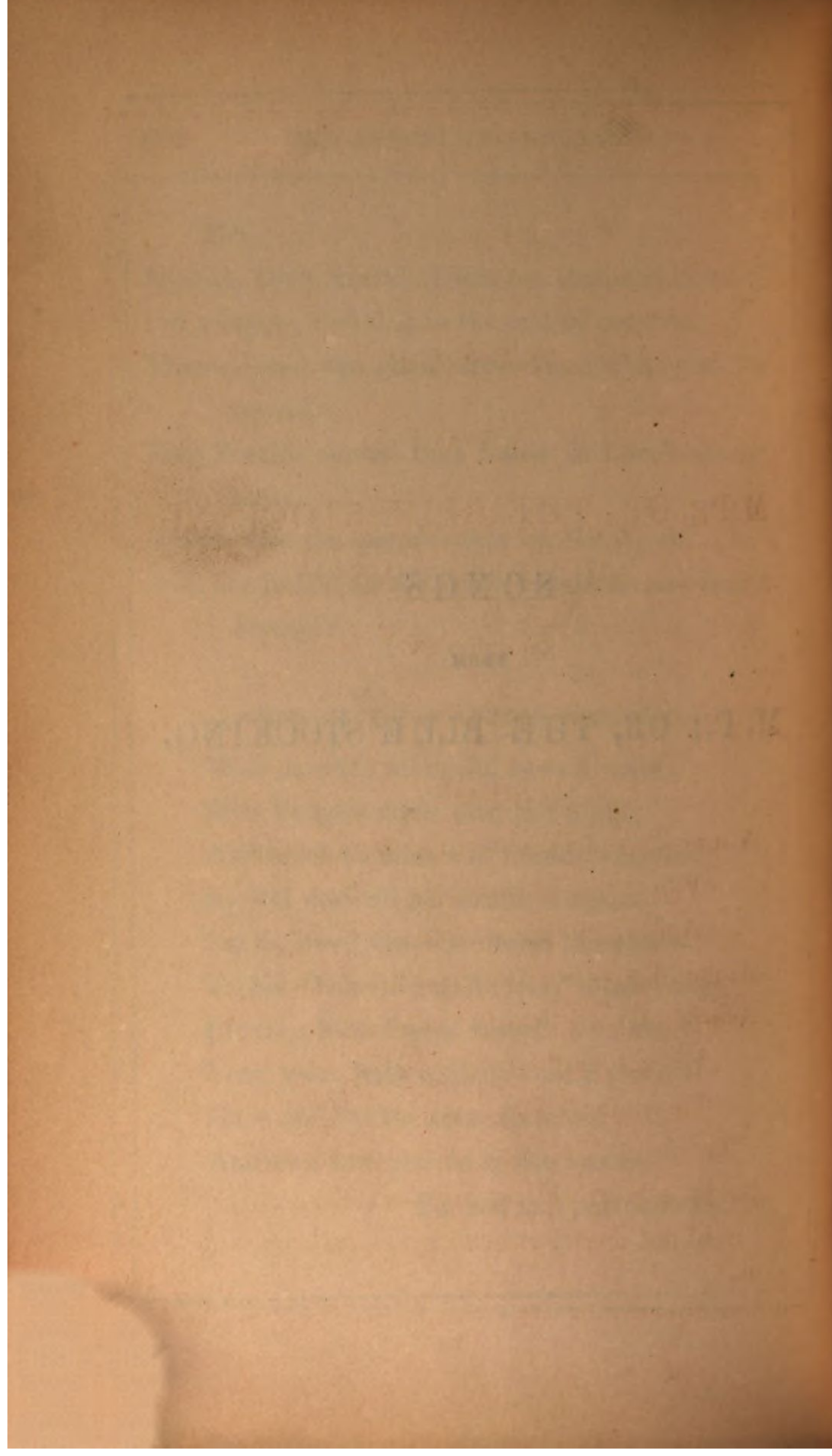
With pain the mournful news I write,
Miss Fudge's uncle died last night;
And much to mine and friends' surprise,
By will doth all his wealth devise—
Lands, dwellings—rectories likewise—
To his “belov'd grand-niece,” Miss Fanny,
Leaving Miss Fudge herself, who many
Long years hath waited—not a penny!
Have notified the same to latter,
And wait instructions in the matter.

For self and partners, &c. &c.

SONGS

FROM

M. P.; OR, THE BLUE STOCKING.



SONGS

FROM

M.P.; OR, THE BLUE STOCKING.

SONG.

SUSAN.

YOUNG Love liv'd once in an humble shed,
Where roses breathing,
And woodbines wreathing
Around the lattice their tendrils spread,
As wild and sweet as the life he led.

His garden flourish'd,
For young Hope nourish'd
The infant buds with beams and showers ;
But lips, though blooming, must still be fed,
And not even Love can live on flowers.

Alas ! that Poverty's evil eye
Should e'er come hither,
Such sweets to wither !

The flowers laid down their heads to die,
And Hope fell sick as the witch drew nigh.

She came one morning,
Ere Love had warning,
And rais'd the latch, where the young god lay ;
" Oh ho ! " said Love — " is it you ? good-by ; "
So he oped the window, and flew away !

To sigh, yet feel no pain,
To weep, yet scarce know why ;
To sport an hour with Beauty's chain,
Then throw it idly by.

To kneel at many a shrine,
Yet lay the heart on none ;
To think all other charms divine.

But those we just have won.
This is love, faithless love,
Such as kindleth hearts that rove.

To keep one sacred flame,
Through life unchill'd, unmov'd,
To love, in wintry age, the same
As first in youth we lov'd ;
To feel that we adore,
Ev'n to such fond excess,
That, though the heart would break, with *more*,
It could not live with *less*.

This is love, faithful love,
Such as saints might feel above.

SPIRIT of Joy, thy altar lies

In youthful hearts that hope like mine;

And 'tis the light of laughing eyes,

That leads us to thy fairy shrine.

There if we find the sigh, the tear,

They are not those to Sorrow known;

But breath so soft, and drops so clear,

That Bliss may claim them for her own.

Then give me, give me, while I weep,

The sanguine hope that brightens woe,

And teaches ev'n our tears to keep

The tinge of pleasure as they flow.

The child, who sees the dew of night

Upon the spangled hedge at morn,

Attempts to catch the drops of light,

But wounds his finger with the thorn.

Thus oft the brightest joys we seek,

Are lost, when touch'd, and turn to pain;

The flush they kindled leaves the cheek,

The tears they waken long remain.

But give me, give me, &c. &c

WHEN Leila touch'd the lute,
Not *then* alone 'twas felt,
But, when the sounds were mute,
In memory still they dwelt.
Sweet lute ! in nightly slumbers
Still we heard thy morning numbers.

Ah, how could she, who stole
Such breath from simple wire,
Be led, in pride of soul,
To string with gold her lyre ?
Sweet lute ! thy chords she breaketh ;
Golden now the strings she waketh !

But where are all the tales
Her lute so sweetly told ?
In lofty themes she fails,
And soft ones suit not gold.
Rich lute ! we see thee glisten,
But, alas ! no more we listen !

BOAT GLEE.

THE song that lightens our languid way
When brows are glowing,
And faint with rowing,
Is like the spell of Hope's airy lay,
To whose sound through life we stray.
The beams that flash on the oar awhile,
As we row along through waves so clear,
Illume its spray, like the fleeting smile
That shines o'er Sorrow's tear.

Nothing is lost on him who sees
With an eye that Feeling gave ; —
For him there's a story in every breeze,
And a picture in every wave.
Then sing to lighten the languid way ; —
When brows are glowing,
And faint with rowing :
'Tis like the spell of Hope's airy lay,
To whose sound through life we stray.

OH think, when a hero is sighing,
What danger in such an adorer !
What woman could dream of denying
The hand that lays laurels before her.
No heart is so guarded around,
But the smile of a victor would take it;
No bosom can slumber so sound,
But the trumpet of Glory will wake it.

Love sometimes is given to sleeping,
And woe to the heart that allows him ;
For soon neither smiling or weeping
Will e'er from such slumber arouse him.
But though he were sleeping so fast,
That the life almost seem'd to forsake him,
Ev'n then, one soul-thrilling blast
From the trumpet of Glory would wake him.

CUPID'S LOTTERY.

A LOTTERY, a Lottery,
In Cupid's Court there used to be ;
Two roguish eyes
The highest prize,
In Cupid's scheming Lottery ;
And kisses, too,
As good as new,
Which weren't very hard to win,
For he, who won
The eyes of fun,
Was sure to have the kisses in.
A Lottery, a Lottery, &c.

This Lottery, this Lottery,
In Cupid's Court went merrily,
And Cupid play'd
A Jewish trade
In this his scheming Lottery ;

For hearts, we're told,
In *shares* he sold
To many a fond believing drone,
And cut the hearts
So well in parts,
That each believ'd the whole his own.

Chor.—A Lottery, a Lottery,
In Cupid's Court there used to be ;
Two roguish eyes
The highest prize
In Cupid's scheming Lottery.

SONG.*

THOUGH sacred the tie that our country entwineth,
And dear to the heart her remembrance remains,
Yet dark are the ties where no liberty shineth,
And sad the remembrance that slavery stains.
Oh Liberty, born in the cot of the peasant,
But dying of languor in luxury's dome,
Our vision, when absent—our glory when present—
Where thou art, O Liberty! there is my home.

Farewell to the land where in childhood I wander'd!
In vain is she mighty, in vain is she brave;
Unbless'd is the blood that for tyrants is squander'd,
And Fame has no wreaths for the brow of the slave.
But hail to thee, Albion! who meet'st the commotion
Of Europe, as calm as thy cliffs meet the foam;
With no bonds but the law, and no slave but the
ocean,
Hail, Temple of Liberty! thou art my home.

* Sung in the character of a Frenchman.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

AT NIGHT.*

AT night, when all is still around,
How sweet to hear the distant sound
Of footstep, coming soft and light !
What pleasure in the anxious beat,
With which the bosom flies to meet
That foot that comes so soft at night !

And then, at night, how sweet to say
“ ’Tis late, my love ! ” and chide delay,
Though still the western clouds are bright ;
Oh ! happy, too, the silent press,
The eloquence of mute caress,
With those we love exchang’d at night !

* These lines allude to a curious lamp, which has for its device a Cupid, with the words “at night” written over him.

TO LADY HOLLAND.

ON NAPOLEON'S LEGACY OF A SNUFF-BOX.

GIFT of the Hero, on his dying day,
To her, whose pity watch'd, for ever nigh;
Oh ! could he see the proud, the happy ray,
This relic lights up on her generous eye,
Sighing, he'd feel how easy 'tis to pay
A friendship all his kingdoms could not buy.

Paris, July, 1821.

EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN FOR LADY DACRE'S TRAGEDY OF INA.

LAST night, as lonely o'er my fire I sat,
Thinking of cues, starts, exits, and—all that,
And wondering much what little knavish sprite
Had put it first in women's heads to write:—
Sudden I saw—as in some witching dream—
A bright-blue glory round my book-case beam,
From whose quick-opening folds of azure light
Out flew a tiny form, as small and bright
As Puck the Fairy, when he pops his head,
Some sunny morning from a violet bed.
“Bless me!” I starting cried, “what imp are
you?”—
“A small he-devil, Ma'am—my name BAS BLEU—
“A bookish sprite, much given to routs and read-
ing;
“'Tis I who teach your spinsters of good breeding,
“The reigning taste in chemistry and caps,
“The last new bounds of tuckers and of maps,

“ And, when the waltz has twirl’d her giddy brain,
“ With metaphysics twirl it back again !”

I view’d him, as he spoke—his hose were blue,
His wings—the covers of the last Review—
Cerulean, border’d with a jaundice hue,
And tinsell’d gaily o’er, for evening wear,
Till the next quarter brings a new-fledg’d pair.
“ Inspir’d by me—(pursued this waggish Fairy)—
“ That best of wives and Sapphos, Lady Mary,
“ Votary alike of Crispin and the Muse,
“ Makes her own splay-foot epigrams and shoes.
“ For me the eyes of young Camilla shine,
“ And mingle Love’s blue brilliances with mine ;
“ For me she sits apart, from coxcombs shrinking,
“ Looks wise—the pretty soul!—and *thinks* she’s
thinking.

“ By my advice Miss Indigo attends
“ Lectures on Memory, and assures her friends,
“ ‘ ’Pon honour!—(*mimics*)—nothing can surpass
the plan
“ ‘ Of that professor—(*trying to recollect*)—psha!
that memory-man—

“ ‘ That—what’s his name?—him I attended lately—
“ ‘ ’Pon honour, he improv’d *my* memory greatly.’ ”

Here, curtseying low, I ask’d the blue-legg’d sprite,
What share he had in this our play to-night.

“ Nay, there—(he cried)—there I am guiltless quite—

“ What ! choose a heroine from that Gothic time,

“ When no one waltz’d, and none but monks could
rhyme ;

“ When lovely woman, all unschool’d and wild,

“ Blush’d without art, and without culture smil’d—

“ Simple as flowers, while yet unclass’d they shone,

“ Ere Science call’d their brilliant world her own,

“ Rang’d the wild, rosy things in learned orders,

“ And fill’d with Greek the garden’s blushing
borders !—

“ No, no—your gentle Inas will not do—

“ To-morrow evening, when the lights burn blue,

“ I’ll come—(*pointing downwards*)—you understand
—till then adieu !”

And *has* the sprite been here ? No—jests apart—
Howe’er man rules in science and in art,
The sphere of woman’s glories is the heart.

And, if our Muse have sketch'd with pencil true
The wife—the mother—firm, yet gentle too—
Whose soul, wrapp'd up in ties itself hath spun,
Trembles, if touch'd in the remotest one ;
Who loves—yet dares even Love himself disown,
When Honour's broken shaft supports his throne :
If such our Ina, she may scorn the evils,
Dire as they are, of Critics and—Blue Devils.

THE DAY-DREAM.*

THEY both were hush'd, the voice, the chords,—
I heard but once that witching lay ;
And few the notes, and few the words,
My spell-bound memory brought away ;

Traces, remember'd here and there,
Like echoes of some broken strain ;—
Links of a sweetness lost in air,
That nothing now could join again.

Ev'n these, too, ere the morning, fled ;
And, though the charm still linger'd on,
That o'er each sense her song had shed,
The song itself was faded, gone ;—

* In these stanzas I have done little more than relate a fact in verse ; and the lady, whose singing gave rise to this curious instance of the power of memory in sleep, is Mrs. Robert Arkwright.

Gone, like the thoughts that once were ours,
On summer days, ere youth had set ;
Thoughts bright, we know, as summer flowers,
Though *what* they were, we now forget.

In vain, with hints from other strains,
I woo'd this truant air to come —
As birds are taught, on eastern plains,
To lure their wilder kindred home.

In vain : — the song that Sappho gave,
In dying, to the mournful sea,
Not muter slept beneath the wave,
Than this within my memory.

At length, one morning, as I lay
In that half-waking mood, when dreams
Unwillingly at last give way
To the full truth of daylight's beams,

A face — the very face, methought,
From which had breath'd, as from a shrine
Of song and soul, the notes I sought —
Came with its music close to mine ;

And sung the long-lost measure o'er, —
Each note and word, with every tone
And look, that lent it life before, —
All perfect, all again my own!

Like parted souls, when, mid the Blest
They meet again, each widow'd sound
Through memory's realm had wing'd in quest
Of its sweet mate, till all were found.

Nor ev'n in waking did the clue,
Thus strangely caught, escape again;
For never lark its matins knew
So well as now I knew this strain.

And oft, when memory's wondrous spell
Is talk'd of in our tranquil bower,
I sing this lady's song, and tell
The vision of that morning hour.

SONG.

WHERE is the heart that would not give
Years of drowsy days and nights,
One little hour, like this, to live—
Full, to the brim, of life's delights?
Look, look around,
This fairy ground,
With love-lights glittering o'er;
While cups that shine
With freight divine
Go coasting round its shore.

Hope is the dupe of future hours,
Memory lives in those gone by;
Neither can see the moment's flowers
Springing up fresh beneath the eye.
Wouldst thou, or thou,
Forego what's *now*,
For all that Hope may say?
No—Joy's reply,
From every eye,
Is, "Live we while we may."

SONG OF THE POCO-CURANTE SOCIETY.

Haud curat Hippoclides.

ERASM. *Adag.*

To those we love we've drank to-night ;
But now attend, and stare not,
While I the ampler list recite
Of those for whom WE CARE NOT.

For royal men, howe'er they frown,
If on their fronts they bear not
That noblest gem that decks a crown,
The People's Love—WE CARE NOT.

For slavish men, who bend beneath
A despot yoke, yet dare not
Pronounce the will, whose very breath
Would rend its links—WE CARE NOT.

For priestly men, who covet sway
And wealth, though they declare not;
Who point, like finger-posts, the way
They never go—WE CARE NOT.

For martial men, who on their sword,
Howe'er it conquers, wear not
The pledges of a soldier's word,
Redeem'd and pure—WE CARE NOT.

For legal men, who plead for wrong,
And, though to lies they swear not,
Are hardly better than the throng
Of those who *do*—WE CARE NOT.

For courtly men, who feed upon
The land, like grubs, and spare not
The smallest leaf, where they can sun
Their crawling limbs—WE CARE NOT.

For wealthy men, who keep their mines
In darkness hid, and share not
The paltry ore with him who pines
In honest want—WE CARE NOT.

For prudent men, who hold the power
Of Love aloof, and bare not
Their hearts in any guardless hour
To Beauty's shaft—**WE CARE NOT.**

For all, in short, on land or sea,
In camp or court, who *are* not,
Who never *were*, or e'er *will* be
Good men and true—**WE CARE NOT.**

ANNE BOLEYN.

TRANSLATION FROM THE METRICAL "HISTOIRE
D'ANNE BOLEYN."

" S'elle estoit belle et de taille élégante,
Estoit des yeulx encor plus attirante,
Lesquelz sçavoit bien conduyre à propos
En les tenant quelquefois en repos ;
Aucunefois envoyant en message
Porter du cueur le secret tesmoignage."

MUCH as her form seduc'd the sight,
Her eyes could ev'n more surely woo ;
And when, and how to shoot their light
Into men's hearts full well she knew.
For sometimes, in repose, she hid
Their rays beneath a downcast lid ;
And then again, with wakening air,
Would send their sunny glances out,
Like heralds of delight, to bear
Her heart's sweet messages about.

THE DREAM OF THE TWO SISTERS.

FROM DANTE.

Nell ora, credo, che dell' oriente
Prima raggiò nel monte Citerea,
Che di fuoco d' amor par sempre ardente,
Giovane e bella in sogno mi pareo
Donna vedere andar per una landa
Cogliendo fiori ; e cantando dicea : —

Sappia qualunque 'l mio nome dimanda,
Ch' io mi son Lia, e vo movendo 'ntorno
Le belle mani a farmi una ghirlanda —
Per piacermi allo specchio qui m' adorno ;
Ma mia suora Rachel mai non si smaga
Dal suo ammiraglio, e siede tutto il giorno.

Ell' è de' suoi begli occhi veder vaga,
Com' io dell' adornarmi con le mani ;
Lei lo vedere e me l'ovrare appaga.

DANTE, *Purg.* canto xxvii.

'Twas eve's soft hour, and bright, above,
The star of Beauty beam'd,
While lull'd by light so full of love,
In slumber thus I dream'd—
Methought, at that sweet hour,
A nymph came o'er the lea,

Who, gath'ring many a flow'r,

Thus said and sung to me :—

“ Should any ask what Leila loves,

“ Say thou, To wreathe her hair

“ With flow'rets cull'd from glens and groves,

“ Is Leila's only care.

“ While thus in quest of flow'rets rare,

“ O'er hill and dale I roam,

“ My sister, Rachel, far more fair,

“ Sits lone and mute at home.

“ Before her glass untiring,

“ With thoughts that never stray,

“ Her own bright eyes admiring,

“ She sits the live-long day ;

“ While I !— oh, seldom ev'n a look

“ Of self salutes my eye ;—

“ My only glass, the limpid brook,

“ That shines and passes by.”

SOVEREIGN WOMAN.

A BALLAD.

THE dance was o'er, yet still in dreams,
That fairy scene went on ;
Like clouds still flush'd with daylight gleams
Though day itself is gone.
And gracefully to music's sound,
The same bright nymphs went gliding round ;
While thou, the Queen of all, wert there —
The Fairest still, where all were fair.

The dream then chang'd — in halls of state,
I saw thee high entron'd ;
While, rang'd around, the wise, the great
In thee their mistress own'd :
And still the same, thy gentle sway
O'er willing subjects won its way —
'Till all confess'd the Right Divine
To rule o'er man was only thine !

But, lo, the scene now chang'd again —

And borne on plumed steed,

I saw thee o'er the battle-plain

Our land's defenders lead :

And stronger in thy beauty's charms,

Than man, with countless hosts in arms,

Thy voice, like music, cheer'd the Free,

Thy very smile was victory !

Nor reign such queens on thrones alone —

In cot and court the same,

Wherever woman's smile is known,

Victoria's still her name.

For though she almost blush to reign,

Though Love's own flow'rets wreath the chain,

Disguise our bondage as we will,

'Tis woman, woman, rules us still.

COME, PLAY ME THAT SIMPLE AIR
AGAIN.

A BALLAD.

COME, play me that simple air again,
I us'd so to love, in life's young day,
And bring, if thou canst, the dreams that then
Were waken'd by that sweet lay.

The tender gloom its strain
Shed o'er the heart and brow,
Grief's shadow, without its pain —
Say where, where is it now?

But play me the well-known air once more,
For thoughts of youth still haunt its strain,
Like dreams of some far, fairy shore
We never shall see again.

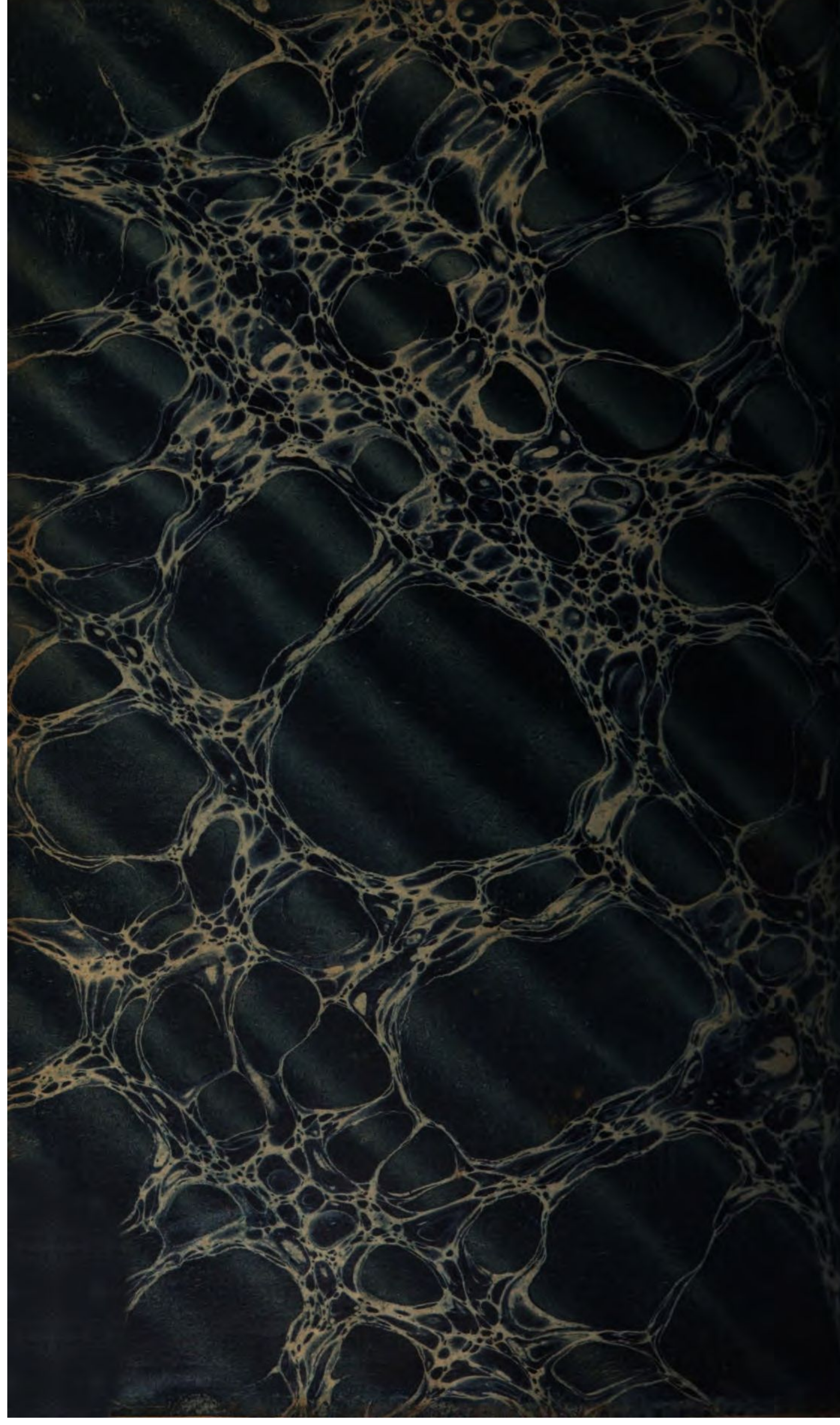
Sweet air, how every note brings back
Some sunny hope, some day-dream bright,
That, shining o'er life's early track,
Fill'd ev'n its tears with light.

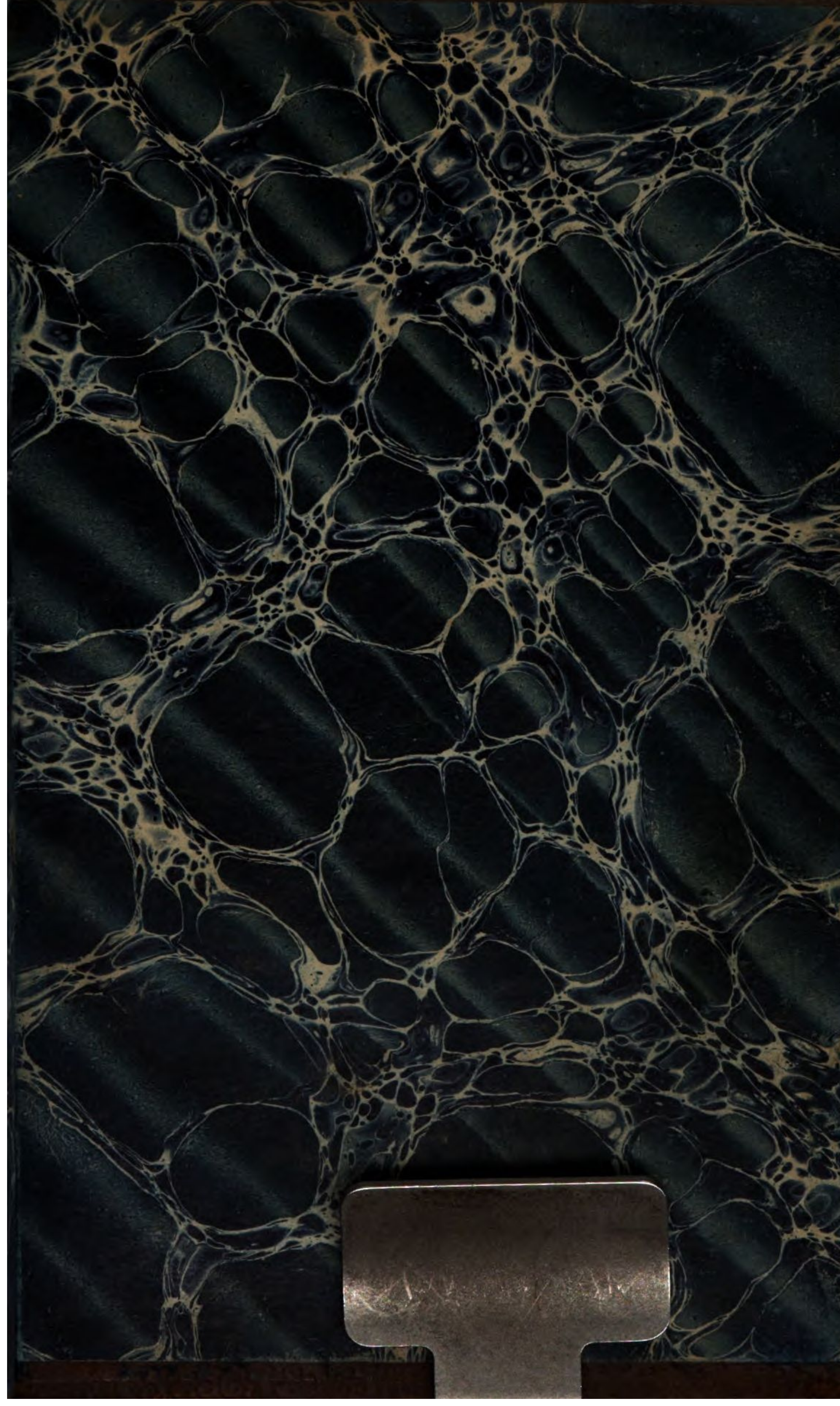
The new-found life that came
With love's first echo'd vow;—
The fear, the bliss, the shame—
Ah—where, where are they now?
But, still the same lov'd notes prolong,
For sweet 'twere thus, to that old lay,
In dreams of youth and love and song,
To breathe life's hour away.



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